

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1, 1826.

JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER ON THE CONTINENT.

No. VI.

HAVING left our mules at the frontier, in obedience to the quarantine laws, we carried our knapsacks ourselves to the village of Valorsine, where we procured some milk; whilst we were drinking it at the door of a cottage, the people gathered round us through curiosity. We entered into conversation with them, and asked some women in jest to carry our knapsacks, and we fastened them upon the backs of three girls, who took us at our word, and carried them in good earnest to Chamouni. It was very hot, and our female guides walked very fast; it created some sensation in all the villages through which we passed, to see three foreign gentlemen and three girls in their Sunday clothes carrying their knapsacks. We had some conversation with our fair companions about their families and occupations, and the news of the village; and concerning the priest, who, they said, played the tyrant sadly and domineered over them, and who would not permit them to wear bonnets, or finery of any sort, or to dance. When we reached Chamouni, our new mode of travelling caused much astonishment and many inquiries: the consequential gentlemen who condescend to officiate as regular guides, did not relish this irregular interference with their functions; and as soon as our backs were turned, they packed off the three chaste Valorsinians with a flea in their respective ears, as the saying is. Nor did my fair countrywomen judge justly or charitably of the proceeding; they passed severe censures on it, and lectured away to the right and to the left, for the remainder of the day; one of them said, that the women of the country would do any thing for money; that, if they were paid, they would carry us like mules, which appeared to me neither improbable nor impossible. The simple Swiss people, as they call themselves, are the most mercenary of mankind.

We dined tolerably well at a large table d'hôte: we had some of the flesh of the chamois, which, perhaps, when in a proper state and well dressed, may be agreeable food; this specimen had been kept too long and had been steeped in vinegar, and to my taste was not good.

AUG. 1826.

2 F 2

I had much conversation with a Polish gentleman, who told me that his countrymen are fond of flowers and of gardening; that I should find many good greenhouses and English gardens at Warsaw—I thought that I should never go there to look for them; that our popular works are translated into the Polish language, but that they have also some original compositions, especially a tragedy, which is greatly esteemed. I made many fruitless attempts to catch the name. I was so happy as to find some English friends, and to enjoy in the evening the greatest of all luxuries, plenty of good tea made by English ladies. It was a clear moon-light night: the view of the snowy mountains, and of their king, Montblanc, was an imposing spectacle.

Monday, Sept. 26th.—I walked up the valley to the Sources of the Arveron; the river rises under a glacier. I had already seen the same thing at the Susten; the river which flows through the valley of Meyringen, issues from beneath the glacier called the Steinen. I should have been much struck with the Sources; the Arveron and the glacier here are somewhat larger than the other river and the Steinen; but they are exaggerated to such a flagrant excess in descriptions and views, that the reality of course falls far short of the expectation; and it is unfortunately not only in this respect that the gratification of strangers is poisoned at those places which are regularly organized as shows, for the visitor is not permitted by the torment of guides to examine in peace, and to make his own calm reflections on what he sees. We had escaped the conceited ignorance of guides by setting out alone; but when we passed through the village near the Sources, we were assailed by troops of children, boys and girls; and in spite of all we could say or do, they followed us, and kept urging continually their noisy pretensions to conduct us: it appears to me that the first idea which enters the head of a young Swiss, is, how he shall become a mercenary, in what manner he shall let himself for hire. After we had contemplated the rising of the Arveron, my companion declared that he was fatigued and could do no more that day.

I was anxious to ascend Montanvert; two little girls of ten or eleven years of age insisted upon showing me the way; we began to climb the side of the mountain; they tormented me so much that I soon proposed a contract which is not unfrequently made with females of a more advanced age; I begged them to tell me how much they would take to go away and leave me to myself; they were not unreasonable in their demands, I paid them the sum required, they wished me a good day, and ran home. I continued to climb the mountain by a path where persons often descend, but where no one attempts to ascend; the heat was intense, the sun shone upon the side of the mountain with prodigious force; it was so steep that I had the greatest difficulty in advancing; at last, with infinite difficulty and fatigue, I completed my arduous enterprise; I got into the usual road, and soon afterwards came to the chalet. I found a pedestrian on his return from the Garden; he was looking over the book of names for an illustrious inscription, which he could not find, and refreshing himself with some wood-strawberries which he bruised with sugar and poured water upon them; I followed his example, and quenched my thirst after my enormous efforts.

I then descended upon the sea of ice, the *Mer de Glace*, and advanced as far upon it as time would allow: the cracks and fissures, many yards in depth, show the vast depth of the snow: such a prodigious accumulation is really wonderful: the uneven surface resembles waves, but as the whole is a sloping mass between two mountains, the name, Sea of Ice, is not well chosen, which is only applicable to a plain, and not to the side of a hill, however extensive. I regretted that I could not continue my walk to what is called the Garden, a green spot, in spring adorned with Alpine flowers, in the midst of a desert of snow; but the day was drawing to a close: as my companions had not known their own minds, I had not set out until late: I was compelled therefore, with reluctance, to return. I was so much fatigued by climbing the steep path, that I could hardly keep my feet. I returned to Chamouni by the usual road by which the mules ascend; and arrived in the dusk, at the conclusion of dinner, to the great joy of my companions, who began to doubt concerning my safety.

The Swiss scenery is without doubt wonderful, but too vast to be beautiful; the naked rocks suggest no other ideas than those of misery and desolation, as well as the valleys wasted by the fury of the torrents: there are no other trees than the gigantic pines, their colour is not cheerful, their forms are ugly, and many being broken or prostrated by the avalanches, present a picture of terror and ruin.

Tuesday, Sept. 27th.—We would gladly have made the tour of Montblanc; we would have seen the White Mountain on the south side, where I am told it is less white and more precipitous, and we would have visited the interesting city of Aosta; but the season was late, and my short time was to be devoted to objects of still greater importance.

That we might see as much of Montblanc as possible, we agreed to ascend the Brevent. One of our party was disabled by a severe cold, the baron and myself mounted mules, and with a guide we commenced our upward journey.

I found the ascent so steep that I quitted my mule, and continued my course as quickly and more pleasantly on foot. Some men passed us who were going to hunt marmots in these mountains. At a chalet we were obliged to leave the mules, as the rest of the mountain is so steep that it can only be climbed on foot; my companion did not feel equal to such an exertion, he therefore promised to wait for me at the chalet. I was unwilling to return, having executed half only of what I had proposed; I accordingly continued the ascent with the guide. The remainder of the way is excessively steep—in many places difficult, consisting of crumbling earth, of loose or precipitous rocks; the granite slate is surprisingly hard, so sharp and so sonorous, that it is almost metallic. The summit of the mountain is gained by two narrow and nearly perpendicular passages, very aptly named the Chimneys; they are by no means easy of ascent, and have at least the appearance of danger. I descended to the chalet with as much difficulty as I had experienced in ascending; and I consoled my friend for his tedious delay and long expectation, by assuring him, that there is little more to be seen where I had been, than from the point where he had remained. We returned slowly by the same rocky road; the day was not favourable on the whole, yet it was sufficiently

clear by snatches to convince us, that, on the finest day, the view of Montblanc from the summit is not worth the high price of this most fatiguing expedition. A better sight of the sloping fields of snow near the summit, and indeed of the whole mountain, may be had from the Brevent, than below in the valley; but the same object, as I afterwards discovered, may be attained not only more conveniently, but also more effectually, by going to a greater distance from the foot of Montblanc.

In every part of Switzerland you see fine children. As we returned to Chamouni, we observed, on entering the village, a family of five—so handsome, so healthy, with such an intelligent and honest look, that it was impossible not to covet them; we both agreed in thinking that goodly array, if the means of maintaining them in tolerable comfort were not wanting, was a most enviable possession. It is usual with English travellers to publish in their works, or to leave behind them in the books at the inns, extravagant panegyrics on their guides; of the guides of others I cannot pretend to judge; but concerning the persons who conducted me, I was often disposed to think, that it would be extremely difficult to find more ignorant or more conceited blockheads.

Wednesday, Sept. 28th.—We left Chamouni in a char, passing and observing the fine glacier of Bossons; in some parts the road was rough and bad, but in general it was good. We rode through a country which was always pleasant—in some places beautiful, especially where the valley is narrow, just before we crossed the river, near the village of Servoz, and where we saw a pretty little animal run up a tree, the black squirrel; it is a variety of the common squirrel. We were glad to find the vine again, and we were not sorry that the grapes were ripe. The Arve is mischievous, it will not flow quietly in its bed; its waters, therefore, waste the valley.

At St. Martin we had a good dinner in a comfortable inn. The view of Montblanc from the bridge is celebrated, and is really fine, much better than from Chamouni, which is not sufficiently distant to allow the higher parts to be seen advantageously; here the top, or *cime*, is well defined, and the peculiar and characteristic form of the mountain is marked out, so as to afford a good profile. When the whole of what is usually white is tinged of a delicate rose colour, which is the case at sunset and for some time after, and as the shades of evening prevail, the parts which are thus lighted up gradually diminish upwards, until the highest top is alone pink, and at last even that ceases to reflect the departed sun—the spectacle is not less remarkable than lovely. We were so fortunate as to enjoy a serene and cloudless evening, and we watched the changes from the bridge with much pleasure. As we stood gazing upon the mountain, it was impossible not to feel and to express some desire to ascend it, or at least to climb, until it became difficult and painful to advance further, if it were only to obtain a clear idea of the impediments which are found, and of the great distance: yet it would be an useless labour, unnecessary fatigue, and a risk, without object, of falling into a chasm in the ice, or of breaking a limb: the honour of having stood on the top is only desirable for those who cannot hope to obtain celebrity in any other way; and as several adventurous persons reach

the summit every summer, there are so many sharers in the glory, that when it comes to be divided, the portion of each is but small.

For the first daring adventurers we feel respect, and read their narratives with pleasure and interest: every one is familiar with the stories of former failures—how the guide, James Balma, who had made the attempt with several of his companions, by the accident of being benighted alone more than twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, was able to approach nearer than any of his precursors; how from extreme fatigue and intense cold he suffered a severe indisposition; how he was restored to health by Dr. Paccard, and in gratitude to his physician he conducted him to the summit of Montblanc; that at six in the afternoon of Tuesday the 8th of August, in the year 1786, they triumphed; and these two persons trod on a spot of ground which no one had trodden before, even on the granitic top of Montblanc. The next year, as is well known, Monsieur De Saussure, with a large body of guides and with philosophical instruments, made a successful and scientific visit to the summit. The narrative of his ascent is replete with interest. One of the most striking of his observations is, that he remarked on the summit two butterflies on the wing. These winged caterpillars, which seem formed to pass only from flower to flower in gardens and sunny valleys, can fly fearlessly in pursuit of their loves over the loftiest mountain peaks and amongst eternal snows, that are haunted only by the ibex and the chamois, and can descend again to revel amongst nature's choicest delicacies, in sweet scenes that the mountain herds dare not visit: so well have the wise ancients chosen this volatile insect as a fit emblem for the soul of man.

We had walked to Salenche; it is a gloomy old town—the houses are remarkable; at the top of the inhabited floors, and immediately under the roof, is a large lofty space, open at the sides like a hay-barn, where they stow hay, straw, and wood, and hang clothes to dry; it must be a great convenience, especially in a rainy climate. We found the cathedral open, and walked in: it is a barbarous, strange, half-handsomish building, with a wooden floor.

Thursday, Sept. 29th.—We were slowly dragged in our char through a pleasant country, still following the unruly Arve as he goes to join his waters with the more unruly Rhone. Near Magland, and near the road, is a cascade; we gazed a short time at the water falling from an overhanging and lofty rock. We remained some time at Bonneville to rest our horses; we could not find any sights, and remember the dull little town only as having received us inhospitably with a bad dinner and crude muddy wine.

The Swiss use tin much externally for spouts and all the purposes to which we apply lead; I presume it is cheaper, it is certainly much lighter. We saw the spires of village churches covered with this metal, that is, with the thin plates of iron covered with tin of which our tea-kettles are constructed: they are not ugly, and when the sun shines upon the metal, its lustre may be seen a great way. They illustrate the discovery of a learned German mathematician, who by having mirrors placed so as to reflect the light of the sun, can see the illumined object at an incredible distance; and by this device

the philosopher facilitates his trigonometrical surveys. Tin plate is much used to cover buildings in Canada, and particularly at Quebec.

I had heard Geneva much abused as a city; in driving through the streets I found them better than I had expected. Some foolish people at the gate asked for our passports. We passed through the city to the Secheron, where we found that our baggage had been duly sent from Bern; and I procured a room, from which I could contemplate the lovely Lemman Lake and view Montblanc, which I now looked upon as an old friend, for travellers soon make acquaintances and form intimacies. I pleased myself also with the reflection, that I should now enjoy a few days of at least comparative repose, for in truth I was weary of climbing mountains.

Friday, Sept. 30th.—After breakfast I walked to Geneva to inquire for my letters; this was one of my points of communication with England: there is always at least as much pain as pleasure in receiving letters, especially when at a distance from home; and I was full of apprehension lest I should be awaked from the immediate cares of savage life to the more remote cares of civilized society; lest the thread of my travels should be abruptly snapped; lest I should be recalled to resume the ordinary duties and occupations of life. As a member of the community, a citizen of one's native land, anxieties are various, extensive, and complicated; as a stranger in a foreign and wild country, they are, simply, whether a bed and food are to be procured, whether the sun will scorch—whether the rain will wet, or the cold annoy. It was a great satisfaction to read that all were well, and that nothing had occurred that could interrupt my plans.

I found the city of Geneva tolerably stirring, and I saw some pretty, smiling girls in the shops. An old traveller writes: "The conversation of the ladies is no where so innocent and improving as at Geneva." If this remark be correct, it is no small recommendation to the place. The same traveller writes also: "Geneva has some peculiar ordinances concerning matrimony.—A woman of forty years of age cannot marry a man who is ten years younger than herself; if above forty, her choice is confined to five years younger. A man above sixty is not to marry a woman who is not at least above half that age. A widow must remain such six months before she can alter her condition. In this point a man is not limited to any particular time; but, however, he is enjoined to wait a reasonable time, with this singular addition, which is not found in other laws: '*Tant pour obvier au scandale, que pour montrer qu'il a senti la main de Dieu*:' i. e. Both to obviate scandal, and to show that he hath felt the hand of God." The ingenious traveller does not inform us how long or how short a time was then considered reasonable; or what would have been the effect of a certificate under the hand and seal of the widower, declaring solemnly that he was very happy with his late wife, and that he felt her loss as the severe affliction of a chastening hand. It is impossible to doubt that such a document would have obviated much of the scandal, which would otherwise have accrued from an early second marriage. Whatever may be the shackles that love is still doomed to wear at Geneva, it is certainly

free as to these points; and an old lady, if she can, may marry a boy with impunity.

The arcades of wood, which reach to the top of the houses, are peculiar and have a good effect; they are less gloomy than the stone arches at Bern, and advance much further into the street; and in rain they are convenient, as I experienced; but this Arcadia must make the houses dull. Many shops are kept by females; by Julie this, La Veuve that, Les Sœurs the other.

I called on many persons to whom I had letters of introduction, and received various civilities; I found one ingenious person in the act of reading the seventh and last number of the Westminster Review: the spirit of that work cannot be displeasing to the free citizens of a republican government.

There is a spot at a short distance from this city which affords interesting and melancholy recollections, and serves to make of universal application, and to take away all exceptions from an observation of a Greek and a soldier, which in the fourth century was at least extensively applicable. The Pagan historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, says: "No wild beasts are such enemies to man, as the greater part of Christians are deadly to one another."—"Nullas infestas hominibus bestias, ut sunt sibi ferales plerique Christianorum."—Lib. ii. c. 5. I mean the spot where the unfortunate Spanish physician, Michael Servetus, was burned alive on the 27th of October, in the year 1553, by the stupid and bigotted magistrates of Geneva, and that celebrated reformer and brutal monster John Calvin. For the purpose of demonstrating how far the folly and wickedness of men has gone, and to deter us from being brought back to the same state of degradation in which the human mind then was, and to which many labour most assiduously to reduce it, it would be desirable to rescue from forgetfulness the history of the transaction, and to show what were the articles of accusation against this learned person; who, it is said, half discovered the circulation of the blood, that is, he found that the whole mass of blood circulates through the lungs. I have read that the charges were not confined to his anti-trinitarian notions, but some of them were most extraordinary. He had said in the preface to his edition of Ptolemy's Geography, that "Judæa has been falsely cried up for beauty, richness, and fertility, since those who have travelled in it have found it poor, barren, and utterly devoid of pleasantness." They accused him, therefore, of contradicting Moses, who has described that country as a land flowing with milk and honey, the glory of all lands. Would the furious Calvin have burnt a traveller, who had incautiously published, that he found the stream of the brook Kedron, when it was not dry, was neither of honey nor of milk, but of water?

In the evening I assisted at a party in the house of an old maid; my eager desire to see every thing in a foreign land had screwed up my courage to this pitch of desperate daring. It was a close and not unsuccessful imitation of an English rout; indeed four-fifths of the company were English, women and boys; there were many whist tables, and a large party at a round game: it was as dull as any thing of the kind could be even in England; and except that the tea was served in coffee-cups, (a misapplication of those utensils that

would have convulsed a body of English tea-drinkers with horror,) it was quite perfect. In the midst of these calm and pure joys, I was informed that it was near eleven; I was obliged to run to the gate, and to disburse three half-pence for permission to quit the town.

The liberals wish to knock down the fortifications, but the admirers of ancient usages keep them up; some inconvenience attends the practice of shutting the gates, yet there is a good in all things, and the salutary habit of keeping early hours is thus unintentionally enforced. The taxes in the canton of Geneva amount, as I was informed, to about a Napoleon a head: I presume that persons who often pass the gates in the evening, contribute something more to the exigencies of the state.

Saturday, Oct. 1st.—We passed many country-houses in walking by a pleasant road into France. Although many of my fair countrywomen had assured me that there was no pleasure in visiting the house of such a man as Voltaire, I felt much pleasure in viewing the apartments of the modern Lucian at Ferney. I was glad to find, for the sake of its former owner, that the house was handsome, and pleasantly situated in an agreeable country, amidst vineyards, gardens, and pleasure-grounds. The heart of Voltaire, which had been placed in an urn in his bed-room, was sacrilegiously removed when the estate was sold, so that the former part of the inscription, which still remains—"Son cœur est ici, son esprit est partout," is rendered false: the latter part is strikingly true; of no man is the spirit so universally diffused, of no author are the writings so generally known: wherever French is the language of the country, if a person be found reading, it is always even betting that the book will prove to be some of the works of Voltaire. Of the books that have been printed in France during the last century, at least one half consists of the productions of this witty and benevolent philosopher.

I was glad that my pilgrimage to Ferney accidentally fell upon a remarkable day, the feast of St. Remy, or Remigius, upon which myriads of hecatombs of pheasants are slain in England in honour of that right reverend saint. I shall always be reminded, by the commencement of pheasant shooting, of an agreeable excursion. With that miraculous want of taste which characterizes those persons in whom living upon alms has extinguished all sense of delicacy, a paper begging for money to build a reformed church, had been impudently suspended in the very bed-room of Voltaire; the names, or sums, in the book of subscriptions, were seldom very flattering to the enterprize.

In the village of Ferney they were building with great alacrity two churches, one Protestant, the other Catholic, almost side by side; whether in the spirit of opposition, or through a mawkish affectation of toleration, I know not. I walked back in great haste to Geneva, through the city, and to a country-house on the opposite side; and my exertions were rewarded by arriving at the appointed hour of four, in the right humour to appreciate a good dinner; upon which, after a short toilette, I made a brilliant attack.

I am perhaps somewhat prejudiced in favour of advocates, but I am of opinion that the profession of the bar abounds in pleasant fellows; if Geneva contains no others than the three clever, learned,

and liberal persons whom I met to-day, it affords a strong confirmation of the justice of this my opinion. They complained much that we still persist in considering marriage in England as a religious institution; and asserted, that by treating it as a civil institution only, all embarrassments on this subject might be avoided. I fear that I made but a weak defence of our English notions: had some of our well-fed and well-paid prelates been present, and had they thought that something was to be gotten, or kept, by breaking silence; for the lucre of gain is to their reverences what Thomas Aquinas was to Aristotle: without Thomas, Aristotle is dumb: "*Sine Thoma, mutus Aristoteles*;" they would have offered a more powerful, or at least a longer and louder resistance.

Sunday, Oct. 2d.—As I passed one of the gates of Geneva, I observed that it was shut, and several carriages were waiting: on inquiring why this city was thus besieged by chariots and gigs, I was informed, that it is the custom to close the gates during divine service; this strange custom no doubt affords an additional reason against demolishing the fortifications for the conservators of ancient usages, who are unwilling to be disturbed by the rattling of wheels whilst they sleep in their pews or on their benches. I was told likewise, but I had no opportunity of witnessing it, that the Swiss Protestants having remained uncovered during the prayers, are accustomed to put on their hats as soon as the preacher commences his discourse: I do not disapprove of the discipline of the Swiss church in this respect, but I do not think that it goes quite far enough; for when certain of my clerical friends, whom it would be invidious to name, ascend the pulpit, I would most cheerfully not only put on my hat, but I would walk clear away.

I performed three good leagues on foot, to pay a visit at one of the innumerable country-houses that are scattered round Geneva; these objects are agreeable in themselves, and in a ten-fold degree as being certain signs of liberty: the taste for a villa near a city is natural to man, but it is only in a free country that he can indulge it. It is said that in the neighbourhood of Madrid, not a single house is to be seen; but in England and Switzerland, the fields which surround the cities are thickly sown with varied habitations. It is worth while to be shut up all the week in a large town to have the full enjoyment of the country on a Sunday: I am well aware that this is a most Cocknified propensity, but it is nevertheless agreeable in the indulgence. A man who has a just sense of his own dignity, ought to scorn all enjoyment on the Sabbath: his sole pleasure ought to consist in having, and in showing that he has, no pleasure: and if he would carry personal propriety to the utmost, he ought to pass the Lord's Day unshaven, uncombed, and unwashed, because the ploughman and the weaver are comparatively clean on that day. This I freely own is the covenant which a gentleman ought to make with himself: but it is too hard for me; and as I could not keep it, I will not make it. The heat was intense; but the country was so lovely, that I was compensated by the eyes for the roasting of my body. The scenery was not of the painfully picturesque order, which testifies only storms and hunger, but gently, sweetly, beautiful,—and bore witness of peace and plenty.

I reached a country-house near Satigny at one, where I was received with extreme hospitality and kindness; the family were going to dinner, and I had no dislike to join in the ceremony: nor was it only a vain ceremony, for my walk had given me the solemn appetite of a *ensor* about to make lustration, to sacrifice the *Suove taurilia*, to eat at the same meal of pork, mutton, and beef, for the sake of good manners, and for the benefit of the commonwealth. After the convivial rites had been duly performed, we ascended to the Belvedere at the top of the house, and feasted our eyes with a noble and extensive prospect: we went down into the garden, where were many good flowers: the dahlia is a great favourite in Switzerland; we were delighted again and again by the fair aspect of a quince-tree in the orchard weighed down by a splendid crop; and there was a medlar equally productive in its well-whiskered fruit; and pears and apples innumerable hung over our heads, or lay rotting on the ground in large profusion: a vineyard descended with a gentle slope to the banks of the green, rushing Rhone, the grapes were fully ripe, and in their utmost beauty and glory. We returned at an early hour to Geneva in a coach, which bore not only a good store of human beings, but great presents of pears and dahlias for the inhabitants of the city.

Monday, Oct. 3d.—Men are happy in exact proportion to their self-conceit; as it is only under a republican government that self-conceit can attain its full growth, the partizans of democracy found an argument upon this fact for their favourite mode of government.

I was amused at the post-office by an instance of the self-conceit of the Genevese; the old postmaster was asked by some one, if there was a post that day. He answered: "Yes! Good God! is there a capital in Europe from which there is not a post every day?" When the person who had made the offensive demand was gone, he comforted himself by telling me how many posts set out from Geneva. A hungry man seeking a joint of meat at Schwyz, when he found that he could not have beef, or veal, and asked for mutton, would probably be answered; "Yes! Good God! is there a capital in Europe, such as London, or Schwyz, where they don't kill a sheep every week?" Great governments try to make themselves odious, and are uniformly successful; little governments attempt only to make themselves ridiculous, and seldom fail in what they attempt.

We went to see the library; when you are a hundred or a thousand miles from Geneva, the Genevese boast greatly of their public library, and tell you that it is very fine; when we inquired about it in the city, they said it was small; when we came to the door and asked to see it, they said it was the vacation, that we could not be admitted: I suppose either it had no existence, or it was not fit to be seen. The museum of natural history is pretty; it is chiefly rich in birds and insects, especially the latter: there was a large elephant stuffed; he had been kept in Geneva till he became ungovernable, and had been shot with a cannon ball, which had penetrated his shoulder; the mark was visible. The botanical garden is tolerably good.

Tuesday, Oct. 4th.—The day was still more rainy than the preceding; I was occupied in writing to England: as I returned in the evening at eleven o'clock, by the side of the lake, from a visit, I observed many glow-worms by the road side. The light which these

wingless females emit to attract their winged lovers, a species of beetle, is truly the light of love; it is not, however, "the purple light of love," for it is of a greenish cast—but the greenish light of love, an amorous, luminous, green-sickness, a very chlorosis:—

—————The Moravian rabbi
Has perfectly cured the chlorosis of Tabby.

Wednesday, Oct. 5th.—At eight in the morning, we took a boat and went on board the steam packet, the *William Tell*, a large vessel, which was noisy and shaking, without making much way. It was a fine day, and we enjoyed a full view of the lovely lake, and passed in quick succession the various objects of public or of private interest, of antique recollection or of natural beauty. When we had advanced as far as the ancient town of Rolle, we saw the extent of the lake, its width and carved form:—

Deseruère caro tentoria fixa Lemano:

Whether the epithet *caro*, in this often quoted verse of Lucan, is to be referred to the curved form of the lake, as some contend, or to its hollow situation amongst the mountains, is a controversy not easily to be determined. Nicholas Rowe has not given any opinion; he reads the passage vaguely, after the manner of translators:—

Some, at the bidding of their chief, forsake
Their fix'd encampment near the Leman lake.

We reached Ouchy at half-past two, and landed amongst clamorous porters; we walked in the great heat up a steep hill to Lausanne. We found the Golden Lion a very good inn; I was so fortunate as to procure a bed-room on the opposite side of the street, which commanded an enchanting view of the lake. That the dry weather should continue was an object of the utmost importance and of the most anxious desire, as the vintage had just begun; it generally lasts a fortnight, and is a busy time.

Thursday, Oct. 6th.—Our first visit was to the third house on the right-hand side from the gate of the city in going down to Ouchy; it is a large house, the situation is not in any respect remarkable; and even in the summer-house, where the work was finished, I could not be much affected by the scene, notwithstanding my respect for the historian, and my admiration of the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. We mounted a hill of sand called the Signal, and looked down upon the picturesque town, the pleasant environs, innumerable vineyards, and the lovely lake, and that wilder part on the left-hand and near Vevay. They told us the same story about the library, as at Geneva—that it was the vacation.

Respecting the University, I could only learn from a student, that the students were all Vaudois, and that they went there very early, so that it was perhaps rather a school than an university.

The church, of which the tower was set on fire by the lightning last year, is ancient, curious, neat, and heavy; the dead, or their survivors, seem to delight in long Latin epitaphs. The monument of the Countess Walmoden is simple, but on too large a scale: that of Mrs. Stratford Canning is pretty, but the urn being too large for the pedestal, it is top-heavy; it is said to have been designed by Canova; his designs

are often deficient in breath, sharpness, depth, and projection, and tame as a clipped yew-hedge.

We perambulated the town, which is only remarkable for being hilly; so hilly that no carriages are kept. We walked into a vineyard, and saw men, women, and children, gathering grapes; they brought their baskets and emptied them, stalks and all, into a large vat, and a man immediately mashed them with a small wooden pail. The mashed grapes had a nasty appearance, like hog-wash, and they did not seem to be particularly cleanly in their mode of dealing with them: a man who was eating grapes, took the skins from his mouth and threw them into the vat, as being a place held less sacred than the ground. I saw children in the streets standing round the vats, and if a grape had escaped being bruised, it was picked out and eaten, and the skin was thrown back into the vat. By means of the small wooden pail, the men filled from the vat the Swiss pails (compressed, truncated cones, inverted, which men and women carry on their shoulders); the persons thus loaded, walked away to a sort of water cart, and going up a short ladder, emptied the vessel of mashed grapes over their heads, as we see the dust-men in London empty their baskets into the carts: these carts were driving about in all directions. We purchased some of the grapes; they were quite ripe and very delicious.

I walked through the busy vineyards to the lake, and by the edge of the water to Ouchy. In reading Euclid we meet with a proposition, and afterwards with the converse of it, sometimes immediately, sometimes long after. So it is with manners and customs; one finds the converse of them, sometimes soon, sometimes after much travel: to-day, for the first time in my life, I saw the converse of the washing-tub theorem. In the common case, the washing-tub contains water and the linen, but not the washerwoman, who is at some point without the tub: in this case the tub contained the washerwoman, but neither water nor linen. The women were standing in tubs in the lake, and were washing clothes which were on the outside of the tub in the water; it must be much less uncomfortable for the woman to stand thus in the dry tub, than in the water, as they do in the Rhine and other rivers. This mode of washing in lakes and rivers, and smacking the linen on the stones, is a most uncharitable and unchristian proceeding; far from hiding the defects of an old shirt, it puts them immediately in very striking light, and makes the most of all its little weaknesses. A worn-out shirt, or, as the stamp-distributing poet would call it, to squeeze out a rhyme, a shirt "out-worn"—

A Pagan suckled in a creed out-worn;

—in unsympathizing hands, soon becomes, what the Pagan's creed is not, a most holy thing; and stockings, which are still more susceptible of unkindness, and require perpetual fostering, fare even worse. When the traveller contemplates his shattered and tattered wardrobe, it needs more patience and forgiveness than are usually found near lakes, to abstain from wishing the rude naiads and limnads at the devil, down knocked or up tied, beaten or hanged.

I dined at Ouchy, and walked upon the pier after dinner to enjoy the sun-set. I inquired about Meillerie, and said that I had seen in England a rose, which was gathered in the garden of Julie of that

place; a lady said that it was a cheat, that it was so bare and rocky that no roses would grow there: the rose will grow well in stony places; and the inhabitants of the different parts of this country are so jealous of each other, that if I had been sufficiently audacious to have asked my fair companion, whether she thought that the good people on the other side of the lake knew water from wine, and could distinguish between sugar and salt, she would have answered most probably, "Oh no! to be sure not." I had seen a rose which had been gathered at Meillerie; and on the other hand a person, who had often been there, declared that they could not be found. I would gladly have crossed over to judge for myself, and to have seen so famous a place, but my time was limited. I observed many sea-gulls flying about the lake.

They had just built a large house of correction at Lausanne, on the same plan as that in Philadelphia, and were in despair at not being able to get any body to put into it. I had seen a book on infanticide lying in the windows of the shops; I afterward learned that it was the production of one of the judges of Lausanne, a man of talent, and that his object was to show, that women sometimes kill their infants unconsciously, being in a state of delirium. There was a portrait of a young woman, Susanne, or Suzette, a peasant, who had been tried the year before for this offence: she had killed her child, as the learned judge contends, whilst she was in this state; but had nevertheless been sentenced by the rest of the court to ten years' imprisonment; I forgot to purchase the book as I had intended. I was told that a bright comet had been seen in the east this evening; it was a fine starlight night, but I did not observe it. It is said that the high countries, such as Bern, are bad for the lungs, as many people die there of consumption, but extremely favourable to digestion.

Friday, Oct. 7th.—I set off at nine in a char with one companion; we had a pleasant ride for four leagues by the side of the lake and through vineyards to Vevay. We observed that there were in all the vineyards many long poles erected, and we were informed that they were intended to defend the vines against the hail which falls usually in July and August, and is extremely injurious; that these poles cause the water to descend, not in hail, but in rain or mist; that it is a French invention, and is practised in France, and that the poles are called by a name as barbarous as parasol or parapluie, paragrêle. Whenever a Frenchman can get hold of a rag of Greek, he instantly defiles it. An amusing collection of misused Greek might be made from French etymologies: for example, that science which teaches its votaries to collect the skulls of the dead, and to fumble the heads of the living, in order to ascertain the developement of the different portions of the brain, they term Phrenology: if the former part of the word be not confined to the mind, but applied to some of the bodily organs, it cannot refer to the brain, but to the diaphragm alone, which was called by the plural name of *φρενες*; and these were supposed at one time to be the seat of the soul, as Aristotle says, because a man laughs when he is tickled in these regions. The true phrenologist therefore ought to leave the dead in peace, as well as the heads of the living, and to content himself with tickling his live

acquaintance diaphragmatologically, in order to discover the precise seat of their souls. The paragrêles had been very generally adopted; but as the experiment had only been made one year, it was not known whether it would succeed.

The town of Vevay is decidedly ugly; the steep environs consist entirely of vineyards: as the wine of this country is esteemed, the vine is cultivated on every spot of ground. During the greatest part of the year a vineyard is an unpleasant object, and the trees have been cut down that they might not occupy the valuable space, or injure the grapes by their shade. The river is a torrent, and is dry in the summer; the lake is beautiful; its waters are singularly clear, its perspicuity is remarkable; at this end the mountains are bold and rocky. The climate is said to be more mild than at Geneva; there it is intensely cold in the winter and spring, here the situation is sheltered from the piercing winds. The horse-chesnuts in the Grande Place were in a strange state; they appeared to be much diseased; some branches were in flower.

The public walk by the edge of the lake would be an agreeable promenade, if it had fair play; on the side next the water were two rows of lines covered with linen; so that we could see nothing except all the sheets, shirts, and shifts in the town, which the barbarians suffer to be hung up to dry there. I observed many confectioners' shops in Vevay, which seemed to contain some good things: I suppose when people come here from the country, the children expect to be remembered, and that a present should be taken home for the pretty dears.

Switzerland is the Scotland of Europe; a land that supplies servants—a land to be boasted of by its inhabitants, and quitted. The Swiss, like the Scotch, are all of good families, and of old families; I should like much to see a person from either nation of a bad family or of a new family: so all persons who follow that branch of the profession of the law are good conveyancers, however dull they may be; I would cheerfully travel one hundred miles on foot through the snow, in the depth of winter, to look at a bad conveyancer. The quarrels amongst the different cantons are very ridiculous; each petty state will have its separate coinage, to the unspeakable inconvenience of travellers: they cannot agree to have one general money, so cordially do they hate each other. The mutual dislike of the neighbouring inhabitants of Geneva and the Pays de Vaud is extremely strong: a good Vaudois, of an old family, complained to me most bitterly of the Genevese, and lamented that they had been turned into Swiss, and their country made one of the cantons; he insisted, in a great rage, that the wretches ought to have been handed over to the King of Sardinia, if he would have accepted of them. It should seem that they endeavoured to prove themselves to be not unworthy of his contempt, by requiring a passport at the gate, before they would permit their fellow-countryman to enter their old town.

The view from the churchyard of St. Martin is fine at all times, especially at sunset. The church is interesting, because it contains a monument to Edmund Ludlow, erected by his faithful and excellent wife. That celebrated man passed the chief part of his thirty-two years of exile at Vevay, where he was not only entertained with

great kindness, but was guarded and protected with especial care by the magistrates of the place, as well as the other English fugitives, whose lives were continually exposed to the attacks of hired assassins; for their warm opposition to arbitrary power. We have the following account of one of the attacks upon Ludlow:—

“On Saturday, the 14th of November, 1663, a Savoy boat, about an hour after sunset arrived at Vevay; the crew took up their quarters in several inns for that night; the next morning as M. Dubois, the lieutenant-general's landlord, went out to go to church, he observed the boat lying with four watermen in her, and their oars all in readiness to put off at a minute's warning; near the boat were two persons cloaked, sitting under a tree, and not far from them two more in the same guise and posture. This alarmed M. Dubois, who immediately conjectured their design must be against his lodgers; he immediately returned home to give them the alarm; being confirmed in his suspicion from hearing there were six more who had posted themselves, two in the way between his house and the church, and four in the market-place. By their appearance and garb, every one suspecting that they had arms under their cloaks, had made the town's people observe them so much, that they all retired from the town towards the lake, and left the passage free for the lieutenant-general and his friends to go to church; on their return from whence, hearing the strangers were at dinner in one of the inns, a person went down to take a view of the boat, which he found as before described, and a great quantity of straw under which they had concealed their arms; and that they had cut all the withs, which secured the oars of the town boats, to prevent being pursued: (the oars are still fastened with willow bands on the lake of Geneva and in other parts of Switzerland;) however, finding themselves watched so narrowly, and being apprehensive from M. Dubois's behaviour that he would have them seized, soon after they had dined, they took to their boat and returned to Savoy.”

By this and several other attempts the government was alarmed, and recommended the fugitives to retire to some place where their enemies would not have the advantage of coming by water to surprise them. Ludlow being intrepid and careless of life, resolved to remain where he was. Mr. Lisle, however, unfortunately took the advice and went to Lausanne; where on Thursday, the 11th of August, 1664, he was way-laid and shot dead in the churchyard, by a person who had a companion on horseback with a horse for the assassin, on which (though knocked down with the recoil of his piece) he escaped. This cowardly murder has been described in these words: “That notorious regicide Lisle was overtaken by Divine Vengeance at Lausanne, where the miserable wretch was shot dead by the gallantry of three Irish gentlemen, who attempted the surprisal of him and four more impious parricides.”

The manner in which the Supreme Being is blasphemously supposed to adopt this heinous crime as his own act, reminds me of a subsequent transaction,—the more cowardly murder of the widow of Lisle, one-and-twenty years after, at Winchester, by the gallantry of the Lord Chief Justice Jefferies, and of Gabriel Whisler, and his fellows, good men and true. “Look you, Mrs. Lisle,” said his lordship to the

aged and infirm prisoner, "we have that charity, as well as justice, that it becomes, and is not below all courts to have for persons in your condition; and we are obliged to take care that you suffer no detriment or injury by any illegal or irregular proceedings; for though we sit here as judges over you by authority from the king, yet we are accountable not only to him, but to the King of kings, the Great Judge of heaven and earth; and therefore are obliged, both by our oaths and upon our consciences, to do you justice, and by the grace of God we shall do it, you may depend upon it: and as to what you say concerning yourself, I pray God with all my heart you may be innocent." It is worth while to study the extraordinary trial of the lady Alice Lisle, if it be only to learn how feeble a thing human iniquity would be without the aid of cant and hypocrisy.

Addison has published in his *Travels* the inscriptions on the tomb of Ludlow, and the epitaph of Andrew Broughton, who was twice mayor of Maidstone, and clerk to the High Court of Justice, and is also buried in the church of St. Martin. He says of Ludlow: "The house he lived in has this inscription over the door:—

Omnia solum forti patria,
Quia Patris.

The first part is a piece of verse in Ovid, as the last is a cant of his own." It ill became Joseph Addison to complain of cant; nor is the sentiment—that to a brave man every country is the land of his fathers, because it is the land of the Common Father—worthy to be stigmatized with this appellation.

Saturday, Oct. 8th.—The hat of the Pays de Vaud, with a pointed crown like a hock-bottle, is ugly; but any thing is becoming to a pretty woman. I met a woman in the streets this morning so pretty, that I shall never see one of these hats without thinking of her sweet modest look. I walked by the margin of the lake to Clarens; it was a charming morning; I longed to stay and boat it, and I regretted that I must so soon quit these scenes for ever. They defile the shores with stalks of the Indian corn, and in various ways. It was a hot day—the shy lizards ran about amongst the stones: all the world was busy in the vintage. As I was returning by the road I heard a female pedestrian ask for some grapes; a bunch was immediately given to her, and when she offered to pay, and inquired "how much," the answer was "Nothing, I am too happy to give them to such a pretty girl." I waited to see her with some curiosity; she was sadly ugly, but there was more merit on that account in the gallantry of the master of the vineyard. Any one can admire a handsome woman; but the true benefactor to the public, whose memory is to be cherished, and to celebrate whose praises the muses and the fine arts ought to strive with eager emulation, is the man, who during a long life has always been deeply in love, but never with a lady whose aspect would not frighten a tolerably quiet horse.

At one I mounted the cabriolet of the diligence alone; for of my two companions we had left one at Lausanne, and I parted yesterday with the other at Vevay, as he was obliged to return to Hanover: I parted with regret from so kind-hearted a person, brave and excellent; and to be esteemed, if it were only for his patriotism. It was very hot; we rolled slowly along. The castle of Chillon is ugly; its white-

washed walls are crowned with a roof of red tiles, and the inscription over the gate "*Bureau des Péages*," is unfavourable to romance: but its situation is striking—and it might acquire an interest from a tale of a lovesick pirate, or a nervous robber, with a soul trembling through its susceptibilities, like a plate of calf's-foot jelly.

We quitted the lake and entered the valley of the Rhone, which is pleasant: "*Lacu Lemano et flumine Rhodano, qui provinciam nostram ab Helvetiis dividit*," as Cæsar writes. We passed Aigle, an ugly place, and Bex, which is better; its salt-works are said to deserve a visit, if time will permit: they are famous; so much so indeed, that some etymologists will derive our word "*bay-salt*" from Bex, and they say, that it is properly "*Bex-salt*;" others adhere to the usual spelling, and assert that it takes its name from its bay colour. I will leave the question to be decided by persons who are more fond of salt than myself; the little accident of having had salt laid on my tail has given me a distaste for the muriate of soda. One fine summer's day I had played to the last moment, utterly regardless of the curious felicity of Horace; I was suddenly called into school, and required to construe a passage which I had never seen before; I read over the lines—

Quid, quòd usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, et ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus?——

And I looked at the end for my nominative case, according to rule, with that indifference to the meaning with which boys are blessed; and with a curious infelicity, I said "*avarus salis*," greedy of salt; and as I was innocently looking for my verb, the book was thrown at my head and I was instantly flogged. I was so often advised by my school-fellows to be less greedy of salt, that I have followed their advice, and have always been satisfied with a small portion of that powerful condiment. In crossing the bridge at St. Maurice a blockhead asked for my passport, and detained me some minutes in the cold whilst he was pretending to read it.

Sunday, Oct. 9th.—I observed in the Pays de Vaud, and I believe in other places, that the bottles are all stamped. I wish devoutly that this were the case in England, that, of the many cruelties inflicted on us as wine-drinking citizens, short measure might not be one. I walked about the town of St. Maurice and entered two churches, where, as well as in the streets, I saw many women with the pretty little Valaisine hat. The valley here is very narrow—it is in fact shut in by a bridge and gates. As the diligence does not run to-day, and sets out to-morrow at three in the morning, to pass the time and to soften a little the hardship of early rising, I procured a man to carry my baggage, and resolved to walk to Martigny. We paced quietly along by the side of father Rhone, who is a mischievous vagabond, and in due time came to the cascade called the *Pisse Vache*, which is worthy of a better name, and has been Nicodemused into nothing. It is a pretty waterfall, and deserves more credit than it obtains: some critic having once said, it is just like its name, the traveller ever after says, with a sagacious

shrug, Oh! it is just like the name. It might be called the Web of the Fairies, the Net of the Nymphs, the Tail of the Comet, or Our Lady's Locks, as it is more like any of these things than that to which it is compared by a name equally vulgar and inapplicable. I sat and looked at it a little while with pleasure; and I afterwards approached so near, that the genius of the place had the satisfaction of wetting me in an incredibly short space of time; it falls from a great height, and I think it had a very fair quantity of water for a waterfall.

I arrived at Martigny, and had the inn *La Tour* all to myself, and as the season was past, the town or village also—I felt like the last swallow. It is said that there are no good grapes, except those which are grown in hot-houses; this is surely a mistake; I found some that were excellent: at inns I met with many very bad, but what may not be found very bad at some inns? They are not so fine as they might be; by thinning them they would be handsomer and of a better flavour; so many grapes grow on the same stalk, that they check each other's growth, all are pressed out of shape and flattened, some are even burst. A great part of art consists in repressing the luxuriance of nature. Some of the advocates for the principle of population carry this doctrine to great lengths.

In the evening I ascended to the tower; two little girls came to guide me; one little creature said that she was sixteen—it seemed hardly credible; her companion, who was only eleven, was taller; I thought however that she had the language and manners of sixteen; she said that her parents were poorer than those of her friend, and that she had worked so hard, that it had stunted her growth—if this was true, it was lamentable—if cant, detestable. They told me that they could knit and sew, but could not read or write. The view from the hill is good; the castle is built of slate, with many apartments, and a high round tower; my dwarfish guide pointed out a hole, where she said was a staircase, that a ladder might be set against the hole, and that I might then ascend to the top by the stairs; she strongly advised me to go up, and said that many English did so.

The habits of the Englishman resemble those of the goldfinch; I once kept a goldfinch for some years, till he chose to fly away. I used to let him out of his cage, and he was always at the top of the room rubbing his wings against the ceiling; and when in his cage, he was always at the top, scraping his bill against the wires. An Englishman will always climb the highest mountains, and ascend towers and steeples; an Englishman will always pay well to be taken up in a balloon; and if he could get so high, he would always be found rubbing his nose against the sky. I cannot bring myself to doubt, that the people who built the Tower of Babel were English, with a small sprinkling perhaps of Irish labourers.

My guide told me many things about the ruined tower, and about the Romans, whom she could not remember, perhaps her father might; the tower is now called something, but in the old writings something else; she had not read the old writings herself, perhaps her father had, but she thought not,—that some one had told him these things. The Protestants please themselves by saying, that in the *Pays de Vaud*

nothing is to be seen but true piety, plenty, cleanliness, and happiness; in the Valais, nothing but superstition, poverty, dirt, and misery. As to true piety and superstition, I fear that I am not a competent judge; I did not see any of the other opposite qualities in their absolute perfection in either the Protestant or the Catholic canton, but something between them in both.

Monday, Oct. 10th.—I rose very early to take my place in the diligence, and breakfasted. In England, if you rise early, it is very difficult, if not impossible, to get a breakfast; but on the Continent they will make you breakfast cheerfully at any hour. The diligence arrived, but there was no place for me. They offered me a char—I accepted it; and as I wished to reach Brig that evening, and was impatient to enter Italy, they asked me more than was just, and I did not stop to bargain. The maid who negotiated in the affair, blushed; and her manner seemed to say—I am sorry to be an accessory in taking you in; I was satisfied with this tribute to virtue.

I saw a kingfisher skimming along the Rhone—they are common in these parts; in the Valais alone game is to be found, and I believe in tolerable plenty; in the other parts of Switzerland it hardly exists.

At Sion I tried to hurry the people, and foolishly fancied that they could change my char in less than an hour, to the surprise of some tranquil Germans, who did not speak, but their manner seemed to say—what a strange fellow, to think that the loss of an hour is of any importance! At Tourtemagne I took hastily a bad dinner, and arrived at Brig in the dark, but before the diligence. A char with one horse is just as dear as half a postchaise in England; but it is a great convenience to be able to take half a post-chaise, without being burdened with the other half which you do not want, and with the still greater burden of paying for it. I have often wondered that post-chaises with one horse have not been established for the benefit of persons, who from necessity or choice travel alone.

Tuesday, Oct. 11th.—I set off at six on a lovely morning, alone to climb the Simplon, in a good carriage drawn by two horses: the tints of morning are more light than those of evening; the rising sun shed a most delicate rose colour over the snowy Alps. The char was surrounded with leather curtains; but I turned up the petticoats all round, and saw every thing very comfortably. The road is uniformly about nine yards in width; it is excellent, as good as any thing of Mac Adam's, and is interesting as a work of art; but there is nothing very striking to those who have seen the other passes: if the road over St. Gothard be completed, it will be a more wonderful work. The drainage of the road is well managed; there is always a good ditch on that side where the ground rises higher than the road, neatly paved—it must be a considerable expense to keep it clear in some places: the road is every where well kept. At about a mile apart are little houses of refuge, which at a much less expense and without pretension, answer more effectually the purpose of the monastery on the Grand St. Bernard. A little beyond the summit is a large unfinished edifice, commenced by Napoleon, and intended for an hospital. These solitudes must have been once busy scenes; for

when the operations were carried on with the greatest spirit and activity, three thousand workmen were employed upon them, and one hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds weight of gunpowder were consumed in blasting the rocks—a great quantity of men and ammunition to be applied to civil purposes, but in a military point of view, a very trifling force. If all the men and all the powder exhausted in the last thirty years had been applied to purposes equally useful, the road over the Simplon would no longer be esteemed a mighty work. If these powerful agents had not been occupied in beneficial operations, but had merely abstained from mischief, from waste and destruction, it would be no easy problem for the political economist to calculate how much the wealth of nations would have been augmented.

The rocks and mountains are formed of granite slate, or slaty granite; a desperate punster said it was a nice place, a *gneiss* place. The water is constantly oozing through the stones; some of the galleries or tunnels are constantly dripping: there are waterfalls and waters streaming from the rocks on all sides. I remarked many black sheep grazing. From the top is seen the shining little town of Brig, which seems so close under you, that you might pitch a halfpenny into it. At the top is the barrier, a turnpike, where a heavy toll is paid; and at the top, the driver put under the wheel, by way of drag, a rude piece of wood, and with this sabot, or wooden shoe, we slid down into Italy.

The view disappoints most travellers, who expect to see from this great height Italy extended before them, the whole leg as far as the toe, and Vesuvius smoking in the middle, like the chimney of a house; whereas they can see nothing but a narrow valley. At the village of Simplon I found a good inn and a civil landlady; she seemed quite happy, being occupied in making a poultice, and applying it to a hand which the owner had hurt. I saw here for the first time a filthy trick, which is common in Italy: they are too idle to put corks into the bottles of wine, consequently in a short time the neck of the bottle for several inches becomes quite full of flies; when I poured out some wine into my glass, perhaps a hundred drowned flies came out with a small quantity of liquor, like currant sauce for roast pig: I complained of this to the servant; with a dextrous jerk she at once threw on the floor all the flies and a little wine from the bottle, and placed it again on the table. The Italians never drink either of wine or water, without first emptying the neck of the bottle with a sudden jerk; rejecting at once all the flies in the gross and a small quantity of the tincture, and drinking the remainder without disgust.

Whilst I was at dinner two Englishmen arrived from Italy; one of them, a gentleman farmer, railed most furiously against the country and the people, chiefly because they polluted the walls behind the churches: he declared that he was covered with a cold sweat, when he thought that there were people who could treat the house of their God in this manner; and that he was glad to have got out of a country, where he was afraid the Divine Vengeance should overtake him. Without attempting to excuse these abominations, I could not

help thinking, that the good man was a little too sensitive on this point.

The Italian side of the Simplon is more striking than the other, but still inferior to the valley of the Reuss. At Isolla I entered the territories of the King of Cyprus, and consequently of the Cyprians, whether fair or unfair; his douanier, or collector of customs, was very civil. The King of Sardinia styles himself on his coins, "Car. Felix d. g. rex Sar. Cyp. & Hier." Solomon himself was only king of Jerusalem, neither of Cyprus nor of Sardinia, still less of the Marmots, as this monarch is styled by his Genoese subjects. In the dark I came to the town of Domo d'Ossola, and at a comfortable inn I enjoyed good coffee and fine fruit.

CEPHALOSTATICS.

SOME years ago, I stopped at Jena on my return to England; after having travelled as a pedestrian through Switzerland and some parts of Germany. I put up at the little Wirth-haus, at the entrance of the town: the communicative countenance of mine host being my cause of preference—I know of none, by the by, more legitimate; particularly in Germany, where the habit of smoking has closed together the lips of the innkeepers. I was not deceived by appearance; Herr Verschnapps was fonder of talking than of drinking; and of drinking than of smoking; so that altogether he was a better companion than most of his countrymen. Among other glorious accounts of the genius of his nation, Mein Lieber Wirth related one, which surpassed all my impressions of what could be effected by human talent:

"There lives in this very town," said he, "one of the old professors of the University, who has made phrenology his particular study, and by degrees arrived at the power of modifying the organs; and indeed, of substituting an entire new set, as easily as a dentist supplies artificial teeth in whole, or in part. His name is Dr. Bäm buzler. I underwent an operation from him some time back; and from a morose, taciturn dunderhead, am become a cheerful, conversable man."

Herr Verschnapps detailed many particulars which astonished me, prepared as I was, by the success of Frankenstein, Faust, and Der Freischütz, to believe any thing of German perseverance. As to mere control over the immaterial world, so received a doctrine had nothing incredible in it; but this process of Bäm buzler was to be effected simply by mechanical and material means—I confess it amazed me. But the evidence of Verschnapps was positive; and if any doubt remained, he removed it, by putting into my hands the following bill, translated for the benefit of the reader.

"Dr. Bäm buzler, formerly of the University of Jena, professor of phrenology, has discovered the principle of the formation of cerebral matter, and the mode of infusing, or subtracting, the same, in any required quantity. He undertakes, at six months' notice, to bring children into the world with a particular organization. Applicants immediately suited with new skulls, and accommodated with any given number of organs. Exchanges between parties effected, to their great

matrimonial comfort, at the small price of one gilder per ounce.—N. B. The highest price given for old sound skulls; second-hand craniums filled and repaired."

Here, thought I, is an opportunity for me of making an advantageous bargain: I must admit that I have several qualities which I should be glad to get rid of, for others which I want. Abroad I came to improve myself, and here it seems I can do it on the best terms; home then I will not go, until I have made a good exchange. That night I revolved in bed what organs I should dispose of, and what retain; and taking my circumstances into account, I made the most prudent selection in my power. I am poor, said I to myself, and have always found the moral virtues an encumbrance to me; but for conscientiousness I might have risen in the world; therefore, it shall go for one—as for benevolence, of what use is it to a man who has nothing to give away? it shall go next,—attachments, philo-progenitiveness, and all that, of what avail are they to a man who is too poor to marry and get children, or keep up friends in adversity? all my gay friends forsook me, when I wanted their assistance; and what better can I do, than part with all the tenderness of my disposition towards them: if I become rich, it will only be troublesome to me, and prevent my buying a wife and friends at option—away with the affections then. Besides, thought I, the moral virtues and the charities are in great request, they will bring a good price; I can barter them profitably for dissimulation, which is generally detested and may be had cheap, and that will answer me as well. What else do I want? Let me think.—Oh! aye, assurance! I must not forget to lay in a good stock of that, for it is the only way to rise; I do not think it will come high in these days of refinement—but at all events I must purchase a few ounces. I fell asleep over my cogitations, and the next morning, having drawn out an invoice of my disposable goods, I proceeded as directed by Mein Wirth to the professor's mart.

It was situated in the upper story of a shabby house in one of the narrowest streets of Jena. At the top of the stairs, I found a grated-door; a bell-handle at length presented itself to my groping hands, and I gave it an English pull, which soon brought a person to hand. "Was für ein Zwinger ist das?" said a hoarse, guttural voice, which issued from a thick-featured, broad, uncombed head, at an opening pane in the barricade. "I am a brain kaufmann or merchant," answered I, "that want to by and sell." "Oh! mein herr! *will commen* you *bin* one Englisher man, I suppose, by your tongue and the pull of the bell, come *herein*;" and he admitted me, by opening the door, to a view of his dimensions. He was a short, clumsy man, in a dark brown coat and vest; his legs were very much bowed inwards, and terminated in splay-feet, much disproportioned to his spare ancles. His black bristly beard supplied the want of neckcloth, and allowed me to observe, that if he wore linen, it was not in the form of a modern shirt. He had withal the air and the quick glance of an intelligent man; and I saw at first sight, that he would resemble a Jew in bargaining as much as in appearance.

"*Was ist* it *dass* you want to buy?" inquired he, after having introduced me to his antichamber, a small space partitioned off from a long garret by dusty book-cases and blankets.

I looked at my inventory for fear of mistakes, and from the debtor side read—"Assurance, unlimited quantity." "Assurance!" snarled the doctor, "*was* for, can your *compatriotes* want so *viel* assurance. Not *ein Engländer* old or young, learnt or unlearnt, but carries off a gross stock of assurance from me. *Man macht* a profit by retailing it in the *markt*, to the modest John Bulls *viellike*? I have heard of their assurance companies."

"It is very good for trade," replied I, "particularly for the professions. How much of it have you to spare?"

"*Nichts*, not one ounce," answered he; "a young *avocat* and a *comedianer*, took all *as was* to sell, and left little enough for *minesalb*. Dink of somed^{ing} else *was* you want."

I thought he was only haggling in order to circumvent me, but nevertheless, imagined I, when he hears what I have to dispose of, he will own to a *quantum sufficit* of assurance, and so I'll let him know all I want in the first instance.

"Second, loco—a modicum of deceit—I forget the technical name, but you know what I mean—hypocrisy, dissimulation, or something of the kind."

"*Bey meiner Seele*," cried he, "you have a good *geschmack*! you pick out the two rarest commodities in my collection; at *dies* rate I may shut up shop if all mine customers call *für* the *selbst* same article."

"What! do you affect to say, Dr. Bäm buzler, that hypocrisy is in such great demand? It is a satire upon mankind."

"*Gut*!" returned he, "and what do you want it for then?"—"I, why to hide my poverty, I cannot afford to do without it."

"Ha! ha! very *gut* again," added he, "*die* others want it to hide *ihren* riches; it is good for making money too, *als* the philosopher's stone. *Woht! was habt* you to give for it?"

"Never fear," said I, "looking at my catalogue on the credit side. I will supply you well; what say you to a large spoonfull of benevolence of the most refined quality?"

"Benevolenz," iterated he contemptuously: "Well, go on."—"A cupfull of generosity?"

"Generosity," repeated he in the same tone: "Proceed."—"Love of offspring and attachment?"

"*Sehr gut*! now," said he, "*I muss* tell you one thing. You *mag* just *gangen* back again, for *so ich lebe*, *ich* will *hab* none of your trash."

"Trash!" exclaimed I, "the moral and social virtues trash! Oh! Dr. Bäm buzler, you want to buy them cheap, I perceive. But if you depreciate my wares, you shall have none of them: I can tell you the world sets a high value on them. I never knew any one disclaim benevolence."

"*Nein, nein*, after they have got rid of it. But if you saw *den* gross sugar cask of it, *das ich* for one small keg of combativeness, obtained from the West Indies, you would not *dinken* so much of your stuff. I can barely get it off my hands gratis, by sending it to the hospitals and alms-houses for unguent, and to butter the bread of the poor, for it is soft *als* blubber, and will not keep fresh unless mixed *mit dem* conserve of *selbst* interest. *Ich* will gife you any price *für dies* last."

"I cannot part with any," said I, "under a thousand a year, with a handsome wife and demesne; get me those, and I'll resign all my ambitious qualities."

"Donner und Blitzen!" exclaimed he, "*was für ein* unreasonable *mensch!* *Was mehr* hab you to sell? Hab you any of *die talenten*, wit, oratory, music?"

"None of these," answered I, "but I know something of painting; you shall have it in exchange for any of those three you have mentioned."

"*Gut!* and was *soll* I do *mit* it? melt it into varnish, to clean up old pictures? *Nein, nein*, I see we can hab no dealings *mit einander*."

"What," said I sorrowfully, "shall I return to my own country with no more assurance and deceit than when I left it! Good Dr. Bämbuzler, have pity on me; bethink you, if your art does not enable you to adulterate the ingredients of my brain, so as to change their quality?"

"Och! *das ist ein andere* affair. Hab you got any money to spare?"

"Yes, yes, some half-dozen gilders."

"*Halb-dozen!* no richer in *die Tasche*, than in *die Cervella!* *eben;* so come into mine laboratory, and you vill see how much *von die* process you can hab *für sechs gilder*."

He ushered me into his loft by lifting up a brown blanket; the place had very much the appearance of an apothecary's shop: there were shelves all round the room covered with large jars and bottles, on which the name of their contents were written; these were commonly so hard and uncouth, that I could not make them out; with others, however, I was more successful. I read with ease on some of the phials, Milk of Human Kindness, Cream of Joke, Humour, Spirit of Truth, Essence of Honour, with other spirits and essences innumerable. On the jars I distinguished, Pluck, Marrow, Nerve, Pith of the Matter, Gall of Disposition, Tartar, Attic Salt, Flower of Speech, and other components of the matter of mind. On lower shelves were ranged a multiplicity of clean scraped skulls, each of which was labelled with the name of its former possessor. Here were several of Plutarch's heroes, intermixed with popes, kings, ministers, players, sharpers, and highwaymen. All of them were tracked into compartments and warranted to answer this or that possessor. The prices at the same time were denoted by the partitions, so that every one might suit his ambition to his pocket. It was curious to see the same value set upon an emperor's and a robber's skull, upon a minister's and a pickpocket's. Ignatius Loyola stood in the same division with Bamfylde Moore Carew, and Paul Jones with Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. Several notorious gamblers had precedence of conquerors and statesmen. But I found cardinals, bishops, and jesuits, indiscriminately mixed with swindlers, impostors, and sharpers, and bearing the highest price by far.

I had ample time to make my observations, for the professor was running about from one huge hogshead to another, with a large sponge in one hand. I could not conceive what he was about; till looking into one of the butts, I observed a human being, up to his neck in hot water, fixed in a machine resembling the pillory; on

inquiry I learned that these persons were undergoing the preparatory operation of stupefying for a change of skulls. It was conducted in this way. The patient's seat of knowledge was first excoriated with birch rods; his head was then battered with *Acousticks*, *Solids* and *Elasticks*, *Phlogisticks*, *Logic choppingsticks*, and other hard and puzzling-sticks. After that, it was cudgelled with knotty and crabbed rules, and finally cracked with a grand compounder or senior wrangler. He was then fit to be plunged into the barrel of hot water, and the softening process commenced; here he was stewed and macerated by continual application and fomentation, till the brain shrunk from its case; the natural integument was then removed; the skull that he had fixed upon was adapted; and he was remodelled a new man. This was the regular course; there were other quicker methods that required more courage, but more frequently failed of success. Knocking one's head against a stone wall, or facing a battery, were dangerous, but sometimes expeditious ways of effecting exchanges. The staff sometimes turned the heads of young fellows who had never submitted to any discipline but the birch-rod; and it required some hard knocks before they could be turned back again to their former position, in order to be changed. I understood that oak shillelahs were excellent instruments for converting proud, overbearing heads, into meek respectful developements.

Of course when the doctor applied the new *dura mater*, he plastered over the old brain with some of his creams, curds, and extracts above-mentioned; lapped the skin over tight with sticking-plaster, and covered the whole with a wig, under which it showed very respectably.

While he was explaining these things to me, and enumerating the different cases under treatment from his register, a loud knocking called him off. As soon as his back was turned, I had the curiosity to look in upon a candidate for the skull of Cicero, who intended to practise as a lawyer in Great Britain. The much worn and patched up fac-simile of a Cicero's head was placed before the would-be orator on a little shelf, as if to make imagination assist the transmutation. I had no sooner lifted up this modern antique for the purpose of examining it, than the puny barrister spouted at me a mouthful of foul water that nearly blinded me: I instantly hurled the Cicero at him with all my force; I thought it would have split him open at once, and expedited his transformation; but instead of that, the old worm-eaten shell went into fragments. Nothing could be more diverting than the look of horror which the probationer gave when he saw his ambition frustrated. He would have howled, or at least spoken, but that it was certain death to say one word during immersion; an idea came across me at this moment which I instantly carried into effect. I whipped up a fish-woman's skull from among a row of sans-culottes, and clapped it down on the shelf before him. The fellow actually closed his eyes in anguish at the thoughts of being nothing more hereafter, than a poor, vituperative, Billingsgate orator, or Newgate counsellor; as was very probable, since he could not open his lips to inform Bäm buzler of the substitution, and Bäm buzler must naturally suppose the skull before his pupil that for which he had been paid.

When my roar of laughter was over, I looked into another hogshead, in which I heard a great splashing; for some time I could see nothing,

it was in such a foam; at length I descried a fellow lashing the water with his hands, and blowing it out at mouth and nostrils like any whale. On the shelf was the head of Roscius; I thought it a pity that Roscius should be represented by such a splasher, so I went round the collection to try and suit him better. I was a long time at a loss; at length, by good luck for him, I found the skull of a huge monkey, and left it in the place of that of Roscius. I have not the smallest doubt, from comparing time and circumstances, that this fellow turned out to be the famous Mazurier, whose fortune I was thus the instrument of making.

But I served the fellows in the two next pipes a better trick; one was a student of divinity, the other was ambitious of becoming a Jack-pudding. While I was peeping in upon this last, he gave a somerset, going round with his yoke, which was placed on pivots in order to facilitate his exercises. This threw a great deal of hot water in my face, at which the theologian clapped his hands in extacy; I could have forgiven the poor harlequin for a feat that was all in his way, but to be laughed at by a grave doctor of divinity!—it was too bad. I quietly lifted the skull of the divine from out of his tub, and put it into that of the mountebank's, while I transferred the mountebank's model to the tub of the churchman. This conceit gave me inexpressible pleasure; I did not doubt but I should one day see pulpit orators who were truly Merry-Andrews, and theatrical clowns who were as sober and as grave as parsons.

I was quite in a mischievous humour, as may be seen; but indeed I was exasperated, to find a set of contemptible beings, undergoing such penance to fit themselves for situations for which nature had not at all adapted them. I was determined to rectify their absurd choice as sagaciously as I could, during the professor's absence. I looked into the next barrel, and found a shrivelled fellow stewing away with the bust of Cato before him. He gave me a severe and conceited look, on my striking the skull to try if it were sound. This look could be no criterion by which to rob the world of a second Cato: "An overweening confidence," murmured I, "may be pardoned in a senator, if no corruption beset him. What if I try this candidate with a bribe?" I took out my watch, and dangling the seals over his head, he made a grasp at them, but ineffectually. "Ho! ho!" said I, "you would sell your country for office, would you? Well, my lad, I'll accommodate you:" so rummaging the shelves, I picked out a Titus Oates, and substituting it for the Cato, I left the wretched politician to dwell on the prospect of infamy or a gibbet.

The next hogshead that I came to was of large dimensions; on looking in I observed two patients very amicably boiling together. This was a strange case that puzzled me—I had recourse to the register; and then learned that these were a married couple, who were passing their honeymoon in thus amicably accommodating themselves to each other. The gentleman had vowed to be all the lady wished, and she had sworn to conform herself to his choice. Now she had pitched upon a Menelaus, as a good gentlemanly husband for him to fashion himself by; and he, good soul, loving quietness, had selected a Griselda for her. This plan of connubial happiness, in which each had reciprocally the formation of the other's character, did not please me; either

one should form both characters, or each should approximate to a common standard. Now, thought I to myself, Menelaus would have made a less contemptible fellow, if he had had a scold instead of a coquette for a partner; she would have excited whatever vigour there was in his character—here goes then. With that, I transposed the Griselda to a shelf and put a Xantippe in her place. The poor future Menelaus looked upon me with a shudder of despair, as if I had upset all his matrimonial bliss, and I felt that I had done wrong; for the lady was a vixen at heart, and smiled already at the future controul she would exercise over her lord. Something was to be done to set things to rights, unless I chose to have the guilt upon my shoulders, of gratifying a termagant at the expense of a poor-spirited man. I looked out, therefore, for a fit husband for her, and had the satisfaction to match her with a Jobson, or the nearest fac-simile of that famous disciplinarian. I then withdrew as fast as I could from the scalding water she had begun to spit at me.

I had not time to examine any more, for the professor entered with two customers; one was a tall dashing buck, very well dressed and good looking; the other was a mean, snivelling, little fellow, of the worst appearance that could be imagined. "Come along, you sneaking little rascal," said the tall fellow to the other; "since poverty compels me to part with it, you shall have my self-conceit, or whatever you call it; but take that, and that, first," hitting him a douse or two upon the cheek. The little fellow bore it with great patience, tendering the money at every stroke, until the professor desired one and the other to sit down in his chair-vices. There they were screwed down immoveably; the transfer now commenced by the doctor's producing his brain-pump, and adjusting it to the quantity of brain to be extracted. This being done, he shaved the surface of the organ to be perforated, then, with the trepanning instrument, he made an orifice through which he worked the brain-exhauster, and immediately applying it to the head that wanted replenishing, he inspissated the whole contents through a similar aperture.

I was not sorry to witness the mode of transfusing brain from one head to another, for though I had frequently heard of *pumping* information out of a fellow, or *sucking* his brains, I never could conceive that it was a mechanical process. The countenances of the patients underwent a remarkable change during the operation; the tall fellow became dull and inanimate, while the little animal grew lively and boisterous. When all was over, he huzzaed most gloriously, and crowed over the stupidity of his once sprightly companion. He actually danced round the room with glee, and observing the spirit-broken beau crest-fallen and lagging behind, applied his foot where he thought it would accelerate his motion. The other suffered himself to be kicked out of the loft without resenting it. "If ever I suffer a particle of conceit to be extracted from me after this," said I, "may I be kicked likewise. The ungrateful urchin, thus to treat his benefactor, from whom he enjoys all his consequence; but this comes of keeping bad company."

Dr. Bămbuzler had no sooner opened the door for them, than in rushed on him, unawares, a dozen customers. They poured into the loft pell-mell, upsetting a young lady in a large pitcher behind the

door. She had been sent there to finish her education from a convent, and a chaste Madonna's head was selected as a model for her imitation. She was tumbled out rather unceremoniously, and thrown within reach of the skulls on the lower shelf. I cannot say that she exhibited many signs of native modesty for a lady in that predicament; stealing a glance at her, I saw her in the act of furtively exchanging the Madonna for a Cleopatra, which she took, I suppose, because it was nearest to her hand. Her pitcher being broken, she was placed in the same butt with the would-be Roscius.

Among the new comers at whom Bămbuzler was swearing, was one of dignified aspect; for he wore a three-cornered hat and cassock, and answered Bămbuzler in round sonorous periods. I understood from his apologies that he was a reverend divine, who thought himself worthy of a bishopric, and came to pay his court to the professor, that he might put him in the way of serving mankind in that station. This I thought a favourable time for parading my wares: "If your reverence," said I, "will permit me one suggestion, I think it likely that I can put you in the way of qualifying yourself for the mitre, and ultimately obtaining it?" "How, how, my dear sir?" inquired he eagerly. "I make not the smallest doubt of the grace and goodness of your reverence," continued I; "but if you will take off my hands a superabundant stock of piety and charity, I think it will be of main service to you in rising in the church."—"Piety and charity!" echoed he: "Sir, you are exceedingly impertinent. You take me for a curate, I suppose, sir; when I was a curate I had as much piety and charity as any man; but I never would have risen higher, if I had not got rid of them for flattery and obsequiousness. Sir, I am come here for intrigue and assurance. If you have any such endowments, I will buy at a good price."

"I will accuse you of simony," cried I. "I can always evade that," quoth he, "so good bye to you;" saying this, he turned to the shelves, and I saw him pausing over the head of an Irish bandit, who was remarkable for brass and blarney, as if he meant to effect an exchange.

I then addressed a gallant officer, telling him that I had a good deal of circumspection, which might be of use to him; but he assured me that he had enough already, that the better part of valour was his, and that he wanted but a small portion of courage to complete it. To a lawyer I offered conscientiousness in abundance, for the smallest quantity of his assurance. He threatened me with a prosecution for libel for the inuendo, admitting however the truth, that he had a *modest* share of effrontery, and that it stood his best friend in the profession; and owning that he had endeavoured to part with all his conscientiousness, because it was a hindrance to his success at the bar.

I was now at the brink of despair. Every one appeared to me to set so much value upon those very qualities which I wanted, they bore fifty per cent. higher premium than any other stock. At last desecrating a female, who was poking about among the barrels in search of a husband, smiling and flirting with each poor penitent in his turn, without eliciting a word from any; I bethought me of addressing her, trusting to female goodnature and simplicity for success.

"Dearest madam," commenced I, "permit me, as a friend and admirer of your sex, to recommend certain perfections that will add much to your native charms. Nothing becomes female excellence so much as retiring modesty and bashfulness. Give me leave to suggest, as a disinterested observer, that you appear to be very deficient in those qualities, and to possess an uncommon share of presumption and confidence. If you really wish to improve yourself, and to part with those unfeminine attributes, I, out of pure regard for you, will take them off your hands, and supply you with a due share of meekness and discretion."

"You are a very free, impudent fellow," replied she, "and as false in claiming modesty to yourself, as in denying it to me. I wonder you could have the assurance to accuse me of any deficiency in that respect."

"Madam, you only convince me of your affectation and dissimulation, by defending yourself from the charge. No qualities can be more graceless in a woman than affectation and dissimulation. As you would avoid contempt, suffer me to replace them by sincerity and conscientiousness."

"You are a hypocrite and a calumniator," cried she, in great indignation.

"Alas!" exclaimed I, "what an uncharitable disposition you have betrayed; how much you stand in need of benevolence and veneration. Oh! reject not these qualities when offered to you on the terms I propose."

"And what terms are they?" demanded she.

"The resignation of your assurance, dissimulation, and combativeness," returned I.

"Well," said she, coquettishly, "I will consent to part with all these on one condition."

"Name it, dear madam."

"Can not you guess?" asked she.

"Is it love of colours?"—"No."

"Order and arrangement?"—"No."

"Love of children?"—"No."

"Attachment?"—"Yes, I believe it is attachment," answered she affectedly.

"Oh! you shall have it all to yourself," cried I; "come, let us set about the interchange."

"You mistake me," said she, "I cannot part with my assurance and dissimulation, until I have obtained a husband.—Now you know the price."

"I cannot ratify the bargain at that rate," answered I, "for I am convinced it is all humbug to expect those deformities to be surrendered after marriage. No, let them be extracted methodically first."

"That I shall not," affirmed she emphatically.

I saw it was vain to coax her out of qualities which she valued incomparably higher than a dowry, and I desisted from any further attempts upon her. Indeed I resigned all hopes of exchanging, and was well satisfied to pay my six gilders to the celebrated Doctor Bāmbuzler for his book upon Cephalostatics, in which many curious receipts were given for the management of the brain; and the com-

position of various aliments of great virtue in cases of morbid affections of the head, or of cracked skulls; which receipts I may one day translate for the benefit of the afflicted.

Mine lieber Wirth Verschnapps was astonished to see me return as modest, diffident, and sincere a person as I had set out. He treated me to a bottle of his best hochhinner; and advised me to set a subscription on foot in my native land, stating my deplorable want of falsehood and effrontery, and praying for a small contribution from over-waning individuals. I have accordingly taken this mode of publishing the distressing account of my virtues; and I petition my countrymen to take them off my hands. The smallest portion of impudence or deceit will be thankfully received by theirs,

Most humbly and sincerely,

VERITAS.

ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGNER IN GREECE.

As we had determined to devote ourselves to the noble cause of Greece, and to sail immediately from Leghorn, we got introductions to the principal Greek merchants resident there, whom we consulted on our future plans. The pictures of Greece drawn by these gentlemen, exceeded those of the most glowing imagination: we were to be received like Gods; and in a year were to march upon Constantinople. One of them, Signor Patrino, told me that a vessel was just about to sail for Hydra, on board which we might take our passage. "In Greece," said he, "you will find there are four thousand organized European troops." Believing all these representations, I engaged the whole cabin for our party, ten in number. We returned to Florence to settle our affairs, and to get passports. We found some difficulty in obtaining them for Greece, and were therefore advised to apply for them for Smyrna. One of our friends, who was deeply compromised in political matters, having been refused a passport, presented himself to the Grand Duke, and entreated his permission to go; on which the Grand Duke replied, that he must first make inquiry into the circumstances of his case. He rejoined us in a state of great depression; and said, that if this inquiry were instituted, he should certainly be condemned. We advised him to get on board, disguised as one of our servants; and began to devise the means for his escape. He answered only in broken words, and presently left us, saying that he must go to dinner. We thought he was going home to make some arrangements; and all went to dine in the Via Cazzaioli. While we were at dinner, a lady came in, and said, that a half-pay captain had just thrown himself out of a window, three stories high, in the Piazza del Gran Duca, and that he was killed on the spot. We ran to the place, and found our friend lying dead in the street. The master of the house told us, that he had gone home to dinner as usual, and had actually eaten the soup; when the servant having left the room, to change the dishes, on returning found the door fastened, and immediately after heard a great noise in the street. The door was broken open, in the hope of finding some letter, or explanation

of his motives ; but it appeared that the fatal resolution was sudden. It was reported that the Grand Duke was very sorry he had refused his passport. We were all greatly shocked at the fate of our friend ; having no time to lose, however, we returned to Leghorn. I introduced all my friends to the Greek merchants, who told us they envied our happiness, in having such an opportunity of distinguishing ourselves ; and that if they had not families, they would go with us. The newspapers were full of accounts of the victories of the Greeks ; in short, we were all impatient to be gone. Having laid in our stock of provisions, we asked the captain if he had his full cargo. He replied, that he had agreed with the Greek merchants to take one hundred and fifty Greeks from Wallachia and Moldavia, at nine crowns per man, and to feed them as far as Hydra. The Tuscan government allowed these men two paoli a-day, up to the time of their embarkation. They accordingly found themselves so well off in Leghorn, that they refused to go ; and the government was at length obliged to force them on board. This was the first specimen we had of the zeal of the Greeks for the service of their country. We, who were going as volunteers in her cause, knew not what to think of this ; and some of us even began to repent of the steps we had taken, and to wish to abandon their projects. I represented to them, however, that we should make ourselves ridiculous by such a want of steadiness ; and that as we had taken our determination, we must abide by it now, and not trouble ourselves about the future. Meanwhile the Greeks did nothing but curse and swear, that they would not go. One of the Greek merchants came on board ; when the captain, who was afraid to sail with such a number of furious, ungovernable men, said to this gentleman, whom he looked upon as the leading man of their nation, " Sir, I see clearly that it will be impossible for me to sail without appointing three officers, whom these men may be compelled to obey : and secondly, without disarming them, which is absolutely necessary to my safety, and to that of my other passengers." When they were told they were to lay down their arms, they all began to exclaim and vociferate at once, so that the ship was a perfect Babel. They said that they were afraid of meeting Turkish vessels, and that they must have arms to defend themselves. The captain endeavoured to bring them to reason, by showing them the Russian patent ; and by assuring them that the vessel being French, she was perfectly safe from the attacks of those of any country whatever. After a dispute of three hours, they were obliged to give up their arms ; to choose three leaders from among their own company ; namely, a priest named Colopalo, a captain of the Greek navy, and one Vassiliati, of Smyrna, whose orders they bound themselves to obey. As for us, we looked at each other, scarcely knowing where we were. We saw ourselves surrounded by a number of brutal and ungovernable men : we thought if this was a fair sample of the Greek nation, our prospects were bad enough. However, we determined to banish these anticipations, and to look forward cheerfully.

We invited the three leaders, who spoke French and Italian, into our cabin. We found them men of considerable education. We asked them how it happened that their countrymen were so unmanageable. " Gentlemen," replied one of them, " they are wholly

uneducated, and unaccustomed to any thing but oppression ; and now that they find themselves free, they think they may dictate laws to all the world. They were so well off in Tuscany, that they have no mind to return to Greece, having already had a sample in Moldavia and Wallachia, of what a country in a state of revolution is." In spite of all the precautions of the government, they could not all be got on board ; several of them ran away and hid themselves. At length, after considerable loss of time, the captain issued an order that no one should go on shore, under pain of imprisonment. On the 23d of September, 1821, eight of the Greeks being still missing, and the captain finding it impossible to keep them on board, set sail. When those on board saw that they had really sailed, they began to be more peaceable. After two days' calm, we had a fair wind as far as the canal of Malta. The Greek merchants of Leghorn had consigned to the captain a hundred muskets, a thousand cartridges, and four barrels of gunpowder, for the use of these men, when they arrived at their destination. The powder was, as usual, stowed away in the powder chest, and the cases of muskets over the ballast, near the water-casks, which several of the Greeks knew. On the fifth night, being within sight of Sicily, a large vessel was perceived by moonlight. Those on deck who saw her, immediately ran down, and woke their companions, exclaiming that she was a Turkish frigate ; they broke open the cases of muskets, took one each, and came on deck. We were in the cabin, asleep, when we heard a noise which it is impossible to describe : we ran on deck, and found the captain in loud debate ; but as we did not understand a word of Greek, and there was no one to explain to us what was the matter, we could only make out that they were going to make a forcible entry into our cabin. We thought they were going to kill us, and ran down into the cabin, where we armed ourselves, and returned on deck. The captain then told us, that they were afraid the vessel in sight was a Turkish frigate, and begged us to place ourselves at the door of the cabin, and prevent any of them getting down. They would listen to nothing, either from their leaders or the captain ; but at length told the latter, that he wanted to sell them all to the Turks. They knew that at Leghorn, of which the captain was a native, the Greek cause was very unpopular, from the injury the revolution had done to the commerce of the town. At length, however, as it became evident the vessel in question was taking another direction, the captain with great difficulty prevailed on them to lay down their arms on the deck, and return to their births. Next morning, after giving them a better breakfast than ordinary, he ordered them all on deck, and showed them his patent again ; adding, that he sailed under the French flag, and that he would not have so many men on deck, since, if they met any Turkish cruizers, they would immediately suspect that he was laden with Greeks, and not with merchandize. He then desired the priest to say prayers twice a-day, for the success of our voyage ; and for strength to fight against the infidels. This appeased them all, and the muskets were restored to their cases, where they were fastened more securely than before. We were six days, after leaving the canal of Malta, before we descried the summit of Taygetes, the last refuge of liberty. The inhabitants of this mountain were governed by a Bey

of their own nation, on payment of a tribute to the Porte. After the evacuation of the Russians, Zaretto Catafarri obtained this privilege for his countrymen. He represented to Hassan Pacha, that it would cost rivers of blood to bring them into subjection; and that it would be better to give them a chief of their own religion. Pietro Mauro-michalis was their chief at the time of the invasion. This situation has become one of great importance in the present state of affairs. Passing the gulf of Laconia, into which falls the Eurotas, which forms the eastern boundary of the district of Maniati, we caught sight of the eternal snows which clothe the summits of the lofty mountains. We saw scattered villages, the houses of which were of a form and construction different from any we had seen, fortified against the attacks of robbers. We then passed the Oro, a small rock under Cerigo (Cythera.) We next came within sight of the island of Hydra, where we were to land. We all now ran to shave and dress ourselves, thinking we should dine in the island, when the wind suddenly changed, and we were driven back to Cerigo. Our captain, who was very superstitious, seriously reproached us with having caused this reverse, by our premature and unlucky preparations for landing. We saw three vessels coming from Archipelago; this occasioned a renewal of the former scenes of violence and disorder among the Greeks, who insisted upon it they were Turks. After knocking about seven days within sight of Cerigo, the captain began to fear we should fall short of provisions. He called the Greek chiefs, and represented to them that the weather rendered it impossible to land at Hydra; and that if they would consent, he would take them to Calamata in the Morea, in which case he begged them to sign a declaration, that it was not his fault that he did not land them at Hydra, according to his agreement. One of the three being a captain in the Greek navy, and knowing that our captain was right, they determined to go to Calamata. To us it was perfectly indifferent, as we were going to Prince Ypsilanti, who was then at Argos. From the time the wind changed, the captain, though he continued to dine with us, never exchanged a word with any of us, whom he regarded as guilty of the loss and inconvenience he had sustained. On the 15th of October we landed on the coast of Calamata, about six miles from the city.

I was now arrived in Greece, for my misfortune, as I afterwards found; and as my readers may say, I ought to have expected, when I left Europe to go among a people who had been debarred, through ages of slavery, from acquiring the virtues or the arts of civilized life. Such were indeed my expectations, as far as the mass of the people were concerned; but I thought, that out of the thousands of Greeks who had been educated in Italy, France, and other parts of Europe, some would have shaken off their barbarous character and customs. This has so often surprised me, that I cannot refrain from adverting to it frequently in the course of my history. I found, universally, that however much a Greek might have travelled, and however familiar he might be with European manners, on his return to his country, he never failed to divest himself of all the good he had acquired. When I remarked this to them, they said it was because they did not wish to be remarkable among their countrymen, who knew no customs but their own; nor to appear to dictate a new system of manners, because

they had travelled. I represented to them, that they, who were conscious of what was wrong, were the persons to correct it. This is not the moment, they replied; when we are free we will introduce improvements. On this pernicious system they began a revolution, to which I cannot see any possibility of a termination, in the total absence of any man, or men, capable of directing it. I shall now proceed to describe, minutely, all that I saw or heard; all the sufferings of so many of my poor brethren in arms, who perished in Greece, and particularly my own sufferings from the conduct of the Greeks. Let not my readers think I write under the influence of vindictive feeling. I solemnly declare that I have laboured to speak the bare and dispassionate truth; and not, like many writers, to exalt the Greeks into heroes, when their successes were perhaps owing to mere accident, or to the imbecility of the Turks. Neither the Greeks nor their commanders have ever known how to avail themselves of the favourable moment for establishing their independence. The greater number of their captains are ignorant, haughty, and rapacious; caring nothing for the sufferings of millions, provided they can amass wealth. Such are the leading patriots of the Revolution. I went to Greece in the hope of assisting in recovering her freedom, and perhaps, one day, that of my poor country, which groans under the sacerdotal yoke. I expected, certainly, to find great misery, as I knew what a country is in a state of revolution; but I thought, at least, that I should be well received by the inhabitants; and that they would be grateful to those who voluntarily shared their sufferings. I had, indeed, read several works unfavourable to the Greeks; but I could never have believed of them what I saw. I had opportunities of very near approach to Prince Ypsilanti, Prince Mavrocordato, and many other Chiefs; and I was eye and ear witness of many things which nobody has chosen to write, because it has been the fashion to flatter the Greeks. I shall speak the truth, however, and render justice to all. There are, even in Greece, honourable men and true patriots, who would act well if they were seconded; but they are excluded from all chance of command, as the great body of the leaders hate all order and discipline, and like nothing but a system of brigandage. I shall not occupy my readers' time, nor my own, with details of battles, nor with descriptions of the country, which have been given at length by various writers; yet I cannot refrain from some mention of the most celebrated places I passed in my travels; places where, in spite of all my misery, I forgot my wretched situation, and was even content to suffer, that I might behold those glorious remains of illustrious antiquity, and that beautiful country where the hand of man does nothing, and nature works unaided, and clothes herself in her loveliest dress. Often did I grieve over the sweet gardens, the fertile fields, and delicious hills, doomed to be inhabited by so savage and degraded a people. As soon as we had anchored, the captain hastened to disembark his turbulent passengers. He gave each of them a musket and five cartridges; and whatever else he had received from the Greeks of Leghorn, he delivered to the commandant of the fort of Calamata. As we were six miles from the town, we were obliged to wait for cattle to convey our baggage; we little imagined that it would be so short a time before we should be freed from all trouble

on this score, by being plundered of every thing, to our shirts. We had scarcely set foot on shore, when we were greeted with the news of the loss of Tripolitza, and of the fleet which had taken it. We traversed these six miles almost without perceiving the distance, so occupied were we with the aspect of the country, and of the peasantry. They were gathering olives, which grew in great abundance. Their appearance was squalid and miserable, and astonished us by its contrast with the richness and fertility of the country. We afterwards found that even the more wealthy of the cultivators chose to live in great apparent poverty, and kept their money concealed. On reaching the principal square of Calamata, we found a number of French, Germans, and other foreigners, most of them dressed in military uniforms. They came towards us, and expressed great pleasure at the arrival of fresh companions in arms. We immediately asked them the number of foreigners there. They replied that they might amount to two hundred at the utmost; and added, that they were waiting for the orders of Prince Ypsilanti, to know what they were to do. They told us of the universal confusion which prevailed, and of the sort of reception they had experienced, which would have placed them in a very distressing situation, if they had not been furnished with money. We inquired for the commandant's house, to which we were conducted by several of these officers. The commandant's name was Paraschiva; he had been a merchant in Trieste, and having failed, was obliged to fly from his creditors. Not knowing whither to betake himself, he determined to go to Greece, where Prince Ypsilanti had given him the post of commandant of Calamata. He was old, short, and very fat. He was dressed in black, with a black cap, on which were a death's head and the words Liberty or Death. He spoke with difficulty. He however congratulated us on our arrival; and told us the Greek nation would be ever grateful for our assistance; and that the time would come, when we should be amply rewarded. He immediately gave us billets. We were lodged in the house of a priest: after we had presented our billets to him, he called his servant with a grave air, and told her to conduct us to our apartment. The servant made a sign to us to follow her, which we did. After ascending a good many stairs, she showed us all ten into a garret, without any furniture whatever. We looked at each other, somewhat astonished at our lodging. We had our luggage brought into the room, and sat down upon our trunks; shortly after some of the foreigners I have mentioned called on us; they told us they were all lodged in the same manner, and that we must conform to our situation. We were next conducted to a house, where we found the commandant superintending the distribution of a small quantity of boiled mutton and black bread. To make a show of equality, the commandant began to eat, and we, as a matter of politeness, followed his example; but it was too soon for us to bring ourselves to such a diet, so that we could only pretend to eat; after which we went to a miserable inn, to see if we could get some better fare. On our return to our lodging, we perceived that, in a room on the ground floor, there were mattresses and cushions, after the Turkish fashion; there was no one in the room, and as we knew we should be obliged to sleep on the floor in our own apartment, we resolved to occupy this by force, as we thought ourselves entitled to a

better reception. We took possession, therefore, and disposed ourselves for the night, when the servant-maid entered, and in a very ungracious manner told us to go out. We did not understand a word of Greek, but we saw well enough what she meant; as, however, we only laughed, she went out, and called her master, who immediately returned with her, and began to upbraid us, in bad Italian, for our conduct, in taking possession of a room which was not allotted to us. We replied, that if he had been poor, and had no other apartment than the one he had assigned us, we should have been content; but as we saw he had good rooms, if he thought to treat us like beasts, he would find himself mistaken; that it was his duty to give good accommodation to men who came to shed their blood in defence of the liberties of his country. Then, for the first time, we received this answer: "And who asked you to come? We do not want foreigners." My readers may conceive the effect of such a welcome on the first day of our arrival. We however resolutely persisted in remaining in that room; and told the priest to quit it immediately, if he did not wish us to resort to arguments of another sort. He was therefore obliged to leave us to our repose; and in that room we continued to sleep as long as we stayed at Calamata. Calamata had suffered nothing in the Revolution, as it contained very few Turkish inhabitants. These were immediately put to death, and thrown without the walls to the dogs, with the exception of the Agà, who having behaved remarkably well in his government, was spared. We went to visit him, and were received with great civility. He spoke a little Italian. He said that the Greeks had done perfectly right in revolting, and in trying to render themselves independent; that they were oppressed by the Turks; but that he had always governed the people under him with mildness. I was persuaded that he held this language from fear of being put to death. Coffee and pipes were brought. At first the coffee appeared to me so disagreeable, that I thought it impossible to get reconciled to it, but in a few minutes I began to like it. As provisions were very cheap in Calamata, notwithstanding the revolution, and almost all of us had money, we bought our food, and left our rations to Mr. Paraschiva. Samian wine was very abundant. We thought we should be able to find food of some sort in every part of Greece, but in this we were miserably mistaken. In a few days the commandant sent us notice to go, at four o'clock, to the place where the rations were given out, to receive the orders of his highness Prince Ypsilanti, which we did not fail to do. Among the number of officers of different nations, there was a Sicilian colonel, who was implicated in the late political events of his country. The prince, not knowing us individually by name, addressed himself to this colonel, requesting him to acquaint all the foreign officers with his intentions. The commandant delivered this letter to him, and begged him to read it aloud. Just as the colonel was about to comply with his request, several Frenchmen and Germans set up a great clamour, declaring that they did not recognise this colonel as their head, and would not receive any orders through him. "Gentlemen," replied the colonel, "I never had the slightest idea of commanding, or even of advising you as to your future conduct; but as the Prince did not know all your names, he thought it best to address his orders to the officer

highest in rank." "And how," cried a Frenchman, "do we know that you are a colonel?" upon which all the French exclaimed, that they would not be commanded by an Italian, and began to revile Italians generally. As we took this as an affront to us all, we rose, and an altercation ensued, which lasted more than two hours. At length the governor, by dint of fair words, allayed the tumult, and entreated us to hear the letter, as, at all events, no blame could attach to the colonel. Upon this the colonel began, not without some agitation, to read the letter, the substance of which was as follows:—

Sir—I beg you to inform all the foreign officers now in Calamata, that I wish them to come to my quarters: in the first place, that I may become personally acquainted with all those brave men who are come to share our toils and dangers; and secondly, that I may appoint them their several destinations against the enemy. I have despatched a vessel to Calamata, thinking the journey will be less tedious by sea than by land. Be assured the Greek nation will be ever grateful to all who co-operate in its deliverance.

Argos, October 19, 1821.

Prince YPSILANTI.

As soon as the letter was read, we Italians turned to the French, and asked them what they had to say against our countrymen, and to demand satisfaction. The commandant interposed; and though he spoke both French and Italian very imperfectly, he made himself understood, and at length succeeded in calming the irritation and restoring harmony. Being perfectly unaccustomed to military affairs, not even knowing on which side to wear his sword, he was in a state of great embarrassment; yet he was very proud of his post, and of the homage of so many foreigners. He assured us that he would use the utmost expedition in provisioning the ship. A duel took place next day, between a French surgeon and one of my comrades, in which the former was wounded, and obliged to return to France. These disputes between the foreigners of different nations have never ceased, and have been very prejudicial to the cause. Instead of fighting for the liberties of Greece, we were constantly killing each other, on the slightest provocation. There was in Calamata a Greek captain named Micheli, a very good soldier, who had been in the Sicilian army, and had served in Spain with the English. There were two other Greek captains, one named Colopalo, and the other Spiro, who commanded the blockade of Coron and Modon. These three officers having heard that Prince Ypsilanti had sent for us, invited all the foreigners to a breakfast, at a village six miles from the town. The commandant heard of this invitation, and endeavoured to dissuade us from accepting it; telling us that the prince was on bad terms with these captains. In spite of this caution, however, we resolved to go, to discover, if possible, the meaning of this invitation, as we were very sure it was not given without some secret motive. On the day appointed we went: the three captains came to meet us, bidding us welcome, and shouting "Liberty for ever!" They led us into a thicket of lemon and orange trees, the beauty and fragrance of which made the place a perfect Paradise. Around this delicious grove there were large fires, at which peasants were roasting a number of lambs, spitted on long stakes. There were also a great many goat skins, filled with wine. Our hosts apologized for their entertainment, saying, that we must not expect to find the accommodations

of Italy in Greece ; and that we must take soldiers' fare. The lambs were soon roasted ; they were then all set on a large table, and carved with sabres and ataghans. We seated ourselves on the grass, and began to eat with great appetite. Not one of us, I am persuaded, regretted the most luxurious breakfast of Italy, France, or England, while enjoying our frugal repast. We were obliged to take a piece of meat in one hand, and a piece of bread in the other. Greek soldiers stood around, handing us cups of Samian wine. We drank toasts in favour of liberty ; and concluded the best breakfast I ever ate in my life, by singing patriotic songs. Captain Micheli then said to us, " Gentlemen, I hear you are going to join Prince Ypsilanti : we strongly advise you not to go. It will be your ruin—believe me. The prince will give you fair words, compliments, and promises ; those who have money will spend it all ; those who have none will be despised. If you will remain with us, we will instantly go and attack Coron, which may be carried by assault with the utmost ease. We have plenty of troops, but we don't know how to conduct an assault. You will confer the greatest obligation on us, and we will divide whatever plunder we may get. We should not wait for the prince's orders, as we do not hold ourselves in any way accountable to him. If you persist in going to Argos, the prince will keep you in a state of total inaction ; he has organised nothing. You will find a little battalion of two hundred men, commanded by Colonel Balestra, who are starving. We shall not urge you farther ; do as you please ; but I predict that, when you know the prince, you will repent not having listened to our advice."

As we had been informed that they were enemies of the prince, we did not believe the captain's account, and attributed it to jealousy. We therefore replied, that we were much obliged to them for their proposal ; but that, as we were military men, we knew the value of discipline, and should obey orders. " It is very probable," added we, " that you are right ; but as we are come to Greece, and as the head of the government summons us, we must obey him." Notwithstanding our refusal, the captains then resumed their songs, and we stayed with them till the wine skins were all emptied. How often afterwards did we repent not taking their advice, when we found the truth of all they said, and the total incapacity of the prince for directing the government. Our way back to Calamata lay through clumps of fig-trees, through which we passed gaily, singing patriotic songs. On the arrival of the vessel which was to convey us, Mr. Paraschiva was ordered to provision her. How was this to be accomplished without money ? The primates of Calamata would not recognize the orders either of the prince or the governor, alleging that it was not in their power to furnish provisions ; that Colocotroni had got immense booty at the taking of Tripolitza, and might send money. I cannot describe the state of Mr. Paraschiva, who had passed all his life in Trieste, selling sugar and coffee, when he found that he had to provision a hundred and fifty men without funds. At last he was obliged to buy oxen and biscuit with his own money. The vessel was very small, and as we saw that we should be miserably off, both for accommodation and provisions, we Italians determined to go by land, in which determination about twenty others joined us. We made known our intentions

to Mr. Paraschiva, and asked him for an order of route to receive the provisions, and horses to carry our baggage. He made some opposition, but seeing that we were all resolute, he gave us the order of route and five horses for the baggage. The first day we set out late, and only travelled eight miles. We reached a village, where our drivers unloaded all our baggage in the middle of the square, and left us. We had a Greek with us, who spoke French and Italian, and acted as our interpreter. We went to the house of the ephori or primate, and showing our order of route, asked for lodging, food, and horses for the following day. They replied, in Italian, "We know nothing about either Mr. Paraschiva or the prince, and shall give you nothing. Let those who asked you to come to Greece pay you. We want no foreigners. We are able to beat the Turks. If you have any money you may get food and horses; if not, do as you can." At this we returned to the place where our baggage was, to deliberate what we should do. Just as we were paying one of the drivers, intending to continue our journey, an old Greek, in a Turkish dress, came up to us. He spoke Italian remarkably well. He told us that we were very wrong to set out at that hour; that he knew the sort of reception we had had from the primates, which ought not to surprise us, since that class of men preferred the Turks, and were very unfriendly to the change of government; that he would give us a lodging, and procure us all we wanted; and that as for the mules, we could have made an agreement for the whole journey, and when we arrived at Argos, he would send to the prince for payment. In all my wanderings I have always found resources when I least expected them. This good old man made us take up all our trunks, and conducted us to a house of his, where indeed there was nothing but the bare walls; but this was a great thing for us, in a country where there are no inns whatever. He then left us, promising to send us all we wanted. In a short time arrived a quantity of beef, wine, bread, and chafing dishes for cooking. He sent us word that he would come and eat with us. We immediately set ourselves to cook our beef, but as it had not been killed above half an hour, the longer it boiled the tougher it grew. At the expiration of an hour, however, we took it up, and ate it with great appetite. The old Greek, who had no teeth, could not eat it, but he joined us in drinking. "My friends," said he, "I ought to give you one piece of advice. You must not be disheartened when you are ill received by the primates of the towns or villages, because all the rich men are more Turks than Greeks, having always been on good terms with the Turks. It was the people who groaned under their tyranny. Take courage, therefore, for I hope one day we shall yet be free." The old man then left us, advising us to shut our doors well. He had already agreed with muleteers, at four times the price we had paid; but this did not signify to us, as he told us not to pay them. This injunction to lock ourselves in, excited our suspicions; we therefore determined to leave the doors open, and to mount guard. In about half an hour we heard the firing of muskets, and the balls whizzing over the house. Our sentinel, who was at the door, heard a great deal of rubbish fall close to him. A ball had struck the wall about half a yard over his head. We all rose, armed ourselves, went out, and walked round the house. The Greeks seeing that we were

awake, left off firing, as they are easily intimidated. We passed the rest of the night in watching, as we feared some surprise. At day-break the muleteers came to load our mules. I now advised my comrades to return to Calamata, and join the three captains, as it was evident the prince possessed no authority whatever. None of them, however, would follow my advice, being all enchanted with the name of a prince, and incredulous as to the reports of the captains. We set off in high spirits, thinking neither of the past nor of the future. This is the true soldier's life; and for me, at least, it has many charms. Our first day's journey was very pleasant, lying through a country full of fig and olive trees. The people appeared poor, more especially on the other side of a chain of mountains we passed. We afterwards found, however, that the peasantry of Greece are as well off, with relation to their habits and wants, as those of Italy. I asked many of them if they were in want, and they all replied that they were satisfied, and had enough to subsist upon. Nevertheless their food consisted of herbs which they found in the fields, and which they generally eat without even oil, of very bad rye bread, milk, and a little cheese. Meat they never eat but on festivals; but as they are accustomed to this fare, and know of no better, they lead very contented lives in the bosoms of their families, and are much stronger and more robust than our peasantry: they have fine florid complexions. Passing through several villages, and finding that we could obtain nothing without paying for it, we resolved when we came to a flock of sheep to kill one. We also killed some pigs, and once we took a fine calf. When the shepherds saw this, they began to weep and lament; but finding there was no remedy, they entreated us to allow them to flay them, and keep the skins, a favour which we readily granted. I found, by experience, that fair means will do nothing with a Greek; with threats and blows he will serve you, and give you any thing. This is the natural consequence of the treatment they have always experienced from the Turks; they have no idea of any other.

On the third day we reached some hills, near the ruins of Tegeum, from whence we saw Tripolitza. During our whole march we bivouacked, to avoid being refused and insulted when we asked for lodging. We now met another flock of sheep, and asked the shepherd to give us one. He refused; upon which we killed four, and loaded our mules with them. At this moment some countrymen passed with wood; they told our interpreter we did quite right to take the sheep, for that they belonged to the Turks, and that several Greek captains had taken possession of them. As we approached the plains of Tripolitza we found a number of dead bodies, which gave out an insufferable stench. Innumerable birds of prey were feeding on human flesh. I turned sick at the spectacle, to the horrors of which we were not accustomed.

Our muleteers took up stones, and, with an air of scorn and triumph, broke the skulls of the Turks. On our arrival in Tripolitza we found almost all the houses burnt, the streets strewed with dead bodies, and the air pestilential. We were conducted to the house of the primates, who were to assign us a lodging. They sent us to a Turkish house, half burnt, filthy, and filled with a dreadful stench, the cause of which we could not discover: at length, in a room on the ground floor, we

found eight corpses. The whole family of the former possessor had endeavoured to conceal themselves from the fury of the Greeks, but were discovered and slaughtered: among them were two little boys, and an infant of a few months old. As all the houses were full of dead bodies, we found we might as well remain where we were. I asked why they did not burn all these bodies which infected the air, and must cause a pestilence. They replied, that they left them to show their contempt for the Turks, who were not worthy of burial. It was impossible to make the Greeks understand that the only injury they did was to themselves, though an epidemic had already broken out. At the time of the massacre, with a total blindness to consequences, they had thrown the bodies of the Turks into all the wells and cisterns of the city. In a few days they had not a drop of water to drink, all being of course putrid, and they were obliged to go two or three miles to fetch it. This, as the weather was very hot, greatly increased the mortality.

Shortly after our arrival the primates sent us meat, bread, and wine. Though we had the four sheep we had killed by the way, we took our rations. Our muleteers officiated as cooks, and did whatever we required, in the expectation of being well paid at Argos. After we had made them clean two rooms of our house, and had put them in the best order we could, we went out to look about the town, and see where the assault was made.

Tripolitza is the capital of the Morea, built at the foot of Mount Tricorsa, the ancient Menales, on the plains of Mantinæa, which are fifteen miles in circumference, and can only be entered through a very difficult pass. This city had for a long time no walls, and was defended only by a small fort, situated on a height which commanded the town. One of the pachas, tired of the insurrections of the Keftis, surrounded it with walls with many loopholes, from sixteen to eighteen feet high, with towers at intervals, on some of which were a few ill-mounted guns. When we saw the fortifications, we were in the utmost astonishment, and could not comprehend how the Greeks could have been six months blockading a city which five hundred men might have carried with ease in a day. When we learned, however, that they wasted both arms and ammunition; that they were wholly inexperienced in regular warfare, and in the operations of a siege; and that there was a strong body of troops in the town, commanded by the brave Kiaia Bey, we acknowledged they had accomplished great things. We went into many Turkish houses; we found nothing but dead bodies, which lay as food for the dogs. What shocked us the most was the sight of the naked bodies of the women and children; we could not look at these innocent victims without compassion and horror. We met a great many Hellenians, who were very fond of their victory, and of the quantity of pistols they had taken during the pillage. They imagined Greece already free, and thought nothing about the future. They looked at us with the greatest disdain, as infinitely inferior to themselves. We met some of our own countrymen miserably clad. We were shocked to see them in such a state, and asked them how it happened that, as they were at the storming, they were in such wretchedness, whilst the Hellenians had arms and money. "Friends," replied they, "we fought, but they took the spoil." While we were talking to these

Italians, a Venetian lieutenant of artillery, whom I knew, came up. We embraced each other, and I invited him to come to our lodging. After we had taken some refreshment, I asked him to tell us how it happened that he had been at the taking of the town, and had got nothing. The lieutenant replied, "I have been here ever since the breaking out of the revolution, and I can tell you accurately how they have treated us; and how Colocotroni, though an extremely ignorant man, managed to outwit Ypsilanti and the other chiefs, and to take the command of the blockade of Tripolitza, get possession of the plunder, and carry off to his own house fifty-two mule-loads of the gold and valuables of the Turks. Never had a revolution a more auspicious commencement; if Ypsilanti had been a man of sense or talent; if he had known how to inspire respect; if he had ever had honest men around him who would have advised him better; but those by whom he was surrounded, having discovered his incapacity, thought only of turning it to their own advantage. Some truly patriotic Greeks having come from Italy and other countries, did indeed advise Ypsilanti in the beginning, and warned him to beware of Colocotroni, who, perceiving this, used such arts of flattery and insinuation with Ypsilanti, that he succeeded in banishing all these honest counsellors, and became in appearance his dearest friend. The virtuous citizens seeing themselves thus dismissed by the prince, and knowing that all his measures would be prompted by a man who desired their ruin, determined to return to their homes, and leave him to his fate. Ypsilanti had in his service an officer of French parentage, born in Greece, called Balestra, who had been all his life in Napoleon's armies, and was distinguished both for his talents and bravery. The prince gave him the rank of colonel, and empowered him to raise a regular battalion. It never exceeded three hundred men, though, from the number of Italian officers who had already arrived in Greece, there was no difficulty in getting men. Colocotroni, who had the utmost aversion to any thing like regular troops, threw every possible obstacle in the way of its augmentation, and frequently kept the battalion without food. Some Turkish ships coming at that time to provision Coron and Modon, the prince sent this battalion, composed almost entirely of raw recruits, to Calamata. The crew of the Turkish vessels, on their return from throwing supplies into Coron and Modon, landed on the coast of Calamata, and would have doubtless destroyed the town, but these young troops, led on by their brave Italian officers, attacked and defeated them.

This immediately excited the jealousy of the Greek chiefs against the little Frankish corps, which remained in Calamata; and Colonel Balestra, finding that the primates of that town refused to feed the very men who had saved them from the descent of the Turks, determined to return to Ypsilanti. That prince was at the blockade of Tripolitza with Mavrocordato, who, not having yet found a fit opportunity for declaring himself, was at that time acting under his orders. Ypsilanti was however jealous of him, from a consciousness of his superior talents, and resolved to get rid of him. He accordingly sent him into Romelia, which had but just declared itself independent, with full discretionary powers. Mavrocordato accepted the mission, and set out. Colocotroni then suggested to Ypsilanti to send Cantacuzene to

organize the islands; but the latter, seeing that the prince was ill advised, and despairing of the deliverance of his country, returned to Europe, alledging that he would not accept of any subordinate command. Colocotroni and two or three others of the chiefs were not yet satisfied, and tried to devise means of getting rid of Ypsilanti also, and his Frankish battalion, for fear we poor officers, who were almost starving, should get any part of the plunder of Tripolitza; or that the prince should take possession of all the money they might find, and appropriate it to the public service. The revolution furnishes but too many examples of similar conduct; indeed, whenever we consider how difficult it is to find men who act from any higher motives than avarice, ambition, or vanity, we cannot wonder at seeing ten thousand men sacrificed to the advantage of one or two.

On the arrival of the intelligence that a few Greek captains had raised the blockade of Patras, and that, as the country was flat, the Turks might with the utmost ease make sorties to assist Tripolitza, Colocotroni saw that the favourable moment for the success of his schemes was come. In a conference held in the prince's tent, at which the archbishop of Patras was present, the latter, after a fine eulogium on the genius and valour of Colocotroni, urged him to set out with a thousand men for Patras, that he might repulse the enemy in case of a sortie; Colocotroni, who thought only of the riches of Tripolitza, and cared nothing about the liberties of his country, answered with great warmth that the archbishop had better attend to the affairs of the church, and not meddle with politics. The inhabitants of Tripolitza were now reduced to the last extremity of hunger, of which the Greeks took advantage to open a regular trade with them over the walls, and got quantities of pistols in exchange for a little black bread. They would not allow us Franks to have any share in the profit, and threatened to kill us if we approached the walls. As our numbers were so inferior, we could of course make no resistance. We were obliged to stand every day in the batteries, and to do all the active service, while the Greeks carried on their traffic.

To throw dust in the eyes of the prince, Colocotroni sent off his son, a haughty and inexperienced youth, to the Isthmus, with five hundred men, and at length manœuvred so successfully, that he prevailed on the prince to set out with his battalion to Patras, persuading him that he would recruit it by the way. Ypsilanti, who was fit not to command, but to be commanded, left the blockade of Tripolitza in the hands of Colocotroni, without reflecting that the spoils of that city would have enabled him to meet the expenses of the war for several years. One individual represented to Ypsilanti that he was leaving all these resources in the power of a man who thought of nothing but his private advantage, but he would listen to no advice, and set out, leaving twenty Franks, the only men who knew any thing whatever of the artillery service. Colocotroni, in spite of his dislike to the Franks, could not do without us, as he actually had not a gunner in his whole army.

Ypsilanti was invested with sovereign power; he had, as we shall hereafter see, all the people on his side; yet he abandoned a place which would have been the resource of his country, at a time when he was without money, and had received nothing but refusals from the

provinces to which he applied for assistance. Our battalion set out in very bad spirits; we had hoped for some relief to our miseries whenever Tripolitza should fall; instead of which we were now marched off, after performing regular duty, and enduring all the fatigue of the blockade for five months. If Prince Ypsilanti had made no other blunder than this, it would be sufficient to show his utter incapacity. Colocotron, who had now nobody in his army who could direct the blockade, except a few subaltern officers, immediately sent proposals to Almay Aga, the chief of the Albanians of the garrison, stating that he and his troops should be allowed to march out with their arms and baggage, and return to their homes, on condition that they were never to take up arms again against the Greeks. This was done in the hope that Ali Pacha of Jannina, who had already made himself independent of the Porte, would declare himself in favour of the Greeks. This hope would probably have been realized, if Ali had not been betrayed by his own Albanians, who, after assisting him in plundering the Greeks, wanted to get possession of the treasures he had accumulated. Two thousand Albanians accordingly marched out of the garrison; they were so weak and exhausted from want of food that they could hardly stand, but their countenances retained their usual haughty expression. The eyes of the Greeks were turned wistfully on the arms of the Albanians, but some among them said, "We shall find better in Tripolitza." The wife of Curschid Pacha, knowing that Bobolina, a Spezziot lady, who had armed several vessels at her own expense, and maintained them at the blockade of Tripolitza, was come to the Greek camp, sent to ask to speak to her: Bobolina accordingly entered the town, accompanied by certain captains sent by Colocotroni to confer with the Turkish chiefs. The soldiers carried on their traffic of bread for arms, and in a few days almost all the Greeks were armed. The Greek commanders were continually going in and out the town, with terms and propositions. The Turks sent presents to Colocotroni by two Turkish chiefs, who knelt down and kissed the ground on which he trod. He raised them, and said that he was a liberal, and did not like these barbarous and slavish usages. Such were the sentiments he professed, though, in his heart, he was a mortal enemy to liberty, as his conduct plainly showed. The Turks daily sent presents to Colocotroni and the other Greek chiefs, with a view to gain time, as they were constantly in hope of being relieved. Colocotroni, on the other hand, wanted to bring the matter to a conclusion, for fear he should be disturbed in his schemes by the intervention of others; he therefore opened a fresh negotiation. The soldiers seeing that the chiefs were continually passing to and fro, suspected that they brought out treasure every time, and that while they got their own share of the plunder, they cared nothing about the result; they therefore determined to make an assault by stratagem. Accordingly, on the 5th of October, at mid-day, during the most perfect stillness, while the captains were quietly dining, they heard shouts of "To the assault, to the assault; the Hellenians are scaling the walls." They all rushed out, and saw that this was the fact. One of Colocotroni's soldiers, seeing that the battery commanding the Tramontane gate was badly guarded, and that there was nobody on the walls, had ventured to scale them; his comrades followed, and in an instant, all the troops rushed for-

ward. The Turks, however, commenced a very brisk fire on the side guarded by the Spartiates, but the latter, seeing that Colocotroni's soldiers within the walls were not at all intimidated by their dangerous situation, rushed on with the rest, and in a moment were masters of the principal tower. Their cannon fired from the fort, but we quieted them with our field pieces, and the whole Greek army poured in like a torrent. It is impossible," continued the lieutenant, "to describe the atrocities of which the Greeks are capable, when under the influence of their implacable hatred of the Turks. They spared no one, except certain lords whom the captains took under their immediate protection, because they were rich, and could show them where treasure was to be found. As for us, we kept our post on the batteries without the walls, while the Greeks filled their pockets with gold. At the end of two days we were suffered to enter the town, where we found nothing but dead bodies, streams of blood, and burnt and ruined houses. This was our sole reward for a blockade of six months. The taking of Tripolitza scattered over the Morea at least fifteen thousand muskets, and as many pistols. In spite of all these advantages, however, the national treasury was not one penny the richer. Colocotroni, and the other chiefs, took all the money, and instead of instantly marching against some other town, every one of them went home to his own house to bury his treasure, and to repose himself; as if the taking of Tripolitza decided the fate of Greece. And now, my dear comrades, you may form some idea of the people in whose hands we are. They do not understand what liberty means, and are stimulated by nothing but avarice and love of domination. They grudged us the most miserable rations, when they were revelling in abundance."

We were disgusted by his recital, and repented—first, of having come into such a land of ingratitude; and secondly, of having turned a deaf ear to the captains at Calamata, whose assertion that prince Ypsilanti was totally without authority, we now heard confirmed. We were somewhat dismayed at the difficulties of our situation, but determined not to think of them, and therefore went out. We were looking under a small portico at three little Turkish boys lying murdered, and exposed to the dogs, when a man on horseback passed, clad somewhat in the Turkish fashion, with two men before him. What was our surprise in recognising in him a Florentine of our acquaintance, named Bencini. He knew and accosted us: we immediately asked him why he wore that dress. He told us that he practised as a physician. His countrymen were greatly astonished, knowing that he had studied medicine only a year. Bencini replied: "In the country of the blind, blessed is the man who has one eye." I am the physician of all these Turkish lords whom the chiefs have saved from the carnage, in order to make more by them. They are all ill from bad food and terror, as they expected to undergo the general fate. I have an interpreter, two slaves, and two beautiful Turkish girls; and I get a great deal of money. I shall expect you therefore to-morrow to breakfast with me, and I will show you Kiaia Bey's Seraglio, and introduce you to all the greatest Turkish lords of this city."

The next day he took us accordingly to the house of Kiaia Bey, who received us very politely, offered us his pipe, and had seats brought for us. We said to ourselves, a year ago we should have had a different

kind of reception here. His face expressed melancholy, and yet a lofty disdain of his fate. When he had left the room, Bencini said: "Now we must go and see the ladies, but I cannot take you all; only two or three, who must pass for physicians." I was so fortunate as to be of the number. He took us into a house in which there were forty ladies, all belonging to Kiaia Bey. Among others the sister of the sultan, who was given to Kurschid Pacha. Although they had all black veils, we could see many Greek faces of extraordinary beauty. To keep up his own character and ours, Bencini affected to consult us. Having paid this visit, we returned to the house of our new physician, where we made a gay repast. After dinner, the fire in the chimney having been too large, the house caught fire, and as it was built of wood, the flames communicated rapidly to several parts. Bencini took a box, in which he said there was a large sum of money, and we hastened to help him to save as much as he could. We then abandoned a large and beautiful house to the flames. Nobody thought of attempting to extinguish the fire, because it was a Turkish house; as if that house might not be just as useful to a Greek. But this I afterwards universally found to be the case, the Greeks destroyed all the Turkish houses out of hatred to the Turks, and then were obliged to build huts for themselves to live in.

Knowing that Prince Ypsilanti's aid-de-camp was in the city, we went to pay him a visit. After many compliments, he said that he was going the next day to Argos, and that if we would accept his company, we might all go together. We readily acceded to this proposal, as we knew his presence would ensure us better treatment on the road. The next morning early, after thanking our friend the physician, and wishing him success, we set out on horseback. After travelling two hours, we came to a part of the road where the plain begins to contract between a small river on the one side, and the foot of a mountain on the other; this is the scene of the first triumph of the Hellenians, commanded by Captain Nokitas, a man of courage, and to a certain degree a patriot, though he might be a much better; but among so many worse he deserves some mention. He with only ninety Greeks kept up a fight for five hours against Kiaia Bey, who was escorting a hundred loads of provision at the head of three thousand men, five hundred of whom were mounted. All the peasants of the surrounding villages, seeing that their countrymen must fall before the very superior numbers of the Turks, came to their assistance. This would have been of small avail, however, if the Turks had made a steady resistance; but the brother of Kiaia Bey being wounded, they were seized with a panic, and Kiaia Bey himself, who was remarkably well mounted, took to flight, abandoning his army, which got off only a third part of the provisions. Though I cannot deny that Nokitas showed some courage, I must add, that in a panic the Turks are good for nothing but to run away, as I saw on many occasions.

We traversed a chain of mountains, through two narrow and difficult roads, called Kaki Skala, cut on the edge of a precipice; we then descended into a cultivated plain. We found the body of a Turk, newly slain, lying in the road, with a great many letters scattered around him. We conjectured that he had been murdered by some peasants, who had rifled his pockets, and finding these letters, threw

them down rather than take them to the governor. The prince's aid-de-camp stopped, and made his people pick them all up. On reading one of them, we found that it was from a Turkish lord, prisoner in Tripolitza, to the Pacha of Napoli di Romania. A quarter of a mile further we overtook a beautiful Turkish woman, with an infant in her arms, weeping bitterly. The aid-de-camp, who spoke Turkish, asked her what was the matter. She answered that she was the wife of the Turk whom we had just found murdered, and that some peasants had killed him the night before, and stripped him of every thing. The aid-de-camp asked her where they were going; she replied, "We were saved from the massacre by the humanity of a Greek captain, together with our master, who is now prisoner in Tripolitza, and who sent my husband with some letters to Napoli di Romania. As I loved my husband tenderly, I would follow him; now he is murdered, and I am left without a single *para*; and the Greek women who pass continually with water will not even give me one drop, so that I must die on the road. God have pity upon me!" exclaimed she, and continued weeping. The aid-de-camp repeated to us all she had told him. We were touched with compassion, and compelled a Greek woman to give her some water: we were going to alight and put her on one of our horses, and conduct her to Argos. The aid-de-camp dissuaded us, saying, "In a revolution one must harden one's heart, as one is sure to meet with fresh objects continually to excite compassion." We then made up twenty Turkish piastres among us, gave them to the woman, and left her. We had not gone twenty paces, when we heard two shots fired. The aid-de-camp said, "I am sure they have killed that woman, to get the money we gave her." We turned back to ascertain the fact, and found these two unfortunate victims still breathing, and some peasants stripping them, who made off when they saw us approaching. We stood some minutes motionless with horror at the barbarity of the wretches who could wreak their vengeance on a creature of ten months old. We resumed our way, our minds full of the tragedy we had just witnessed.

About sun-rise we reached Argos. The aid-de-camp immediately procured us a lodging in a large Turkish house, half ruined and burnt, without doors or casements, and very filthy. We at first inclined rather to remain in the open fields; but recollecting that it might rain, we determined to accommodate ourselves the best we could to our house. Kurschid, vizier of the Morea, having gone into Epirus to quell the disturbances in the army, which was besieging Ali Pacha in Jannina, at the head of a large body of troops, had set fire to Argos in his passage, and killed the Greeks who were found concealed in the houses. When we had arranged ourselves as well as we could, we determined that one of us should always remain in the house, that we might not be robbed. We asked for rations, but none were given: the confusion was indescribable; and if we had not had money, we must have starved.

Prince Ypsilanti having returned from the blockade of Patras, we went the following day to pay him a visit. The surprise his appearance excited in all of us was great. It was such as fully to corroborate all we had heard of him. He was seated on a carpet, on one side of a large room. He received us with all the marks of the liveliest

gratitude, and made us sit down on the ground by him. He asked us why we did not come by sea. We replied that some of our companions suffered extremely from sea-sickness, and that we preferred coming with them by land; besides which, that we wished to see a little of the interior of the Morea. He asked if we were all military men, and added, that the Greek nation would be eternally grateful to those who came to shed their blood in her defence. He added, that we must divest ourselves of all our European notions, as there was nothing agreeable to be found in Greece at this moment. We replied that we were already beginning to grow used to the country; but that the only pleasure we derived was that of distinguishing ourselves, as we did not desire repose or idleness; that we did not doubt that Napoli di Romania would soon be stormed, and that there we might gain some honour. While we were speaking, Colocotroni entered, with ten captains and the archbishop of Patras. They sat down, without even bowing to the prince. The prince introduced us to Colocotroni, who, however, did not deign to look at us or to speak; there were only two of the captains who had the politeness to address a few words to us. Seeing this, we all rose and took our leave of the prince, as we could not endure Colocotroni's manner, nor the tone of authority in which he spoke to the prince and the captains. He treated them as if he had been sovereign of Greece; which, if superiority in wealth could make him so, he certainly was. He has a haughty aspect, and a treacherous physiognomy. I, who had often seen assassins in the Pontifical States, was struck with the similarity in his cast of expression to that class of men; and I am quite convinced, that if Colocotroni met any traveller and asked him for his money, he would give him all he had without the slightest hesitation. As he had filled his own pockets, he now cared nothing for the prince nor for any body else. He knew that they had not a penny, and were, consequently, completely at his command. The prince had spent every thing he had brought into Greece, and was obliged to apply to Colocotroni whenever he wanted money, and not unfrequently met with a refusal. We remained sometime outside the door. I cannot describe the buzz there was among these captains. The prince never spoke. He listened to all they said, and never opposed Colocotroni's propositions. Demetrios Ypsilanti was not more than twenty-eight, but appeared at least forty. He was short, thin, and very bald; there was nothing commanding in his appearance, nor any thing that fitted him to be the leader of a revolution, particularly among so turbulent a people. He had received a good education, and was a man of honour. As his constitution was weak, he would not have chosen a military life; but in 1814 he was compelled to enter the Russian service, with the rank of captain of hussars of the guard, and was attached to the état-major-general. His brother, Alexander, being occupied with the revolution in Wallachia and Moldavia, was obliged to send him into the Morea with full powers to put himself at the head of the revolution there. Although Alexander, who was a man of great talents, had given him full instructions for his conduct, he subjected himself entirely to the influence of Colocotroni. As we continued to hear loud and violent wrangling, we asked the prince's secretary what was the matter? He replied, "The prince has sent for all these chiefs to Argos to endeavour to form a government; and

not one of them will hear of it; they all wish to be left to act at their own discretion; they do not like the restraint of a government. Now that Colocotroni and these chiefs have made their fortunes at the taking of Tripolitza, they will not submit to any control. If the Turks returned, these captains would embark with their families and their riches, and would care nothing about the destruction of their country. The prince," added the secretary, "cannot pay his battalion, and he is frequently compelled to see the men suffer from absolute want; nor has he the power to make Colocotroni and the other chiefs give an account of what they took at Tripolitza. This is their patriotism. In Colocotroni's house you will find nothing but splendour and luxury; in the prince's nothing but poverty." We were perfectly astonished at this account of the disposition of the Greek chiefs.

PARIS ON DIET.*

"*Pour bien jouir de la vie,*" asserts a French writer, "*il faut avoir un mauvais cœur et un bon estomac.*" We know not what to say about the bad heart, but we are perfectly assured that the good stomach is essentially necessary to the enjoyment of life. The object of the work before us, is to show us how to recover, or retain, this great good, so indispensable to happiness; it is from the pen of Doctor Paris, whose "*Pharmacologia*" has justly given the stamp of the highest authority to his name, and it seems to us in every respect worthy of the reputation of the writer. Not being medical, we cannot pretend to examine a medical book critically; but there is a pervading good sense, and a logical reasoning in this volume, which raise in lay-readers a strong presumption of its soundness. Of the correctness of the positions we cannot presume to judge; but the deductions from them are so luminously drawn, as to be intelligible to the understanding of a child. The work is indeed intended for patients, and therefore executed in a popular manner—there is no dogmatizing in it; every step is reasoned, and illustrations of remarkable aptness and ingenuity abound throughout its pages.

Doctor Paris's book is greatly indebted for its value to the liberal and unprejudiced views which characterize it. The author has escaped that general vice which infests almost every medical treatise, that is written for the exclusive illustration of a particular disease—that of attributing every malady to the favourite subject of investigation. When a patient with a broken leg applied to a certain eminent practitioner who has devoted his attention to dyspepsia, he desired him to put out his tongue, and desired him not to talk about his leg, which would come right with light meals at intervals of six hours, and blue pill. Such are the hobbies of most medical men who have applied themselves to the study of one disease. Doctor Paris appears to be peculiarly alive to the absurdity of such prepossessions, but has

* *A Treatise on Diet: with a View to establish, on Practical Grounds, a System of Rules, for the Prevention and Cure of the Diseases incident to a Disordered State of the Digestive Functions.* By J. A. Paris, M.D. F.R.S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. &c. London, T. and G. Underwood, 1826.

yet alluded to them with a moderation and delicacy which characterize all his controversial discussions.

As the space which we can afford to the subject before us will be much better occupied by Doctor Paris than by ourselves, we shall proceed to give extracts from the book without further preface; premising, at the same time, that in picking out detached passages here and there, we must disjoint a work which is eminently remarkable for the nicely knit chain of its reasoning.

Sympathies of the Stomach.

From the universal sympathy which the stomach entertains for every part of the living body, its functions may become impeded or perverted from the existence of diseases which originate in organs with which it has no immediate connection; an affection of the head, or even a disease in the urethra, may create sickness, loss of appetite, or a suspension in the digestive process; but such phenomena are not to be confounded with the primary symptoms of dyspepsia; they are affections of sympathy or induction, and will require very different treatment. In distinguishing between such effects, consists the skill of the practitioner; and it requires a comprehension of mind, a freedom from prejudice, a clearness of judgment, and a patience of minute inquiry, that do not fall to the lot of every member of our profession. I am strongly inclined to think that physicians of the present day are too apt to accuse the alimentary functions of offences which should be charged on other organs. It is, perhaps, natural in those who have devoted much time and attention to one particular subject, to fall into an error of this kind; they have a favourite child of their own to support; and they prefer it with the blind partiality of a parent.

The following argument respecting the "*necessity of exercise during sanguification*," seems to us extremely ingenious, and, so far as we can pretend to judge, soundly reasoned.

As soon as digestion commences, the blood flows with increased force to the organs destined for its completion; whence, in delicate persons, the operation is frequently attended with a diminution in the power of the senses, and a slight shiver is even experienced; the skin becomes contracted, and the insensible perspiration is diminished. As the process however proceeds, a reaction takes place; and after it is completed, the perspiration becomes free, and often abundant. When the chyle enters the blood, the body becomes enlivened, and the stomach and small intestines having been liberated from their burden, oppose no obstacle to the free indulgence of that desire for activity, which nature has thus instinctively excited for our benefit. Then it is that animals are roused from that repose into which they had subsided during the earlier stages of digestion, and betake themselves to action; then it is that civilized man feels an aptness for exertion, although he mistakes the nature and object of the impulse; and, as Dr. Prout justly observes, is inclined to regard it as nothing more than a healthy sensation by which he is summoned to that occupation to which inclination or duty may prompt him. Thus, instead of being *bodily* active, the studious man receives it as a summons to *mental* exertion; the indolent man, perhaps, merely to *sit up and enjoy himself*; the libertine to commence his libations; and the votary of fashion to attend the crowded circles of gaiety and dissipation: in short, this feeling of renovated energy is used, or abused, in a thousand ways by different individuals, without their ever dreaming that *bodily exercise, and that alone*, is implied by it. The result of which is, that imperfect assimilation, and all its train of consequences, take place.

Our author is the most tolerant of writers on dietetics: he does not endeavour to drive our good things from our tables, but dispassionately considers what may be said for and against them; leaving in most cases the final decision to that great judge in the last resort—experience. "The wholesomeness of an aliment," says he, "must depend upon its fitness to produce the particular effect which the case in question may require; Van Swieten has justly said 'that to assert a thing to be wholesome without a knowledge of the condition of the person for whom it is intended, is like a sailor pronouncing the wind to be fair without knowing to what port the vessel is bound.'" The

circumstances under which we take our food, Doctor Paris thinks even more important than the nature of the food itself. Bodily fatigue is declared unfavourable to digestion: slow mastication is particularly recommended; and above all things until one meal is digested, no solids should be thrown into the stomach. Tea, as a diluent, is, it seems, beneficial when taken about four hours after dinner, but we should not eat with it.

With respect to quantity of food, Doctor Paris writes thus:—

There is no circumstance connected with diet, which popular writers have raised into greater importance; and some medical practitioners have even deemed it necessary to direct, that the quantity of food, appropriated to each meal, should be accurately estimated by the balance. Mr. Abernethy says, that “it would be well if the public would follow the advice of Mr. Addison, given in the *Spectator*, of reading the writings of L. Cornaro; who having naturally a weak constitution, which he seemed to have ruined by intemperance, so that he was expected to die at the age of thirty-five, did at that period adopt a strict regimen, allowing himself only *twelve ounces* of food daily.” When I see the habits of Cornaro so incessantly introduced as an example for imitation, and as the standard of dietetic perfection, I am really inclined to ask with Feyjoo,—did God create Lewis Cornaro to be a rule for all mankind in what they were to eat and drink? Nothing can be more absurd than to establish a rule of weight and measure upon such occasions. Individuals differ from each other so widely in their capacities for food, that to attempt the construction of a universal standard, is little less absurd than the practice of the philosophical tailors of Laputa, who wrought by mathematical calculation, and entertained a supreme contempt for those humble and illustrious fashioners who went to work by measuring the person of their customer; but Gulliver tells us, that the worst clothes he ever wore were constructed on abstract principles. How then, it may be asked, shall we be able to direct the proportion of food which it may be proper for an invalid to take? I shall answer this question in the words of Dr. Philip, whose opinion so exactly coincides with my own experience, that it would be difficult to discover a more appropriate manner of expressing it. “The dyspeptic should carefully attend to the first feeling of satiety. There is a moment when the relish given by the appetite ceases: a single mouthful taken after this, oppresses a weak stomach. If he eats slowly, and carefully attends to this feeling, he will never overload the stomach.” But that such an indication may not deceive him, let him remember to *eat slowly*. This is an important condition; for when we eat too fast, we introduce a greater quantity of food in the stomach than the gastric juice can at once combine with; the consequence of which is, that hunger may continue for some, after the stomach has received more than would be sufficient, under other circumstances, to induce satiety.

Nothing is so dangerous as an error thrown into an epigrammatic form, and rendered portable, and of easy quotation. Such a fallacy is a pointed mischief which passes from mouth to mouth, and is never distrusted, because it sounds so shrewd. Dr. Temple has said that “the stomach of an invalid is like a schoolboy, always at mischief unless it be employed.” Every body has believed this to be true, because the idea is so ingenious, and perhaps also, because we are all secretly disposed to favour the system of incessantly cramming our stomachs. “*Little and often*,” is accordingly the maxim of sick persons, who never reflect that the *little* aided and assisted by the *often* becomes a load for the stomach of an alderman. The *often*, too, is fatal to the digestion of *little*. Doctor Paris very successfully explodes this mischievous fallacy:—

All physicians concur in advocating the importance of regularity, both as it regards the number of meals and the periods at which they are taken. Those who have weak stomachs will, by such a system, not only digest more food, but will be less liable to those affections which arise from its imperfect assimilation, because, as Dr. Darwin has justly observed, they have, in such a case, both the stimulus of the aliment they take, and the periodical habit, to assist the process. The periods of hunger and thirst are undoubtedly catenated with certain portions of time, or degrees

of exhaustion, or other diurnal habits of life; and if the pain of hunger be not relieved by taking food at the usual time, it is liable to cease till the next period of time or other habits recur. As these periods must vary in every individual, according to the powers of digestion, the degree of exercise taken, and the quality of food, it frequently becomes necessary, in civilized life, to have recourse to intermediate meals, or *luncheons*, in order to support the powers of the stomach during the long interval which may occur between the conventional periods of repast. But to the dyspeptic patient, in search of health, such indulgencies are rarely to be permitted; unless, indeed, the circumstances under which he is placed, leave him no option between long fasting and supplementary refection. I am more anxious to impress this precept upon the minds of invalids, as the anxiety of friends, and the popular errors which exist upon the subject of diet, are to apt to establish the mischievous belief, that "*a little and often*" will be more likely to restore the languid stomach to its healthy tone, than moderate meals at more protracted intervals. The specious aphorism of Dr. Temple, that "the stomach of an invalid is like a schoolboy, always at mischief unless it be employed," has occasioned more dyspeptic disease than that respectable physician could ever have cured, had his practice been as successful as that of *Æsculapius*, and his life as long as that of an antediluvian. The theory upon which this objection rests has already been explained. The natural process of digestion is thus disturbed, and the healthy action of the stomach, as evinced by the return of moderate appetite, is entirely prevented. In answer to this reasoning, the patient will sometimes tell you, that frequent refreshment is essential to his comfort; that a sensation of faintness obliges him to fly to such a resource, in order to rescue himself from the distress which it occasions. This, in general, is an artificial want, created by habit, and must be cured by restoring the patient to regular meals, which is to be effected by gradually lengthening the intervals of eating.

Our author disapproves of the intermixture of various kinds of food incidental to what is called good living. He thus describes *Modern Meals*:—

The stomach being distended with soup, the digestion of which, from the very nature of the operations which are necessary for its completion, would in itself be a sufficient labour for that organ, is next tempted with fish, rendered indigestible from its sauces; then with flesh and fowl; the vegetable world, as an intelligent reviewer has observed, is ransacked from the *cryptogamia* upwards; and to this miscellaneous aggregate is added the pernicious pasticcios of the pastry-cook, and the complex combinations of the confectioner. All these evils, and many more, have those who move in the ordinary society of the present day to contend with. It is not to one or two good dishes, even abundantly indulged in, but to the overloading of the stomach, that such strong objections are to be urged; nine persons in ten eat as much soup and fish as would amply suffice for a meal, and as far as soup and fish are concerned, would rise from the table, not only satisfied but saturated. A new stimulus appears in the form of stewed beef, or *côtelettes à la suprême*: then comes a Bayonne or Westphalia ham, or a pickled tongue, or some analogous salted, but proportionately indigestible dish, and of each of these enough for a single meal. But this is not all; game follows; and to this again succeeds the sweets, and a quantity of cheese. The whole is crowned with a variety of flatulent fruits and indigestible knick-knacks, included under the name of dessert, in which we must not forget to notice a mountain of sponge cake. Thus, then, it is, that the stomach is made to receive, not one full meal, but a succession of meals rapidly following each other, and vying in their miscellaneous and pernicious nature with the ingredients of Macbeth's cauldron. Need the philosopher then, any longer wonder at the increasing number and severity of dyspeptic complaints, with their long train of maladies, amongst the higher classes of society? *Innumerales morbes non miraberis, coquos numera.*" But it may be said, that this is a mere tirade against quantity; against over-distension of the stomach; that it argues nothing against variety of food, provided the sum of all the dishes does not exceed that which might be taken of any single one. Without availing myself of the argument so usually applied against plurality of food, that "it induces us to eat too much," I will meet the question upon fair grounds. It is evident that the different varieties of food require very different exertions of the stomach for their digestion; it may be that the gastric juice varies in composition, according to the specific nature of the stimulus which excites the vessels to secrete it; but of this we are uncertain, nor is it essential to the argument: it is sufficient to know, that one species of food is passed into the duodenum in a chymified state in half the time which is required to effect the same

change in another. Where, then, the stomach is charged with contents which do not harmonise with each other in this respect, we shall have the several parts of the mixed mass at the same time in different stages of digestion: one part will therefore be retained beyond the period destined for its expulsion, while another will be hurried forward before its change has been sufficiently completed. It is then highly expedient, particularly for those with weak stomachs, to eat but one species of food, so that it may be all digested and expelled at nearly the same period of time; that when the duodenal digestion has been fully established, the operations of the stomach shall have ceased.

Doctor Paris objects to nourishment taken in too concentrated a shape. The free use of bread with rich soups and sauces is advisable:—

The importance of bread, as an article of diet, will be easily deduced from the principles upon which the digestion of food in the stomach has been already explained. In addition to its nutritive qualities it performs a mechanical duty of some importance. It serves to divide the food, and to impart a suitable bulk and consistence to it; it is therefore more necessary to conjoin it with articles containing much aliment in a small space than where the food is both bulky and nutritive. The concentrated cookery of the French is rendered much more wholesome from the large quantity of bread which that people use at their meals. I know from personal experience how greatly this habit can correct the evil which arises from rich soups and ragouts. If I eat a rich soup, without a considerable quantity of stale bread, I inevitably suffer from heart-burn; but it never offends my stomach when taken with such a precaution. Bread should never be eaten new; in such a state it swells, like a sponge in the stomach, and proves very indigestible. Care should also be taken to obtain bread that has been duly baked. Unless all its parts are intimately mixed, and the fixed air expelled, it will be apt, in very small quantities, to produce acescency and indigestion.

The Kamschadales so well understand the expediency of giving bulk to their rich dishes, or highly concentrated aliment, that, in default of bread, they eat saw-dust with their fish-oil. Nutriment contained in too small a space it appears will not nourish. M. Majendie killed a dog by feeding it with sugar only, in order to try whether animals could live on non-azotized substances. Having sugared many dogs to death, he regaled others on olive oil, and buttered more, and all with the same mortal issue. M. Majendie argues that the absence of *azot* in these articles was the cause of death to the animals exclusively fed on them: Doctor Paris holds that it was the high concentration of the aliment.

We shall now pass to the business of the table, beginning with fish.

Fish has been generally considered as holding a middle rank between the flesh of warm-blood animals and vegetable food. It is certain that it is less nutritive than mutton or beef; but the health and vigour of the inhabitants of fishing-towns evidently prove that it is sufficiently nourishing for all the purposes of active life: but in order to satisfy the appetite, a large quantity is requisite, and the appetite returns at shorter intervals than those which occur during a diet of meat. Nor does this species of food produce the same stimulus to the body; the pulse is not strengthened as after a repast of flesh; and that febrile excitement which attends the digestion of the more nutritive viands is not experienced. Hence fish affords a most valuable article of diet to invalids labouring under particular disorders; for it furnishes a chyle moderately nutritive, but, at the same time, not highly stimulant. From the nature of its texture, it does not require a laborious operation of the stomach; although it is sufficiently solid to rescue it from those objections which have been urged against liquid or gelatinous food. From the observations just offered upon the nutritive powers of fish, it must follow, that such a diet is not calculated to restore power to habits debilitated by disease, and should never be directed under such circumstances, but from the conviction that the digestive powers are unable to convert stronger aliment into chyle. The jockeys who waste themselves at Newmarket, in order to reduce their weight, are never allowed meat, when fish can be obtained. On account of the low stimulant power of fish, it requires the assistance of condiment; and on this account salt appears to be an essential accompaniment. * * * * * The

whiting is well adapted for weak stomachs, on account of the little viscosity which it possesses; it is, at the same time, tender, white, and delicate, and conveys sufficient nutriment with but little stimulus to the system. The haddock much resembles it, but is firmer in texture. Cod has a more dense fibre than the two former, and contains also more glutinous matter: it is an excellent aliment, but, upon the whole, is not quite so digestible as whiting or haddock. It is generally preferred when large; but such fish are frequently coarse. The haddock is certainly better when it does not exceed a middling size. A process called *crimping* is sometimes adopted, for the purpose of improving cod and some other fish. Sir Anthony Carlisle has investigated the change thus produced; and we are indebted to him for some curious observations upon the subject. Whenever the rigid contractions of death have not taken place, the process may be practised with success. The sea fish destined for *crimping*, are usually struck on the head when caught, which, it is said, protracts the term of this capability; and the muscles which retain this property longest are those about the head. Many transverse sections of the muscles being made, and the fish immersed in cold water, the contractions called *crimping* take place in about five minutes; but if the mass be large, it often requires thirty minutes to complete the process. It has been found that the muscles subjected to this process have both their absolute weight and specific gravity increased; whence it appears, that the water is absorbed, and condensation produced. It was also observed, that the effect was always greater in proportion to the voraciousness of the fish. The object, therefore, of *crimping*, is to retard the natural stiffening of the muscles, and then, by the sudden application of cold water, to excite it in the greatest possible degree; by which means it acquires the natural firmness, and keeps longer. The operation certainly improves the flavour, as well as the digestibility of the fish.

Here we must take exception to the general rule of the author. Let him try uncrimped skate, and determine whether it is not infinitely superior in point of flavour to the crimped—it is quite another fish, infinitely sweeter, if not quite so tender. But to proceed:—

Turbot is an excellent article of food; but it is usually rendered difficult of digestion by the quantity of lobster or oyster sauce with which it is eaten. Sole is tender, and yet sufficiently firm; it is, therefore, easy of digestion, and affords proper nutriment to delicate stomachs. It is necessary to state, that every part of the same fish is not equally digestible; and it unfortunately happens, that those which are considered the most delicious, are, at the same time, the most exceptionable: the pulpy gelatinous skin of the turbot, and the glutinous parts about the head of the cod, are very apt to disagree with invalids. Salmon may, perhaps, be considered the most nutritive of our fish; but it is heating and oily, and not very digestible: and persons, even with strong stomachs, are frequently under the necessity of taking some stimulant to assist its digestion. The addition of lobster sauce renders it still more unwholesome: the best condiment that can be used is vinegar. As connected with the time of spawning, the season of the year has the most decided influence upon the quality of the salmon. It is in the highest perfection, or *in season*, as it is termed, sometime previous to its spawning; the flesh is then firm and delicious; whereas, after this event, it is for some time unfit for food. This circumstance, however, is not sufficient to prevent those who have an opportunity from catching and eating the fish in that state; and the legislature has accordingly found it necessary to fix the periods at which salmon-fishing is lawful. In Ireland, where there is great freedom used in killing salmon, during and after the spawning season, the eating of the fish at such times has been often found to be productive of disease; and Dr. Walker has related a circumstance of the same kind as having occurred in Scotland. Salmon trout is not so rich and oily as the salmon; although, therefore, it is less nutritive, it is, at the same time, less heating and more digestible. Eels are extremely objectionable, on account of the large proportion of oil which they contain. I have witnessed several cases of indigestion and alimentary disturbance from their use. When eaten, they should always be qualified with vinegar. From these observations, the value of fish may be appreciated, and the qualities which entitle them to election easily understood. Firmness of texture, whiteness of muscle, and the absence of oiliness and viscosity, are the circumstances which render them acceptable to weak stomachs.

Shell fish have been greatly extolled by some physicians, as nutritive and easily-digestible articles of food. It will be necessary to examine this question, by the application of those principles which I have endeavoured to establish. Oysters, in my opinion, enjoy a reputation which they do not deserve: when eaten cold, they are

frequently distressing to weak stomachs, and require the aid of pepper as a stimulant; and since they are usually swallowed without mastication, the stomach has an additional labour to perform, in order to reduce them into chyme. When cooked, they are still less digestible, on account of the change produced upon their albuminous principle. It is, however, certain, that they are nourishing, and contain a considerable quantity of nutritive matter in a small compass: but this latter circumstance affords another objection to their use. Certain it is, that oysters have occasionally produced injurious effects, which have been attributed to their having laid on coppery beds: but this idea is entirely unfounded, and arose merely from the green colour which they often acquire, the cause of which is now generally understood; it is sometimes an operation of nature, but it is more generally produced by art, by placing them in a situation where there is a great deposit from the sea, consisting of the vegetating germs of marine *conservæ* and *fuci*, and which impart their colour to the oysters. For this object, the Dutch formerly carried oysters from our coasts, and deposited them on their own. Native oysters transported into the Colchester beds soon assume a green colour. Where this food has produced a fit of indigestion, it has evidently arisen from the indigestible nature of the oyster, and the state of the individual's stomach at the time; and had such a person indulged, to the same amount, in any equally indigestible aliment, there can be no doubt but that he would have experienced similar effects. Doctor Clarke has related some striking cases of convulsion, which occurred to women after child-birth, in consequence of eating oysters; the same effects might have supervened the ingestion of any food that is not easily digestible; for the stomach of a woman at such a period, in consequence of the irritable state of the nervous system, is easily disturbed in its functions. * * * * Lobsters are certainly nutritive; but they are exposed to the same objection, on the ground of indigestibility; and such has been their effect upon certain stomachs, as to have excited a suspicion of their containing some poisonous principle: they have been known to occasion pain in the throat, and, besides eruptions upon the skin, to extend their morbid influence to the production of pain in the stomach, and affection of the joints. As found in the London market, they are generally under-boiled, with a view to their better keeping; and in that case they are highly indigestible. The same observations apply to the crab.

With regard to the digestibility of meats, the preference is given to tender mutton. Firmness of texture has much to do, according to our author, with digestibility, and the texture of mutton comes nearest to the standard of perfection. Meat too young is too stringy for digestion; and wild animals are too dense in the fibre—too close-grained, if we may so express ourselves.

The subject of drink is one that comes home to the heart and stomach of every Englishman. An eminent practitioner has endeavoured to cut off our cups altogether. Doctor Paris opposes himself to this, as to most other inflexible systems.

Those physicians who have insisted upon the necessity of a total abstinence of liquid during a meal, appear to have forgotten that every general rule must be regulated by circumstances. The best test of its necessity is afforded by the sensations of the individual, which ought not to be disregarded merely because they appear in opposition to some preconceived theory. The valetudinarian who, without the feeling of thirst, drinks during a meal because he has heard that it assists digestion; and he who abstains from liquid, in opposition to this feeling, in consequence of the clamour which the partisans of a popular lecturer have raised against the custom; will equally err, and contribute to the increase of the evil they so anxiously seek to obviate. Dr. W. Philip has stated a fact, the truth of which my own experience justifies, that "eating too fast causes thirst; for the food being swallowed without a due admixture of saliva, the mass formed in the stomach is too dry." I may conclude these remarks by observing, that as hunger and thirst are, to a certain extent, incompatible sensations, it is probable that nature intended that the appetite for food should first be satisfied, before a supply of drink becomes necessary; and if our food possess that degree of succulence which characterises digestible aliment, there will be no occasion for it. But, under any circumstances, the quantity taken should be small: it is during the intervals of our solid meals that the liquid necessary for the repair of our fluids should be taken; and both theory and experience appear in this respect to conform, and to demonstrate the

advantage which attends a liquid repast about four or five hours after the solid meal. At about this period the chyle has entered its proper vessels, and is flowing into the blood, in order to undergo its final changes. Then it is that the stomach, having disposed of its charge, receives the wholesome draught with the greatest advantage; then it is that the blood, impregnated with new materials, requires the assistance of a diluent to complete their sanguification, and to carry off the superfluous matter; and it is then that the kidneys and the skin will require the aid of additional water to assist the performance of their functions. The common beverage of tea, or some analogous repast, originally suggested no doubt by an instinctive desire for liquid at this period, is thus sanctioned by theory, while its advantages are established by experience.

Water is unquestionably the natural beverage of man; but any objection against the use of other beverages, founded on their artificial origin, I should at once repel by the same argument which has been adduced in defence of cookery. We are to consider man as he is, not as he might have been, had he never forsaken the rude path of nature. I am willing to confess, that "the more simply life is supported, and the less stimulus we use, the better; and that he is happy who considers water the best drink, and salt the best sauce:" but how rarely does a physician find a patient who has regulated his life by such a maxim! He is generally called upon to reform stomachs, already vitiated by bad habits, and which cannot, without much discipline, be reconciled to simple and healthy aliment. Under such circumstances, nothing can be more injudicious than abruptly to withdraw the accustomed stimuli, unless it can be shown that they are absolutely injurious; a question which it will be my duty to investigate hereafter.

We now come to wines: on which subject Doctor Paris explodes a number of fallacies and fancies; among others, that absurd notion of the unwholesomeness of that first of wines, Madeira, on the score of the insignificant portion of acid contained in it.

Volumes have been written to prove that spirit, in every form, is not only unnecessary to those who are in health, but that it has been the prolific source of the most painful and fatal diseases to which man is subject; in short, that Epimetheus himself did not, by opening the box of Pandora, commit a greater act of hostility against our nature than the discoverer of fermented liquors. Every apartment, it is said, devoted to the circulation of the glass, may be regarded as a temple set apart for the performance of human sacrifices; and that they ought to be fitted up, like the ancient temples of Egypt, in a manner to show the real atrocity of the superstition that is carried on within their walls. This is mere rant and nonsense; a striking specimen of the fallacy of reasoning against the use of a custom from its abuse. There exists no evidence to prove that a temperate use of good wine, when taken at seasonable hours, has ever proved injurious to healthy adults. In youth, and still more in infancy, the stimulus which it imparts to the stomach is undoubtedly injurious; but there are exceptions even to this general rule. The occasional use of *diluted* wine has improved the health of a child, by imparting vigour to a torpid stomach: we ought, however, to consider it rather as a medicine than as a luxury. * * * * *

The quantity of acid contained in wines has been supposed capable of diminishing their salubrity, and in some cases of rendering them imminently noxious. There can be no doubt, that where acetic acid has been generated during a protracted fermentation, it will deteriorate the virtues of wine, and render it obnoxious to the stomach; but where the acid arises from the nature of the fruit, it cannot merit the odium which popular opinion would assign to it. What, for instance, is the acid contained in Madeira, and against which so many objections have been urged? an atom merely of tartar. And yet the person who fancies that his digestion can be deranged by its action, will swallow twenty times the quantity of the same ingredient in some other shape, with perfect indifference and impunity. Sir Anthony Carlisle, who has carried his prejudice against acid farther than any other writer, says, "long-continued and watchful observation induce me to conclude, that the acid qualities of fermented liquors are no less injurious than the spirit which they contain." If the process of reasoning, by which he arrived at such conclusion, be not more correct than the experiments which enabled him to ascertain the quantities of acid matter in different fermented liquors, it cannot merit the confidence of the public. His table, which was constructed to exhibit "gross proofs" (*of error?*) of the relative quantities of free acid in ordinary fermented drinks, is a chemical curiosity. The tyro who has attended a single course of lectures will at once perceive, by casting his eyes over this table, that its results are wholly inconsistent with the doctrine of chemical equivalents.

Under the head of malt liquors, Doctor Paris takes the field against an argument of Franklin's, which has always appeared to us to lack philosophy:—

I certainly do not agree with Dr. Franklin when he states, that the bodily strength furnished by beer can only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; and that, as there is a larger proportion of flour in a penny loaf than in a pint of beer, consequently, that more strength is derived from a penny loaf and a pint of water than from a pint of beer. It is the stimulus of the beer that proves so serviceable to the poor man, enabling his stomach to extract more aliment from his innutritive diet.

We cannot close our extracts from this work without quoting the author's remarks on exercise, and his approval of the recently introduced gymnastics.

No person should sit down at a full meal, unless he has had the opportunity of previously inhaling the open air, and taking a quantity of exercise, proportionate to his power of sustaining it without fatigue. Upon this point I agree with Mr. Abernethy, who says, "I do not allow the state of the weather to be urged as an objection to the prosecution of measures so essential to health, since it is in the power of every one to protect himself from cold by clothing; and the exercise may be taken in a chamber with the windows thrown open, and walking actively backwards and forwards, as sailors do on shipboard." Horse exercise is undoubtedly salutary, but it should not supersede the necessity of walking; where the two modes can be conveniently combined, the greatest advantage will arise. I have heard that a physician of eminence has declared, that "*equitation is more beneficial to the horse than to his rider*:" my own experience on this subject will not allow me to concede to such a proposition; nor to that which maintains that "*riding is the best exercise for regaining health, and walking for retaining it*." It must be admitted, that the shaking which attends horse exercise, is salutary to the stomach and intestines; it is also less fatiguing to the inferior limbs; so that persons in a weak state can use it with less pain or difficulty. There is also another circumstance connected with this subject, upon which I am inclined to think that sufficient stress has not been laid, the rapidity with which we change the air. I am not aware that any theory has been proposed to explain the fact; but I am perfectly well satisfied, that rapid motion through the air is highly beneficial. As this is a gymnastic age, I may be allowed to offer some further observations upon the importance of exercising the body. The occupation of *digging* is more beneficial than is usually supposed: and to dyspeptic patients it proves useful, by the agitation thus occasioned in the abdominal region. Patients who have suffered from visceral congestion, have experienced the greatest benefit from it. I am induced to believe, that the general discontinuance of those manly exercises, which were so commonly resorted to by our ancestors in the metropolis, has contributed to multiply our catalogue of dyspeptic diseases; and I cannot but express my satisfaction at the prospect of the establishment of a society for their re-introduction. Stow, in his Survey of London, laments the retrenchment of the grounds appropriated for pastimes, which had begun to take place even in his day: what would he say, could he now re-visit the metropolis?

Here we must conclude our notice of this valuable production; which we do with a regret, that we have not been able to do greater justice to its merits. Like the often-quoted scholar of Hierocles, we have exhibited a few bricks as specimens of the house, and must recommend our readers to go to the edifice itself, in order to form a judgment of the utility of its design and the science displayed in its construction. Every man who has a *stomach* (and which of us Londoners has not a bad one?) ought to read Paris on Diet, and every man who has a head will acknowledge the pervading good sense of it.

SPORTING EXCURSION.

As the shooting season is approaching, it may serve to direct the movements of some undecided sportsman, to trace the particulars of an excursion made a year or two ago, into an unexplored country. On the 16th of August three of us booked places, two outside and one inside, for Liverpool, the convenience of which arrangement needs no comment. We limited ourselves to one portmanteau each, with box for our guns, rods, and other indispensable muniments. Eight-and-twenty hours after leaving London, we were on board the Emerald-Isle steam-packet, whose superb cabin affords sevenfold more luxuries than a stranger will ever find in the fœtid inns of Liverpool. At four in the afternoon we moored from the dock. As we darted down the Medway, the glow of sun-set tinged the western faces of the Welsh cliffs. A long burnished track lay before us, like the road of Uriel, leading from the fields of light on which we were advancing: but the breeze freshened on the going down of old Sol, and we crowded all our canvas to overtake him. When I had surveyed the diamond canopy, and the glittering pavement of our Milky-way, I descended to the drawing-room, where my companions were engaged at backgammon; several lounging 'gentlemen were strewn upon the *chaises-longues*: these were passengers *made* to the sea. We soon descended to the dormitory, two-pair down, and submitted, like docile children, to the healing effects of the nursing sea. At five in the morning, a well-known stir warned me that we were nearing land—the land of old Ireland; for thither am I taking my reader, since it must out at last; and thither had my Cockney-friends, not without great reluctance, consented to be steered. Well! I was bent upon showing them the bay—the bay of Dublin you divine—at this season and hour. With much ado, their resurrection was effected; and like dead men muffled in the shrouding of seamen's cloaks, they staggered upon deck. Persons in their condition could not be expected to fall into ecstasies at the blush of dawn, rosyng the subdued waters, and crimsoning the clouds; but the sight of cape and head-land, in every variety of form, from the craggy precipice that blackened under our bow, to the rounded promontory that faded into azure in the distance, failed not to draw forth exclamations of surprise. But when they saw the amphitheatre of hills that encircle the bay, studded all with white villas, at various slopes above the sea, each girt with a labyrinth of trees and hedges; and then, in the centre of the reach, the unclouded mother city, modestly retiring, as if prouder of the gems that invest her suburbs than of her own towers and steeples, their admiration knew no bounds.

I am not writing an itinerary, but hastening to the ground where our diversion was to be taken; but thus much I may inform the traveller, that he will have sufficient time to see the chief public buildings of DubEn, without being detained beyond the hour at which the mails leave town. At eight in the evening we got upon the Enniskillen coach, and driving along one of the finest roads in the kingdom, we entered the island-town at eleven next morning. Here we refreshed ourselves, and hiring a jaunting-car, drove forwards nine

miles along the lower lake, before we stopped at Churchill to dine. Below this town Lough Erne widens to a small inland sea ; from an adjoining hill the eye can take in a survey of twenty miles of the lake, and see innumerable islands projected on its surface, and the seats of the gentlemen that are thinly scattered on its shore.

We pushed on about four of the afternoon, cantering down the hill that brought us to the verge of the lake. Then the great Wyalt range of tabular mountains rose like a wall on our left. We saw the eagle returning late to his airey, midway down the steep, regardless of the smoking cottages below, and preferring, apparently, the bare face of these *poulafoucas*, to the solitary islands of the main. On our right Lough Erne was gradually narrowing to a stream, as several wooded capes upon the farther shore indicated. Reader, I am now approaching scenes familiar to me as the recollections of yesterday. Why should we travel at a mail-coach rate, seated as we are upon a car, masters of our own time ? If you will travel on with us, imagine we have taken you up just hereabouts ; and rely upon it, no scene shall be described, no person introduced, which you will not recognise if you travel this road again.

As we approached a slated building resembling a barn, on the road-side, a boat was pulled into shore by two persons, a gentleman in black and a fine healthy boy. They both appeared overcome with fatigue. While we were viewing them, a country girl approached, and tendering a long white surplice, hoped his reverence was well. " Hard work for a parson," exclaimed Charles Kidman. " Your reverence pulls well," added Frederick Trigger. " Better than my sexton," answered the clergyman, " for he has not begun to pull the bell yet." " I'll do it, papa," said the youngster ; but the sexton was already at the porch of the slated building, which proved to be a church. On inquiry we learnt that this was the curate, who came to celebrate a wedding. He was a much-loved gentleman, with a large family, who, not having been able to procure a dwelling in his own parish, lived upon the other side of the water, and underwent the fatigue of rowing across whenever he was required to perform his functions. His family amounted to eight, and his income was less than eighty pounds a-year, so that building for himself was out of the question ; neither could it, in reason, be expected from the bishop, who, with a small family, was stinted to twelve thousand per annum.

A few miles further on we came to the falls of Beleek, a wonderful place ! A bridge here crosses the middle of the force, down which the waters fall with stunning noise, brawling and foaming till they find a level in the black pool formed between limestone rocks. From the battery hill we saw the course which the river pursues towards Ballyshannon, the place where Lough Erne discharges its waters into the sea, over a fall of about twenty feet. We left this town at the right, and at eight in the evening arrived at Bundoran, our head-quarters, having been four days on our journey, with sufficient intervals of rest.

Next morning we sallied out from the inn in our dressing-gowns, having taken the precaution of shaving first ; a minute's walk brought us to the rocks, against which the Atlantic was softly rolling in most inviting swells ; another minute served to disencumber us of our loose attire ; and the third found us rolling on the billow, straining limb and

sinew in the manly exercise. A thousand voices rose at the same moment from the dabblers on the beachy shore, some hundred yards off, where the peasantry bathe en masse. Near us the more practised swimmer silently cleaved the green water, or the gladsome boy, darting from the gunnel, gave evidence of his skill and courage. Every depth was to choose, and every choice of solitude or publicity was there. Around us skimmed the light wherry, and the fishing-smack came joyously in, laden with the treasures of the bay of Donegal. Nothing could be more exhilarating. I purchased from the fresh cargo soles and turbot uncommonly cheap. As soon as the concrete salt had been washed off with pure water, we descended to a breakfast, seasoned with smoked salmon and potted trout.

After breakfast we ranged through the town in search of lodgings, which we procured at a moderate rate. It took the remainder of the day to adjust our fowling-pieces and fishing-rods. This was the opening of the grouse season; but many things were to be done before we could take the field: permission was to be had, and dogs were to be borrowed. Though no gentlemen in the world can be more obliging in giving leave, and accommodating strangers, especially if they be English, than the gentlemen of the north of Ireland, still no one can expect that favour until the owner has first satisfied his own love of sport, or that of his particular friends; such permissions are freely given for the whole season, with the reserve of the first and second days.

But in fishing the same delicacy does not interfere. All trout are *feræ naturæ*, and may be fairly angled for in the river or lake. As for salmon, the general restriction is, that you pay for all you retain beyond one; but you may catch, and then liberate or resign to the fishery as many as you can. We prepared ourselves therefore for the first fine fishing day, by sending for Paddy —, to tie flies suited to the water. Such naturalists generally exist upon all fishing lakes, and no stranger need pretend to throw a fly upon the water without their assistance, which is easily commanded. Paddy might rank as an angler with Cotton and Walton. When he turns home his boat, no man need longer keep the water. The very wind whispers secrets to Paddy, and tells him the bays in which the trout are lying each day of the season.

This arrangement made, we dined, and then marched forth in Vauxhall style, to astonish the natives. It was the general hour for walking: our appearance excited no small curiosity among the groupes. About sun-set we strolled down to the rocks, which form a broad national esplanade under the cliffs, as level as a causeway. Here we were invited for sixpence each to embark on board a large sail-boat, in which were several ladies and gentlemen, intent upon taking a cheap sail. We sheared off with the breeze on our larboard-bow. The white village rose upon the heights, behind which towered the bold and rugged mountains of Benbulbin. Ever and anon we tacked into shore so closely, that at times we might have shook hands with the gay parties promenading along the rocky causeway. Vast green caves, curtained with stalactites, presented themselves to view, into some of which row-boats could have penetrated. Among the fair describers of the lions of Bandoran, was one of those rose and lily beauties with dark eyes and tresses, which are to be found, like the choice heaths

of the botanist, so frequently among the wilds of the sister country. She lisped her childish delight at the beautiful shells and pebbles, and anemony, fish, or stars, that are to be seen in the clear pools of the caverns. She told us of the fairy-cave, from which, during western gales, the water came spouting in one unbroken stream; and of the romantic gentleman, who had suffered himself to be caught by wind and tide, and been constrained to muse in a wet skin, until the elements abated.

When we had marked the last glow of sun-set over Teeling-head, by general consent the helm was put about, and we rode swiftly before the wind, on the long surges of the tide. We assisted our fair companions up the heights, and were vain enough to remark, how much more they required help than when under the escort of brothers.

One of those idlers who are perpetually to be found at watering-places, who have no fixed plan of their own, and are glad to meet companions in their pleasures, had proposed a scheme for the morrow, to which we consented. It required a little preparation and exertion; but what will not the expectation of novelty effect? None of us grumbled next morning, when awakened at six. London and its drowsy customs were forgotten, in these new scenes and strange modes of life. After swallowing a hearty breakfast we took the road to Kinlock, a village two miles westward; we then turned towards the lake. A boat awaited us, into which we stowed ourselves, among whom I reckon Mr. Donought's water-dog, and our ammunition, in which I include a basket of prog.

Beautiful Lough Melve! we were now upon thy wave, where so many a sorrowful hour of my life has been soothed; so many a fairy-dream conceived. We were now in one of thy few sedgy bays, gliding softly along the bull-rushes, our detonators poised and cocked. Suddenly a rustling was heard among the reeds; a mallard rose, and fell at the same instant; the report reverberated from island to island, startling the fowl along the shores. They were seen rising in flocks, and arrowing it along the deep. Two more flappers fell at a second shot, which our dog speedily secured. We continued our course along the reeds, flushed with success, and mute with expectation. Another brace rewarded our search.

A singular ruin attracted our notice, and we pushed for it. It consisted of a detached gable and side wall rising from an island that was scarce thirty feet in diameter. Through the waving ivy, loopholes were discerned, which told the fortress of former days. Indeed it bears the name of Ross Castle; and the tradition is, that the very island was artificially constructed for defence. They show upon the opposite shore, about a hundred yards off, the spot whence the materials were conveyed. There are the mounds too, where it is said the cattle were inclosed, in those days of foray and black-mail; and defended by bowmen on the tower, till such time as they could be swum over to some of the islands. We landed to pay reverence to those monuments of antiquity, and were not a little scandalized at the use to which the moderns had applied them. A large tin boiler was erected on a few stones, in one corner; in the other lay a sack of malt, and a rough-headed, shoeless urchin, who seemed scared by our intrusion, taking us no doubt for excisemen; but the more practised watchers

on shore, had readily discovered that we were sportsmen. When we put off from the island-castle to explore an abbey, which our boatman showed us on a neighbouring island, a boat from shore followed us, pulled by two nervous rowers; when it had come along-side, they hailed our guide in his native tongue, and he interpreted, that they wished to make a present to us of a bottle of their primest poteen. We were rather reluctant to compromise our loyalty by such hush-money, but our companion, the Rev. Mr. Donought, had no scruples, assuring us, that all the gentlemen in the country drank the unlicensed spirits, and that the magistrates secretly countenanced it. Our boatman showed us several wreaths of smoke round about; and signified that the still was at work in more places than one. We conformed to inveterate practice, and received the contraband goods on board. The makers refused to accept compensation, but took our address, and promised to reserve some of the next batch for us at five shillings per gallon.

A few minutes' pulling brought us to Innis-tramphull, where we landed at a rude quay of free-stone, under the very walls of the ruin. As the boat crushed against the bottom, the slumbering cranes upon the ivy-walls were roused, and screamed in the air above us; by their circling we judged that they had profaned the sanctuary of monkish celibacy, and domiciled a young family in the convent. We entered the dwelling of the old fathers, who we strongly suspected were the lords of the castle also, and not averse from using arms in defence of their possessions. This was apparently their favourite haunt. The island was formerly hedged round with the thorn, and divided into septs; traces of cultivation are to this day perceptible, and the soil is the most fertile of any in the islands. The view is most select. From the ridge of the island you see a succession of bold mountains, cut into every variety of outline. Overhead, amid the clouds, is Knockmone, the sharp wedge-cliff of which draws and splits the mists of the ocean; under its eagle-pinnacle are two mighty cones, of singular exactness; thence, to the westward, are seen all those huge bastions which resist the violence of the Atlantic. Inward, to the east, Dartery stretches its smooth sloping sides to the lake; and beyond, green rounded hills and skyey mountains close the prospect. The widest stretch of the Lough is seen on this side, fringed with a golden selva of sand. In its tour the eye catches the round hills and purple slope of Garrison; and the panorama closes with woody islands, oblong and circular, which intervene between the spectator and the northern shore.

We made a hearty luncheon on the holy isle of the monks, and fired at ducks upon the points. By mid-day we returned to our quarters, where we bathed. Mr. Donought partook of our ducks at dinner; and as we sat in our bow-window, overlooking the street, informed us of many particulars concerning the individuals who passed.

There were to be seen the great land-owner and his lofty lady, whom nothing could reconcile to live in the mansion of his fathers, but whom this little bathing-place attracted some months in each year. Even here he was busy with his jobbing projects, fastening on the grand jurymen as they came to enjoy the salubrious air of the sea.

The electioneering nobleman was there also, who in heading one party, still kept the other at bay, by such cajolery as this: "Ha,

Larry, how do you do? how is your wife?" "Mighty well, thank your lordship; but shure I am Jemmy Muilligan." "True, I forgot your christian name. Well, Mr. Muilligan, how is your cow?"—A gracious inquiry, which ever after secured Mr. Muilligan's shout at an election; his vote indeed was at his landlord's disposal, unless some one paid high enough to indemnify him against his drivers, as Irish bailiffs are appropriately termed.

The lady of the rich barrister was there also: not one of the least consequential of the party. She chaperoned her fair town-loving daughters, while her husband was going circuit, making hay in the sun-shine of an Irish assizes; defending Papists in one town, and Orangemen in the next, for having laudably broken each other's heads.

A bevy of young ladies were described to us as the Misses O'Rourke, whom their mother had hauled up to Dublin, from the wilds of Connaught, for the purpose of showing off; thence they had been led to Cheltenham, and now to this watering-place, as a *dernier resort*, to make up by the marriage of one or more of them, for the encroachment which these sundry trips had made upon the O'Rourke rent-roll; it having been deemed expedient to mortgage a whole town-land, to raise supplies for this creditable speculation. Some of the young ladies had been celebrated in Dublin as belles, had had the due portion of military music played in honour of them, and had figured at an unconscionable number of race-balls; but then, they were the Misses O'Rourkes still, just fifty per cent. below par, in a mercantile point of view: true victims of that false parental policy which abounds in Ireland; one of those wretched expedients attendant upon general absenteeism.

A young clerical-looking gentleman passed among the other saunterers. "That," said Donought, "was my rector, a Munster school-boy, whose interest procured him two livings in the course of six months. I will tell you an odd story of him:—He was inducted into a neighbouring parish, about the time that the Rockite system raged in the south of Ireland. On the first day of his arrival here, he had a dispute with some of his parishioners about tithes, when a little rude language was offered him, which he construed into a threat. On the Saturday he manfully declared to me, that he would not be intimidated from preaching the following day. He accordingly marched valiantly to church, with an oak bludgeon, containing a spring dagger, in his hand. His sermon was one which required action, or probably he overdid his part, to show off his vigour: be that as it may, in the midst of a solemn exhortation to peace, down dropt with a clang, from the preacher's bosom, a great horse-pistol. No explanation could be offered from the pulpit; the skull-handling sexton himself was horrified at the idea of touching it; so there it lay on the flag-pavement, conspicuous to every eye, an emblem of pastoral confidence. You may conceive the poor rector's confusion."

In short, Donought described to us every variety of Irish society, from the peerage to the half-pay list, who frequented this busy haunt. Among the lower walks of life, he detailed some strange habits of the bathers. Hither come, from the midland counties, all those who have been bitten by mad-dogs, or sentenced incurable by their cow-doctors.

They pack their beds and bodies upon a low-backed cart, and taking a sack or two of potatoes, with a portion of meal, they journey to a mud-walled village near Bundoran, where "dry lodgings" are to be had. The uninformed reader must be apprised, that dry lodgings do not literally mean lodgings free from damp, but without meat or drink; in which, of course, the tenant must be occasionally dry, as well as hungry. Into one of these *dry-damp* quarters the beds and potatoes are stowed; and then the cub or gasoon drives back the horse and cart, first wetting himself, clothes, horse, and all, in the sea, and carrying back a bottle of the precious stuff to those who are precluded from tasting it at the fountain-head. The ceremony of drenching and bathing commences with the day on which the party arrive. All of them strip and march in together, mutually encouraging each other to take powerful draughts of the acrid medicine. We were told of one individual, who, being ordered a month's bathing, most ingeniously contrived to effect it in one week, by bathing four times a-day. The departure is attended with a general steeping of their clothes and bedding in the salt-water, in order to carry the panacea as far homeward as possible.

In the evening Donought introduced us to some fair friends of his, in whose company we explored the caves. They were lively girls, all excellent walkers and climbers. We learned from them the gaities that were expected to go forward just at that season; races, sailing-matches, and public-balls, all which we promised to attend. Matters went on very smoothly after this breaking of the ice. One family introduced us to another, and offers came in rapid succession to procure us leave to shoot upon the mountains. At length the day was fixed for us to accompany a keen sportsman upon the Leitrim moors. A jaunting-car took us and our provender, at six in the morning, up a singular alpine glen, into the very heart of the mountains. Here, at a small shebeen-house, an old sportsman attended us, with two brace of dogs, that had been sent forward over night. Half-a-dozen young mountaineers were soon engaged, at a trifle each, to mark the birds. Our breakfast, which was taken in a clean little room, consisted of the contents of our basket, and a noggin or fair wooden quart of new milk. We then divided ourselves into two parties, to beat different quarters of each hill, placing our markers upon the ridges. I have now brought the reader to the ground, abounding with moor-fowl; let him take his own range, and not expect a mere Cockney-sportsman or Battersea-shooter to direct him through the day's sport. Suffice it to say, that we scoured leagues of cover, banging away at intervals like saluting squadrons. Every now and then the eye found relief from the brown wastes of heath, in the bright fields of the interminable sea, whose horizon at every height still kept level with the eye. We returned home well fatigued, some glorying in their six brace, others not dissatisfied with less. These excursions we often repeated, for there was no lack of game and mountains, and a little exertion could always ensure the gratification of shooting upon them.

But I am keeping thee, brother of the rod, too long from the water. Poor and jejune must be any account I can give thee of that first of all fishing-lakes, which scarce a season in the year finds unprovided with sport for the fisherman; but the harvest is its prime. One

morning our piscator warned us that the wind was in the proper quarter, and the clouds as if bespoke. Two miles brought us to the boat, near where Bundrouis river quits the lake. I fixed myself at the stem and Kidman at the stern, each with a rod. Trigger had in charge the landing-net, while Paddy with one oar kept the boat upon the throw, allowing it to drop down gently with its side to the wind. Trigger had soon enough to do to land the gilleroes, who were leaping like dogs, as Paddy expressed it; and many a fine golden fellow, of one, two, aye six-pound weight, we played. These gilleroes are the famous deep-bodied trout, whose gizzard has excited the attention of naturalists; no trout is more lively, or more sure, if you cover him upon a proper day.

We soon neared the woody islands, those beauty-spots upon the face of fair Melve. We kept dabbling between two of them, divided by a narrow strait, across which the monks in former days had thrown a jutting causeway. We saw the remains of their garden, now adorned with the mountain ash and the wild holly in all their pride of scarlet berry; from the fluttering aspin and the half-clad birch hung drooping honeysuckles that perfumed the air. On passing the strait we pulled off for one of those sunken stony islands, known but to the expert lakesman. A stranger would have thought himself in the deep, and laid aside his rod to admire the expanse of water, darkened by the shadow of the mountains; but we were too intent upon business; every throw of the fly was answered by a bite, and followed by our landing a speckled victim of various sort. Again we neared the shore of one of the islands, and continued with equal success to float down to different points and shores, over nearly four miles of water, till we approached the head of the Lough at Garrison. Near this small town a fair was holding on the verge of the lake, and nothing could be conceived more picturesque. The Lough had become smooth, and the cattle were bathing their sides in its rippling wave. Above them were seen the grouping peasantry, the women in their scarlet cloaks and white head-dresses, and the men in their bottle-blue coats and red neck-cloths. I spare the reader the humours of the fair which we witnessed, and content myself with telling him that we were welcomed and refreshed here by the gentleman of the place, and accompanied on the water in the evening by his sons, in their boat, pulled by four lusty rowers. A dead calm had vitrified the lake, and showed us the mountains and islands reversed in its depths. The water-fowl were seen at miles distance, dotting its surface, and, by some optical illusion, the horizon coincided with the sky, and bore on its verge strange images of objects, which the country-folks often took for fairy towers and bridges. No mark appeared to dent its surface, save the long track of our oars, and the faint circles of the finny tribe along the shore. When about a league each way from land, we reposed upon our oars, and every tongue was hushed by a spell more powerful than that of Circe; amid the stillness voices of unearthly sound seemed to rise from the bottom, mingled with the lowing of kine, and the trampling of hoofs. Suddenly there burst forth a cry, "An otter, an otter—see him yonder, pull away, my boys. Barny, you dog, pull for your life. Willie, trim the boat, prime your guns. Gentlemen, now watch:" mixed with a due share of expletives, bandied from mouth to mouth;

all was bustle and animation in a moment. We kept pursuing in the direction in which the wary robber of the deep had appeared to dive, cutting him off from shore as well as we could. As he rose for breath, we had every now and then a track to go by. We soon gained on him, and then kept peppering him as fast as two guns could be loaded and discharged, till at length, after giving us an hour's rare chase, weariness compelled him to lift his head high enough for the shot to take effect, and in a few rounds he lay dead upon the water, and was dragged on board.

This was but one of many days that we spent upon this water. When the weather was dark and blustry, and we had a mind for fishing, we generally took boat on the other side of the Lough, at Roosky-point, and coasted along the salmon-run beneath Dartery. Often the swells chased each other as turgid and threatening as those of the main. Melve then resembled the gloomy bays of the western coast. Squalls came blackening over its surface, enough to appal the stoutest boatman. These were the days for the salmon and the brach-lough, a trout which runs from ten to twenty pounds. Your fly danced one moment under the gunnel, and the next your reel spun round, and sixty yards of line were under water at one dart of the fish. Destruction seemed to await your slender tackle at the very instant, when your anxiety was screwed to the highest pitch by the hope of so rich a prize. With good management, however, and by the help of two strong oarsmen, we often succeeded, after about half-an-hour's play, in bringing the scaly booty within reach of the gaff, which was plunged by an adroit hand into his side.

The capture was always celebrated with a degree of triumph proportioned to the suspense of the party. Often two of them were hooked at the same moment, and then the exclamations of the whole company gave evidence of the deep anxiety placed upon success; but this in description can be felt only by the angler. For the mere tourist, this end of the lake presents objects of great interest. Another old abbey is to be found on the shore here; for those old fellows the monks loved scenery, and shelter, and sport. I cannot help thinking that the clear salmon-rivers which flow into the lake close by Rossinvar Abbey, were a main inducement with its monks to settle here, as its fine pasture was with the Danes or nomadic tribe before them, to throw up one of their forts in the neighbourhood.

The ruined chapel and cemetery is still used as a burial ground by the peasants of both persuasions. On one of our fishing trips we witnessed the novel ceremony of an Irish burial. A long procession of mourners, among whom scarlet and white predominated, descended from the hills, and circled the abbey three times before they entered its low portal. After the rites had been performed, and the grave closed, an epilogue was still to be rehearsed. Father John stood at the porch, and gave his blessing in holy Latin to every individual who paid his mite for requiems over the dead. The charitable donors then formed themselves into a ring in the true old Grecian style, and the chief mourner distributed to each a cup of pure mountain dew, which was tossed off in memory of the deceased. The grief of some enabled them to dilute much larger quantities than the rest, till at length the spirits prevailed over sorrow, and they staggered home quite

reconciled to the death of their friend, by the handsome manner in which he had ordered his obsequies. It is due to the priests to add, that they have endeavoured to suppress a custom which has come down from the earliest days of barbarism, and which both sects equally venerate. A word may be said here upon the religious feuds of the two creeds. Though each class has its peculiar characteristics, yet both possess habits in common which identify them as one people. In this quarter they rarely break out into religious animosities. When they do, it can be traced to factious leaders at a distance, some insolent lodge-master, or rampant demagogue, who even into these retired districts would scatter the brands of discord. But the lover of peace who shuts his ear to the howlings and the whisperings of the alarmist, will see little to distinguish one sect in essentials from another, and will assuredly as a visitor find no cause to have his good-will lessened towards either.

On the conclusion of the ceremony, Father John invited us to witness some sport on the hills. A pair of large greyhounds were waiting for him at a house in the neighbourhood, and coursed down for us a leash of hares, which we started in the dry bogs and old parks. We spent the night with our friends at Garrison, who took us next day to the little land-loughs on the Roga, where teal, widgeon, and duck abounded, but above all snipe; we frequently put them up in wisps, and then as they pitched separately round the reedy pool, our spaniel flushed them in succession, and brought them out of the water as they fell.

I am afraid of being taken for a mere lover of field sports, if I say more of the recreations which this country affords. Far more intellectual are the objects which present themselves to the observing traveller. It has been truly said by Rousseau, that if a traveller would explore national character, he should go, not to crowded capitals, but to the distant confines of a kingdom, where mixed society has not yet softened down national peculiarities. If any one wishes to trace the elements of which society is formed in Ireland, the nature of the great sects when not maddened by galling irritations; the adaptation or its reverse of one class for another, the gentry for the peasantry, and the clergy for the laity; he will have as ample scope here as anywhere, for he will find the different sects and tribes more equally divided here than in any part of Ireland. My design was merely to conduct him to a spot, where he might at least follow his diversions, if his inclination took no other bias. I hope that I shall be considered to have fulfilled this task faithfully, though inefficiently, when I shall have added a few short accounts of the rest of our sojourn.

One bright day we crossed the bay of Donegal in a pleasure-boat, and entered the famous natural harbour of Killibeggs, where the united navies of the world might ride in perfect safety. We there procured a car, and drove through Donegal to Lough Esk, that wild, solitary, dream-inspiring lake; beyond which is seen Barnsmore-pass, one of those volcanic or diluvian gaps, which enables man to penetrate through a range of loose crumbling mountains. The mind might here forget civilization and the matured age of society, to dwell on the idea of a world fresh from the hands of its Creator.

On our drive home we passed through Brownhall demesne, and viewed those singular clefts, the Polleens, formed by a subterraneous

river. We passed through natural galleries and platforms under ground, which were at one time made cheerful by the sun shining through apertures overhung with light foliage, at another rendered awful by darkness, and the roaring sound of the water falling into the depths of the earth. We reached Ballyshannon about the usual dinner hour, and amused ourselves in the evening by watching the salmon leaping at the fall, and the success of the drag-net below.

On another occasion we rode to Sligo, a distance of twenty miles, to witness the boat races on Lough Gill, which take place about this season. He who delights in mountain scenery will have it in perfection along this road. Magnificent ruins will reward his curiosity, both at Sligo and at Manor-Hamilton, on his way home by another route, which he may defer taking for a day or two. I need scarcely say that we went to see the sailing match on Lough Erne, which collects all the beauties of the north-west in cots and barges on the water. The race has this peculiarity, that it takes place in an archipelago of woody islets, which render the navigation more adventurous. We remained at Bundoran till the partridge shooting had commenced, and till we had done havoc among the coveys. We then took our final leave, returning by Dublin and Holyhead to London, from which we had been absent about six weeks. Our living while at Bundoran consisted chiefly of fish, poultry, and game in great variety; wines indeed were a rarity, but our palate soon formed itself to an admirable substitute in the wholesome untaxed spirit of the north. Lastly, reader, it may not be the least recommendation to you, to learn, that our trip cost us only about twenty pounds each.

INDEX.

ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH SERJEANT.*

ROBERT GUILLEMARD was born at Sixfour, a village near Toulon. His father was mayor and notary of the place. While the son was hesitating about his profession, and just as he was deciding upon the navy, being now in his twentieth year, he suddenly found himself "called upon the conscription," or ballotted, as we have it, for service. The conscripts of his class assembled at Toulon on the 1st of May, 1805; and Guillemard was appointed with a hundred and nineteen of his companions to a regiment of the line, whose depôt was at Perpignan. At the moment of departure, the colonel made them a very fine speech upon their zeal for the service, and the ardour with which they flew to the defence of their country. Guillemard felt considerable surprise, after this, to find every individual conscript grumbling with bitter discontent against the law which forced them from their homes, and already forming plans of desertion. This dislike very soon disappeared before the novelty and activity of a soldier's life. They gradually accustomed themselves to military habits—formed friendships, and began to pride themselves on belonging to the grand army. "To use

* *Adventures of a French Serjeant, during his Campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c. from 1805 to 1823. Written by Himself. London. One vol. 12mo. Colburn, 1826.*

their own language," says Guillemard, "the soldiers at last looked to the eagle of their regiment as their village steeple, their company as their family, and, sometimes, their captain as their father." The tone of complaint against those in command which pervades "The Eventful Life of a Soldier," is not to be found in the French work. It is a most honourable distinction of the armies of France, that the officers invariably treat the men under them as fellow-beings. Guillemard thus speaks of the first company in which he was enrolled:—

We were commanded by a lieutenant about forty years of age, by two serjeants, and four corporals. They had all been long in the service. The lieutenant and one of the serjeants had been in the expedition to Egypt, and the narratives they gave us of their adventures there, made us more than once forget the length of our marches. They treated us with great mildness, and endeavoured to inspire us with a predilection for military life. Care was taken in those days to give the charge of young conscripts to none but those who had seen active service; for in the army, as in every other profession, he who has done nothing, displays his superiority only by arrogance and petty vexations, so that those who are under him detest not only the individual but the orders he issues.

After the writer had been drilled for some months at Perpignan, the battalion to which he belonged marched to Port Vendres, and was embarked on board some transports, which conveyed them to the combined fleet of France and Spain, under Vice-admiral Villeneuve, then anchored in the bay of Cadiz. Guillemard's company was allotted to the *Redoutable*, a seventy-four gun-ship commanded by Captain Lucas.

Guillemard finds that there is not the same familiarity between the naval officers and their men that reigned in the army. He meets with a *quondam* friend, who is now a midshipman, and treats him with an unexpected reserve. Guillemard makes some instructive observations on the subject.

He had already adopted a portion of the pride and arrogance of a naval officer. It would appear that, at the beginning of the revolution, the cold reserve and stately pride of our ancient nobles had sought shelter in this gallant and accomplished corps. A midshipman of eighteen speaks in the most contemptuous terms of familiarity to a grey haired boatswain, respectable by his toils, his zeal, and his long services; whilst a staff-officer in the land service, even a general, never fails to show the soldiers that respect, that sort of consideration which Frenchmen never submit to lose but with the greatest difficulty. Whence arises this difference? It is, doubtless, because every post in the army is within the soldier's reach, because all the different ranks form but one chain, every link of which he may run through in succession; and that an officer never forgets that nothing prevents the soldier whom he is addressing from one day becoming his equal. But sailors and their officers form two classes for ever separate and distinct; an insurmountable barrier rises between them, which never can be passed by him who has once formed part of the crew. The revolution, which has opened such a vast career to the brave spirits of our armies, has done little or nothing for the advancement or happiness of the common sailor. For one moment only were officers taken from among them; that was when the French nobility deserted. These plebeian officers are not those who have contributed the least to the glory of the French flag. Since that period, the special schools have always supplied the navy with officers; and the rank of boatswain has been the highest point of the sailor's promotion.

The Spanish and French fleets were blockaded in the bay by the English fleet under Lord Nelson. At length Admiral Villeneuve determined to give battle to the enemy, and for that purpose left Cadiz on the 21st October, at ten o'clock. It is well known that the result was the celebrated victory of Trafalgar, and the death of Nelson. It appears from Guillemard's own statement, that the English admiral was shot by a ball from his musket. There appears to be little reason

for doubting his account, unless it may be supposed that the honour of having destroyed the most successful enemy of France may have induced him to misrepresent the facts. At any rate, his narrative of that portion of the engagement in which he was concerned is very interesting and very well told.

The two fleets manœuvred for more than an hour, for the purpose of choosing their positions and terminating the preparations for a battle that was henceforth inevitable. The *Redoutable* was in the centre, and a little in front of the French line, which by the admiral's last orders had been formed in a semi-circle. Immediately in front of him was an English three-decker, carrying a vice-admiral's flag, and consequently commanded by Nelson. This vessel occupied in the English fleet the same position which the *Redoutable* did in ours. All at once it made signals, which were instantly answered, and advanced with full sail upon us, whilst the other vessels followed its example. The intention of its commander was evidently to cut our line by attacking the *Redoutable*, which presented its flank, and discharged its first broadside.

This was the signal for action. The English vessel returned the fire; and at the same moment, there began along the whole of the two lines a fire of artillery, which was not to cease, except by the extermination of one of the two squadrons. Already cries of suffering and death were heard on the decks of the *Redoutable*. By the first discharge, one officer, and more than thirty sailors and soldiers were killed or wounded. This was the first time I had been in action; and an emotion I had never felt till now made my heart beat violently. Fear might form an ingredient in the feeling; but it was mingled with other sentiments which I could not account for. I was grieved that I was kept in a post where I had nothing else to do but to fire my gun upon the enemy's deck. I should have desired a more active duty, to be allowed to go over the ship, and to work one of the cannons. My desires were soon gratified. All our top-men had been killed, when two sailors and four soldiers (of whom I was one) were ordered to occupy their post in the tops. While we were going aloft, the balls and grape-shot showered around us, struck the masts and yards, knocked large splinters from them, and cut the rigging in pieces. One of my companions was wounded beside me, and fell from a height of thirty feet upon the deck, where he broke his neck.

When I reached the top, my first movement was to take a view of the prospect presented by the hostile fleets. For more than a league, extended a thick cloud of smoke, above which were discernible a forest of masts and rigging, and the flags, the pendants, and the fire of the three nations. Thousands of flashes more or less near continually penetrated this cloud, and a rolling noise pretty similar to the sound of continued thunder, but much stronger, arose from its bosom. The sea was calm; the wind light, and not very favourable for the execution of manœuvres.

When the English top-men, who were only a few yards distant from us, saw us appear, they directed a sharp fire upon us, which we returned. A soldier of my company and a sailor were killed quite close to me; two others, who were wounded, were able to go below by the shrouds. Our opponents were, it seems, still worse handled than we, for I soon saw the English tops deserted, and none sent to supply the place of those who must have been killed or wounded by our balls. I then looked to the English vessel and our own. The smoke that enveloped them was dissipated for a moment, and returned thicker at each broadside. The two decks were covered with dead bodies, which they had not time to throw overboard. I perceived Captain Lucas motionless at his post, and several wounded officers still giving orders. On the poop of the English vessel, was an officer covered with orders, and with only one arm. From what I had heard of Nelson, I had no doubt that it was he. He was surrounded by several officers, to whom he seemed to be giving orders. At the moment I first perceived him, several of his sailors were wounded beside him, by the fire of the *Redoutable*. As I had received no orders to go down, and saw myself forgotten in the tops, I thought it my duty to fire on the poop of the English vessel, which I saw quite exposed and close to me. I could even have taken aim at the men I saw, but I fired at hazard among the groups I saw of sailors and officers. All at once I saw great confusion on board the *Victory*, the men crowded round the officer whom I had taken for Nelson. He had just fallen, and was taken below covered with a cloak. The agitation shown at this moment left me no doubt that I had judged rightly, and that it really was the English admiral. An instant afterwards the *Victory* ceased from firing; the deck was abandoned by all those who occupied it; and I presumed that the consternation produced by the admiral's fall was the cause of this sudden change. I hurried below to inform the captain of what I had seen of the enemy's situation. He believed me the

more readily, as the slackening of the fire indicated that an event of the highest importance occupied the attention of the English ship's crew, and prevented them from continuing the action. He gave immediate orders for boarding, and every thing was prepared for it in a moment. It is even said that young Fontaine, a midshipman belonging to the *Redoutable*, passed by the ports into the lower deck of the English vessel, found it abandoned, and returned to notify that the ship had surrendered. As Fontaine was killed a few moments afterwards, these particulars were obtained from a sailor, who said he had witnessed the transaction.

However, as a part of our crew, commanded by two officers, were ready to spring upon the enemy's deck, the fire recommenced with a fury it never had had from the beginning of the action. Meanwhile, an English eighty-gun ship placed herself alongside of the *Redoutable* to put it between two fires; and a French ship of the same force placed itself abreast of the *Victory*, to put it in the same situation. There was then seen a sight hitherto unexampled in naval warfare, and not since repeated—four vessels, all in the same direction, touching each other, dashing one against another, intermingling their yards, and fighting with a fury which no language can adequately express. The rigging was abandoned, and every sailor and soldier put to the guns; the officers themselves had nothing to provide for, nothing to order, in this horrible conflict, and came likewise to the guns. Amidst nearly four hundred pieces of large cannon all firing at one time in a confined space—amidst the noise of the balls, which made furious breaches in the sides of the *Redoutable*—amongst the splinters which flew in every direction with the speed of projectiles, and the dashing of the vessels, which were driven by the waves against each other, not a soul thought of any thing but destroying the enemy, and the cries of the wounded and the dying were no longer heard. The men fell, and if they were any impediment to the action of the gun they had just been working, one of their companions pushed them aside with his foot to the middle of the deck, and without uttering a word, placed himself with concentrated fury at the same post, where he soon experienced a similar fate.

In less than half an hour our vessel, without having hauled down her colours, had in fact surrendered. Her fire had gradually slackened, and then ceased altogether. The mutilated bodies of our companions encumbered the two decks, which were covered with shot, broken cannon, matches still smoking, and shattered timbers. One of our thirty-six pounders had burst towards the close of the contest. The thirteen men placed at it had been killed by the splinters, and were heaped together round its broken carriage. The ladders that led between the different decks were shattered and destroyed; the mizen-mast and main-mast had fallen, and encumbered the deck with blocks and pieces of rigging. Of the boats placed forward, or hung on the sides of our vessel, there remained nothing but some shattered planks. Not more than a hundred and fifty men survived out of a crew of about eight hundred, and almost all these were more or less severely wounded. Captain Lucas was one of the number.

After the action, Guillemard and others were carried prisoners on board the *Victory*. To this ship Admiral Villeneuve was conveyed. The admiral was wounded in the right hand; and Guillemard, there being no non-commissioned officer among the French prisoners on board, was selected to act as his secretary. The admiral and his secretary were sent to Arlesford, in Devonshire. Villeneuve was exceedingly dejected by his defeat, which was justly, in some measure, attributable to the bad conduct of some of the commanders under him. He at length obtained leave from the English government to go to France on his parole, in order to submit himself to trial by court-martial, and that he might expose the disgraceful conduct of others. On his way to Paris, he died at Rennes, in Brittany—by his own hand it is generally supposed—by the hands of assassins it is asserted by Guillemard, who was with him, and who testifies to a number of most suspicious circumstances. It seems that these suspicions were entertained by Napoleon. They obtained for Guillemard the honour of an interview with the first consul. Of this interview a characteristic account is given.

Some days after my arrival, at the roll-call at ten o'clock, the serjeant-major ordered

me to leave the ranks and go with him to the major's. I saw there a colonel, who, after ascertaining that my name was Guillemard, told me to follow him. He entered a very handsome carriage at the gate of the barracks, but he found it necessary to give me a formal order, as well as to make me a sign, before I mounted also. I was not without anxiety about the consequences of an adventure that began in such an extraordinary manner, and the rigorous silence which the officer observed was not fitted to tranquillize me. The rapidity of our motion increased my agitation still more, for, to tell the truth, this was the first time in my life I had been in such a splendid carriage, and I did not even know the conveniences of a hackney-coach except by report. But I had no time to make long reflections. After traversing a spacious square, we stopped in front of a vast palace, guarded by several military posts. This was the Tuilleries, which I did not yet know. We alighted, and the colonel made me enter into a guard-house, where he told me to stay. The vague fears I had felt at first, increased every moment. I waited in this way for more than two hours, not knowing whether I was free or under the charge of the post, consisting of soldiers belonging to the guards, who, in fact, paid very little attention to me. At last, a young colonel of engineers entered hastily and cried out "Guillemard;" I replied "Here," and followed him. After passing through various apartments, we entered a hall, where my guide told me to wait. In about half an hour (I am not very certain of the exact time, for I confess I was quite out of my element) he half opened the door by which he had disappeared, made me a sign, and I entered a cabinet, where he remained standing and uncovered, a few paces behind another individual busily writing. I was also standing and much embarrassed with my looks, but nobody thought of these but myself. After several minutes the person who was seated rose abruptly, and said to the officer, "Leave us." He retired with a profound bow. This word, and the gesture that accompanied it, with the respect shown by the officer, instantly struck me with the idea that I was in the emperor's presence. He turned towards me, and notwithstanding my confusion, I recognised a countenance whose features and expression were then deeply engraved in every soldier's thoughts. After casting a rapid glance at me, "What is your name?" said he. At the moment I had almost forgotten my own name, and was so confounded that I opened my mouth without being able to articulate a word. He repeated his question in a tone of kindness that gave me the force of stammering out—"Robert Guillemard."—"Were you at Rennes with Admiral Villeneuve?"—"Yes, general." I did not then know that he was styled sire. "What do you know about his death?" "A great deal," replied I, with a confidence that increased every moment. He was struck with surprise, and ordered me to relate all the particulars of that event. The account I gave was doubtless not very eloquent, but it was authentic and very circumstantial. Whilst I spoke, the emperor walked slowly up and down the cabinet, with his arms folded. He several times stopped to listen to me with more attention; but he stopped abruptly when I spoke of the five individuals whom I thought guilty of the admiral's death, and when I attempted to describe the man who seemed to be their director, he suddenly stopped me, and inquired: "Should you be able to know him again?" "Yes, general." The emperor stamped on the floor, and walked over the room with an angry aspect. He rung the bell, and said to the officer who came, "Call Decrés." I was then taken to the hall in front of the emperor's cabinet. In about a quarter of an hour I saw a rear-admiral enter, who was immediately introduced. I was soon after introduced myself, and saw it was the minister of the marine.

The emperor, whose physiognomy had assumed a more sombre expression, ordered me to repeat my account; the moment I had finished he turned to the minister and said: "You have heard what he says, let an inquiry be instantly made—see Fouché, and let these men be tried." The minister began to urge that official documents proved that I was mistaken. But the emperor would not let him conclude, and said to him: "It is enough—do as I tell you." The minister withdrew, and the emperor made me a sign that I might retire. When I had reached the door, he said: "From what part of the country are you?" I stopped and answered: "From Sixfour." "Near Toulon?"—"Yes, sire," said I this time, for I had heard the minister. "Ah—ah, I went there during the siege, to observe the English positions. It is quite a signal post, a complete eagle's nest. What is your father?" "He is the notary and mayor of the village," said I, assuming a look of importance. "How long have you been in the service?" "Thirteen months." "That is not much—but it's no matter—you may go."

I retired enchanted. I had no doubt but I should be made a corporal the same day, a serjeant the next, and should be pushed from rank to rank by the last look of the emperor. The only advantage, however, that I derived from this interview, is the

recollection of it that I retain. The brilliant hopes with which I flattered myself for a few days were overthrown by the emperor's occupations, when he was on the eve of entering into a war with the fourth coalition.

It is not long since I read the work of Dr. O'Meara. He relates, that in his conversations with Napoleon at St. Helena, the latter spoke very fully of the admiral's death, and explained how he had killed himself by five stabs of a poignard. I am far from contesting the veracity of the Irish doctor; but certainly Napoleon had greatly changed his mode of thinking, or had totally forgotten the particulars of my narrative, which, however, seemed to convince him at the time, and produced the strongest impression on his mind.

Three or four days after this examination, I met on the Boulevards the individual of Rennes. He wore a dark blue uniform, with a red collar, embroidered with silver. He passed quite close to me without seeming to remark me. I would have much wished to have met him there before I had been called before the emperor. I was undecided during the whole day whether I should mention it to one of my officers. Next day I went to the major's, but he was not at home; I went again, but he had company and could not see me. Perhaps my good genius inspired me with the idea of not pushing any farther my inquiries into the subject.

From Paris, Guillemard set out to join his regiment, then stationed in Italy; where it remained under the orders of the viceroy until the spring of 1807, when it was rapidly transferred to Germany, and thence to the siege of Stralsund, in Pomerania. On the taking of Stralsund, which was followed by peace with Sweden, Guillemard removes with his regiment to Mecklenburg, and is there employed with others to guard the coast near Wismar, in case of an expected descent of the English. He is here entrusted with the command of one of the numerous little detachments of four, eight, or twenty men, in which the regiment is divided along the coast, and is treated like a general officer by a German baron on whom he is quartered. The corps to which he belonged was subsequently marched backward and forward to Stralsund, Borth, Rostock, and, in fact, traversed in every direction Pomerania, Mecklenburg, and a part of Prussia. In the beginning of 1809, Molitor's division, to which Guillemard's regiment belonged, was ordered to Spain. At Lyons he is engaged in a duel; is wounded, and rendered unable to accompany his regiment, which is counter-ordered, and returns to Germany. Germany, according to the serjeant, is the French soldier's land of promise. The desire of revisiting it accelerated the cure of his wound, and he quickly set off after his regiment. The principal value of the narrative of the serjeant is, that it gives us information of the character and habits of the French army; valuable not only as relating to that army, but as illustrating the nature and character of that most important of institutions generally. The serjeant travels with an old soldier.

I had a very agreeable journey, which was much enlivened by one of our companions, an old pioneer, who had survived the wars of the revolution. His never-ending accounts of battles never fatigued us. They were given in such an original and natural way, he mingled such strange reflections with them, that the most terrible circumstances, when told by him, often made us burst into a roar of laughter, while he never for a moment lost his own imperturbable gravity. I was generally quartered along with him, and almost every day, without perceiving the lapse of time, he captivated till midnight the attention of our peasants—the name he gave to our host, and to every man not in the army, whatever his rank or fortune might be. War was, in his opinion, the grand object of civilization; to be able to read and write out a list of a troop the *ne plus ultra* of knowledge; and the honorary sabre he had received at Marengo, a reward far above all orders or marks of distinction.

In Bavaria he accidentally meets with an old comrade, Savournin, whom he finds in the uniform of a serjeant-major. Savournin gives

so fascinating an account of his colonel, who is no other than the celebrated Oudet, that he is induced to request his permission to join the regiment which Oudet was at that moment employed in forming. Guillemard addresses the colonel with a frankness and a familiarity, which we apprehend in the English service would be considered little short of mutiny.

My resolution was formed in an instant : I took advantage of the first moment the colonel was left alone, went up to him, and told him frankly that the account I had received from my friend, the appearance of his men, the impression that he had himself made on my mind, and lastly, the hope of proper promotion, induced me to ask him for the honour of serving under his command. The singularity of this address, and perhaps the praise I had mingled with it, fixed the colonel's attention. He took me aside, asked me about my education more than my services, about general studies more than the soldier's school ; and being satisfied with my answers, he said to me at length : " Young man, you shall be ' harbinger '* in my regiment ; no other post is at this moment vacant ; but in a short time, if your conduct be correct, I promise you that you shall not be forgotten." I accepted the offer with gratitude ; the colonel engaged to get my change of regiment approved of by the minister of war ; and that very day I was installed into my new post at the head of a company.

I soon began to think that my days of trial were over, and that the future would be favourable to me. A new campaign had been opened against Austria ; the grand army to which we belonged, marched with enthusiasm to new triumphs ; it was commanded by Napoleon in person. Our regiment was composed of new elements, and aspired to the honour of speedily becoming old in the esteem of the army, and this noble feeling was kept up by our young colonel with a skill that was well fitted to bring about great results. I became his favourite, and, as always occurs when a regiment is newly formed, the non-commissioned officers were almost all employed in writing ; he made me his private secretary. This employment attached me still more to him ; and I confess that there was something seductive and irresistible in his way that completely fascinated my mind. The sentiment of admiration I felt for him became still stronger, when I represented in my own fancy this young commander on the battle field—every thing in him announced one of those men whom nature seems to have formed for command.

Oudet, it is well known, was at the head of one of the secret societies formed in the French army, called *Philadelphes*. Guillemard endeavours to vindicate his colonel from entertaining the rash views attributed to him ; and relates some conversations, which he states that he overheard, with that view. Oudet was created a general by Napoleon on the evening before the battle of Wagram, which was fought on the 6th July. In this battle he received numerous wounds : he was taken from a heap of corpses from the field, apparently lifeless, and soon became really so. His soldiers, when they heard of his death, it is said, tore the bandages from their wounds ; a lieutenant shot himself over his grave, and Savournin threw himself on his sword while the funeral ceremony was being performed. Guillemard was severely wounded, and left on the field ; he was awakened from a state of insensibility, by the frosty air of the morning after the battle. He was then taken to the *ambulance*, where he recovered from his wounds.

The day after I was sent to the ambulance it was visited by the Emperor, accompanied by Massena and two or three general officers ; he was a quarter of an hour in visiting our ward. A calm and satisfied look shone on his countenance ; he had no sword, and had under his arm his hat full of gold coin. He stopped at every bed,

* We suppose the word in the original is *fourrier*. We know not whether " harbinger " used by the translator is the corresponding military word. Their duty is to provide lodgings for the men, and to look after the distribution of their provisions.—ED.

said something to every patient, inquired about his wound, and before going further, threw on the bed two or three Napoleons, according to the patient's rank. When he left our ward, we made an effort to rise up on our beds, in spite of the sufferings we felt, and saluted him with acclamations which he received with a smile of kindness and goodwill, casting a last glance round the hall before he went out. It was thus that the Emperor inspired the soldier with enthusiasm.

On the same day, Savournin came to see me; our third battalion, to which he belonged, had remained with the main body of the army, and had not been engaged in the ill-fated action of Ebersdorf. My friend was profoundly afflicted at the disaster our regiment had sustained. As soon as I embraced him, I mentioned my regret at the colonel's death. "He is not dead," said he, "but there are small hopes of saving him. He is in an adjoining ward covered with wounds, and surrounded by his own men. I have obtained leave to attend upon him, and have only left him for a moment, for the purpose of seeing you."

On the third day, Savournin came and informed me that the colonel was dying, and that no hopes remained. I would absolutely see him; Savournin called a soldier, and they two assisted me in getting up, and supported me as far as his bed. He knew me, as I perceived by the painful smile on his countenance; I saw but too clearly, at the very first glance, the truth of Savournin's statement. Colonel Oudet was losing his blood by a wound in the breast, which had broken open again that morning; and it was in vain that he had till this moment tried to conceal his weakness and his sufferings; his strength declined every moment, and the marks of dissolution already began to disguise the beauty of his martial figure. He seemed to recover for a moment; I was standing beside his bed; he stretched out his hand to me, and as I pressed it, several men of the *ninth* collected round us, he made a last effort to address us, and said: "My fellow soldiers, I shall not have time to recommend you to the Emperor; I hope that he will learn your conduct, and will fully reward it. This is my consolation on leaving you." He added some unconnected words and expired. By the universal regret expressed by those present on this melancholy occasion, it was easy to discern what were the colonel's merits, and the affection borne to him by his regiment.

I was led away, or rather carried back to my bed. Savournin was full of sombre despair, and left me without saying a word; I scarcely thought of retaining him, I was so painfully affected at the melancholy scene I had just witnessed.

The next day, at the hour when the sad ceremony was to be paid to my colonel, I crawled to the window to see him carried by. He was to be buried in the garden belonging to the house that served us as an hospital. The persons present were all soldiers, most of them wounded. Whilst they were lowering him into the grave, the company crowded round; my eyes were fixed on this motionless group, when all at once some unforeseen event seemed to throw it into confusion. They rushed towards one spot, and I saw some one carried away. My uncertainty was not of long duration, for I learned in a few minutes afterwards, that Savournin, rendered desperate by his sorrow at the colonel's loss, and perhaps disgusted with a life, in which all his best founded hopes vanished one after another, had thrown himself on the point of his sword, beside the grave of Oudet.*

On his recovery, Guillemard feeling no desire to join the wreck of the 9th, Oudet's regiment, whose buttons he had not yet put on, and hearing that his old regiment had been nearly half destroyed with its colonel, and that another had been appointed, he preferred to rejoin it. It was stationed at Getzendorf, three leagues from the place of his *ambulance*. Guillemard determines to have a chat with this colonel, who listens very favourably to his design.

I resolved to take a walk over to Getzendorf, which I was permitted to do by the

* In the *Histoire des Sociétés secrètes de l'armée*, it is stated, that "Oudet and the band of heroes who had been cut down along with him, were deeply and bitterly regretted by the whole army. Some wounded officers who had been sent to the same hospital tore off their bandages from their wounds when his body was removed to be buried. A young serjeant-major of his regiment rushed upon the point of his sword a few steps from his grave. A lieutenant, who had served with him in the 68th demi-brigade, blew his brains out. His funeral, in fact, resembled that of Otho."

head surgeon. I saw the colonel, told him under what circumstances I had left the regiment he commanded, and showed him my desire of entering it again. He asked what company I had belonged to, and told me to come back in an hour. On seeing him again I perceived that the inquiries he had made concerning me were far from being unfavourable. He told me that there were still two posts of *harbinger* vacant of the five that were killed at Wagram, and that I should enter in this capacity among the light company of the second battalion.

After remaining some time in comfortable quarters in Germany, the regiment was ordered to Spain, where it remained for a while at Puertolas. At this time Suchet was master of the principal part of Arragon, and a part of Catalonia. On the 15th January the regiment passed through Arragon, crossed the Ebro at Alborga, and remained a few days at Galba. As Guillemard was proceeding from Galba in his quality of *fourrier*, accompanied by only two soldiers, he was attacked by guerillas; both his companions were instantly mutilated, and one of them put to death; he was on the point of suffering the same fate, when an accidental recognition of him by a Spaniard, whom he had formerly materially served, saved his life, but not his liberty. His friend and saviour is too much of a patriot to let so active an enemy as our author loose upon his country. He is consequently taken about by the guerillas until a convenient opportunity occurs of sending him to the Spanish depôt of French prisoners on a desert island called Cabrera, in the neighbourhood of Majorca. This island was crowded by French prisoners, who appear to have amounted to between six and ten thousand men. The description of the state of society here is the most singular and the most interesting portion of the volume. Guillemard proceeds to the island on board the brig which conveys the periodical allowance of provision, and gives the following account of its reception:—

I was given in charge of the captain of the brig, who was to convey me to my destination; at half-past ten the vessel weighed anchor, and at two in the afternoon we were within sight of Cabrera.

When we approached the coast, we saw the rocks on the shore crowded with people; I could soon distinguish the persons individually, who had their eyes fixed upon us, and seemed to follow our movements with anxious care. I examined them in my turn, without being able to account for the scene before me; at last a sudden impulse, which struck me with astonishment and stupefaction, told me that the men before me were Frenchmen, whose lot I was come to share. Many of them were quite naked, and as black as mulattos, with beards fit for a pioneer, dirty and out of order; some had pieces of clothing, but they had no shoes, or their legs, thighs, and part of their body were bare. The number of these new companions of mine, I estimated to be about five or six thousand, among whom I at last saw three with pantaloons and uniforms still almost entire; the whole body were mingled together on the rocks and the beach, were shouting with joy, beating their hands, and following us as we moved along. I supposed that the arrival of provisions was the cause of their running to the shore; but other objects soon called my attention; the ground a little way from the shore was covered with groups of huts, pretty much like those we are wont to have in our camps, but neither so regular nor so clean. In front of one of these rude constructions, on a pine tree, about fifteen feet high, crossed over at top by a bar, was attached a man completely naked, and making the most violent efforts. For what reason had he been put there? This was one of the first questions I resolved to ask on my arrival at Cabrera. I shall explain it a little further on.

The brig came at last quite close to the shore, and was fastened to a rock, and a plank was put out for us to land. About twenty prisoners only were allowed to come on board, while a file of thirty Spaniards were drawn up on the shore, and were ready to fire on any of the rest who should make any sign of coming too near. The provisions were landed on shore by the prisoners who were allowed to approach; I also landed, and in about an hour after the brig was under weigh, and was speedily out of sight.

An immense semi-circle was formed round the spot where the bread and meat had been deposited. Ten or twelve persons were in the centre; one of them had a list in his hand, and called out successively for the different divisions to come forward, and likewise cried out their respective numbers. Three or four men then came forward, received the rations allotted to their mess, and carried them away; the private divisions were then made among themselves. I should not give a just idea of the manner in which the distribution was made, by saying, that the utmost order and regularity prevailed; it was more than order, it was a kind of solemn and religious gravity. I doubt if the important and serious duties of ambassadors and ministers of state, have ever in any country been fulfilled with such dignity as was shown on the countenances, and in every movement of the distributors. Bread seemed to be a sacred object, the smallest morsel of which could not be secreted without committing a heinous crime; the smallest pieces which had been broken off in the conveyance, were gathered with care and respect, and placed on the heap to which they belonged. I was busily engaged in surveying this singular ceremony, and took no share in it myself; I did not know whom I was to apply to for rations, which I had an equal claim to with the rest; hence I was soon left alone, for every one went off with his supply. This, however, I was not much concerned at; I had four loaves in my knapsack, two pounds of salt beef, and a bottle of rum; with these I could do till the next distribution of provisions. I wandered up and down the shore with a staff in my hand, and my knapsack on my back, and I was thinking of walking into the interior of the island, when I was addressed by some of the prisoners, and in a few minutes surrounded by a considerable crowd. The distribution of provisions had been a matter of too great importance for them to pay attention to me at first; but it would seem, after the staff of life, what they loved most was to hear news of their native land. I was overwhelmed with questions about the situation of various regiments, but above all of the state of France, and the affairs of the Peninsula. I told them all I knew. Several times when I was speaking of our late victories, my voice was drowned by shouts of joy, mingled with expressions of courage, national pride, and vengeance.

Here again Guillemard is fortunate enough to meet with an old acquaintance, who takes him under his protection.

All at once, an individual rushed through the crowd, crying out, "It is Guillemard," forced his way to me, and eagerly embraced me. I had some difficulty in recognizing him; it was Ricaud, a serjeant in the 9th regiment, like me, one of the survivors of the action of Ebersdorf. He had no shirt, and wore pantaloons of sail cloth, cut off at the knees, and leaving his legs bare; a piece of very scanty waistcoat, and shoes made from a collection of soles, tied round the ankle with strings—somewhat like the sandals worn by the ancients—completed his costume.

As soon as I had no more news to tell, the circle was broken up, and the crowd dispersed. Ricaud took me by the hand, and led me to a sort of hut about three feet high, which he occupied along with three others, and invited me to sleep there till I had procured a place for myself. We took supper in front of the hut; I gave Ricaud and his companions the provisions I had brought, which we partook of along with a part of what they had received. We conversed for a long time; night came on, and we lay down on a small spot of dry grass that formed the floor of our dwelling, into which we could only enter one after another, with great difficulty, by creeping on our bellies.

I was very tired, and soon fell into a sound sleep, but it did not last long. Towards midnight, torrents of cold water poured down on my face and body, and made me start up with alarm. A storm prevailed over the island; the thunder rolled without intermission, and a heavy rain, mingled with hail, poured upon us, while a furious hurricane blew over the island. The roof of our hut was made of grass and reeds, and could not hold out long against such an attack; it was soon pierced through in every direction, and the hut itself became a puddle, in which we lay engulfed. The oaths of my companions were soon added to the war of the elements. To our infinite misfortune, the hut had been made to hold no more than four, and we were now five in number, and could not move without hurting each other. When discontent prevails, any pretext is laid hold of; one of my hosts abused Ricaud, and reproached him for having invited a stranger who had increased the inconvenience of their situation. The latter gave him a sharp reply, and tried to make him hold his tongue. They swore at each other for a while, and would not have stopped there, had they been able; but the hut was not high enough for any one to rise up, even on his knees, and it was impossible to get out till the man nearest the hole had crept out. After a great deal of noise, it was settled that they were to fight next day. The rain ceased, and we again fell asleep.

Although the island was absolutely destitute of a single warlike weapon, yet duels it appears took place frequently; and Guillemard was destined the first morning after his arrival to be a second in the very curious one which arose, as has been described in the last extract.

The sun had just risen, when Ricaud roused me to request I would act as his second. I was not in one of those beds from which one rises with reluctance. Our dressing arrangements were soon made, and as we had entered our hut the evening before head-foremost, and were unable to turn ourselves, we crawled out one after another feet foremost, resting upon our heels and elbows.

After drinking some rum with Ricaud and his antagonist, I tried to bring about a reconciliation; but they told me that it was of no use, and both declared that the thing must be done. I was too well acquainted with military customs to make any attempt at combating a reason so peremptory. Besides, I had no great fears of the result of the duel; I presumed that the shadow of a sword, sabre, or pistol, was not to be found in the whole island; and I fancied that these worthies were going to have a game at fisty cuffs, in imitation of the ancient Romans, to whom they already bore so much resemblance. But I soon saw that a determined mind will always find means to accomplish its purposes. Before setting out, Ricaud said that as he was the person insulted, he had the choice of weapons, and wished to fight with *scissors*. "You know," said Lambert, a corporal of a regiment I have forgotten the name of, "that I am unacquainted with the point, so that if we wish to fight on equal terms, let us draw the razor." This sadly puzzled me, for I had no idea of the matter. Ricaud was determined to have the scissors; Lambert would not give up the razors; so that they were forced to draw lots, when the latter gained his point.

He left us and returned in about a quarter of an hour with a pair of English razors. During his absence Ricaud had instructed me concerning the manner in which they were going to fight, and the kind of duels that daily took place at Cabrera. Sometimes they fixed the halves of razors at the end of long sticks, and used them as swords; at other times they used knife-blades, razors, and sometimes even awls and sail-makers' needles.

We took two sticks about an inch thick, and three feet long, and prepared to fix the razors on them. But as we had not what was necessary for the purpose, we went to the bazaar to buy some articles. This was the market for the prisoners. It was situated at a spot honoured with the name of the Palais Royal, surrounded by ten or twelve huts, and containing as many stalls, some in the open air, others with a slight covering, with one end fixed to the ground; and the other supported by two poles. Here were sold bread, some salt fish, scraps of cloth, thread, needles, wooden forks and spoons; the various produce of the industry of the prisoners; pepper, twine, and other articles in the smallest quantity, for one could buy a single thread, a scrap of cloth no bigger than one's hand, and even a pinch of snuff, three of which cost a sous. I remember a Polish officer who owed nine pinches, and the shop-keeper refused to give him any more credit.

We brought two bits of twine, and after fixing on the weapons, we hastened to the cemetery. It was on a hill about a quarter of an hour's walk from the Palais Royal. Since the arrival of the prisoners at Cabrera, they had uniformly chosen this spot as a place of rest for those who had sunk under their misery, or who had fallen by the hands of their companions; it was there that they also met to settle their differences in single combat.

When we reached the ground, I again, for form's sake, spoke about making the matter up. When I saw they were determined on fighting, I told them that as I was the first cause of the quarrel, it was for me to uphold it, and take Ricaud's place. Neither he nor his adversary would agree to this, and I saw myself forced at last to give them up the weapons, which I had carried till now. Ricaud threw off his waistcoat; and as Lambert had nothing but pantaloons on, he was soon ready. They put themselves in a fighting attitude, and both displayed great coolness and courage. Lambert was much the stronger of the two, and my friend required all his skill to parry the thrusts that were aimed at him; the razor flourished round his head and shoulders without intermission, and struck him at last on the chin. He made a furious thrust in return, but fortunately it did not reach its object fully, though it made a pretty scratch on Lambert's nose. We rushed between them when blood began to flow; we separated them and made them shake hands; as their wounds were not of much consequence, we all returned to breakfast together in front of our hut.

Ricaud and Guillemard resolve to take up their quarters together ; the latter observing the insufficiency and inconvenience of the huts that had been already constructed by his countrymen, determines to outdo them all by an edifice of much superior proportions. The difficulties he has to encounter are ludicrous.

I walked beside him absorbed in thought, reflecting on the fate of the six thousand Robinson Crusoes before my eyes, thrown upon a desert island, without arms or tools of any kind, and having nothing to look to but their inventive industry, and the native energy of Frenchmen. I was informed that the whole colony had but one hatchet, and one saw made out of an old iron hoop. The hatchet belonged to a sailor, and the saw to a corporal of a regiment of foot. They hired them out at the rate of three half-pence a day, and a deposit, to those who had occasion for them ; and it was by their aid that the greater part of the huts in the island had been constructed. These huts were placed in the middle of the island, in front of the little port, and those of the soldiers of the same corps were grouped together. In size and shape they all seemed to me to be greatly superior to Ricaud's dwelling. In front of some of them were little gardens enclosed with fences of pine branches, and containing flowers and culinary vegetables. In general, however, I thought that they might have been made a great deal better : I said so to Ricaud at once, and told him that I would begin to show him some proofs next day.

In fact, I hired the hatchet and saw, and, assisted by some of my fellow-prisoners, I set about constructing a hut, which occupied me eight entire days ; but it quite astonished them when completed ; one could stand up in it, and the walls were four feet and a half high, and were constructed of a double row of branches, firmly entwined together, with all the interstices filled up with grass and a clayey sort of earth, which I had found out in a cave in a distant part of the island ; in making the roof, I employed rushes, so well arranged, and so firmly bound together, that not a drop of water could penetrate within the hut. By a singular piece of good fortune, I had found on the shore a plank, about three feet long and two broad, quite uninjured, and I resolved to put up a shelf in our hut to hold our provisions. On the south side I made a hole about half a foot in diameter, for the purpose of giving light and air, and when required, it could be stopped up with a handful of grass.

I was obliged to go repeatedly all over the island in search of the objects I was in need of ; but in conveying them home I found assistance I had never thought of. An ass had been allowed for the use of the prisoners, to convey the provisions of those who were encamped farthest from the shore. Martin, as we called him, wandered and brouzed peaceably over the island, and was always ready to lend his back to burdens, sometimes to a club. However, he was highly esteemed for his patience and valuable services ; and among the six thousand owners of this common property, few would have dared to ill-use him, without exciting the anger of their companions ; he was of important use to me, and greatly shortened my labour.

When it becomes known that so illustrious a person as Guillemard is arrived, he is immediately chosen on the council ; an institution in which is invested the government of the society. The nature of crime is singularly modified by the circumstances in which the society is placed, and the manner of punishment as much so as the crime. A bread-stealer was stoned to death by the surrounding crowd. The pillory was a tree, and the criminal was tied up, and left without food, and exposed to the sun and weather for the term of his sentence. The crime next in atrocity, after bread-stealing, was the betraying of any one attempting to escape. When Guillemard had finished his hut, he selected, in addition to Ricaud, two more companions to share the luxuries of his abode, whom he picked out from the members of the council, for certain qualities of enterprise and intelligence he had observed them to possess. From this time forward the sole attention of the quaternity is turned to making money and making their escape. With the first view, Guillemard establishes a theatre, writes out plays from memory, and with his friends acts every night to crowded houses.

His theatre was a huge cistern, which he found in a state of decay, and which he cleaned out, daubed yellow with a border of red, and hung round with garlands of leaves.

About three hundred persons could find room in my cistern, and as I had put the places at two sous, it was completely crowded; the company descended into it by the ladder I had made; and a confidential man was placed on the first step to receive the money, which he put into a little cloth bag that was tied round his neck. The theatre was lighted up by torches of pine wood, borne at different distances by the attendants of the theatre, and they lighted fresh ones in proportion as the others were consumed. All the allusions to our situation in the tragedy were noticed, with a tact that would have done honour to the taste of a more brilliant assembly. At the début:—

“ Nous voici dans Lemnos, dans cette île sauvage,
Dont jamais nul mortel n’aborda le rivage : ”

we were covered with shouts of applause; and I thought they would bring down the roof of the cistern when I pronounced this line:—

“ Ils m’ont fait tous ces maux; que les dieux le leur rendent. ”

I was obliged to repeat it, and to stop for some time, to allow the agitation of the audience to be calmed.

In the mean time his fellow-prisoners were not idle—

Every one was busy at Cabrera; we had tailors, shoe-makers, public criers, artisans in hair, bones, and tortoise-shell, and some who cut out with their knives little figures of animals in wood; and about two hundred men, the wreck of a dragoon regiment, raised in Auvergne, were quartered in a cave, and made spoons of box-wood. The latter had only one pantaloons and one uniform among the whole corps, and these seemed ready to leave them very speedily, and were delivered successively to one of their number appointed to receive their provisions. All the articles I have enumerated were sold at low prices, to the crews of the brig and gun-boats, and to some Spaniards, whom our singular mode of life, or the hope of making a good speculation, attracted to our settlement.

But the most abundant articles with us, were professors of all kinds. One half of the prisoners gave lessons to the other half. Nothing was seen on all sides, but teachers of music, mathematics, languages, drawing, fencing, above all, dancing and single-stick. In fine weather, all these professors gave their lessons at the Palais Royal, quite close to each other. It was quite common to see a poor devil half-naked, and who had often not partaken of food for twenty-four hours before, singing a very gay air of a country-dance, and interrupting it from time to time, for the purpose of saying, with infinite seriousness of demeanour, to his pupil dressed in the remains of a pair of drawers: “ That’s right, keep time with your partner, wheel round, hold yourselves gracefully.” A little farther on, a teacher of single-stick was showing off his acquirements, and endeavoured to excite the emulation of his pupil by such phrases as, “ That will do; I am satisfied with you, if you go on with the same success; in less than a fortnight you may shew yourself in company.” A scrap of paper, about as large as one’s hand, was placed as a sign, and the most eminent of all our professors had no better.

The unceasing vigilance of Guillemard and his friends is at length rewarded by an opportunity of escape. We will give the narrative of the attempt in his own words.

I was one evening performing the *Dissipateur* of the *Destouches*; Chobar was on guard, and did not come to the theatre; I was at the last scene, and looked down towards the prompter to ask his aid, when I saw his place occupied by Chobar: “ News,” said he in a whisper, and in a very tremulous voice, but his face glowing with joy and impatience. I do not know how I had strength to recite on the stage the little that remained for me to say; I ran over it as quickly as possible, hastened out with Darlier and Ricaud, and joined Chobar, who was impatiently waiting for our arrival. He informed us that about nine o’clock, a boat, with three men, had made several attacks between Rabbit Island and Cabrera, that it had at length come to our coast, and had been drawn ashore. Chobar had concealed himself behind a rock, had seen the three men light a fire, take their repast, and lie down under the side of their boat, where they would pass the night, and probably start again at break of day.

Our resolution was soon taken; we agreed upon a plan instantly, and it was put in

execution in every particular, with as much exactness and good fortune as if the circumstances had been prepared for us. So soon as noise had ceased in the camp, we set out, loaded with provisions for more than four days, a keg of water, and ropes of various sizes. We were obliged to go round a long way to avoid passing near the camp, and before we reached the spot to which Chobar conducted us, three quarters of an hour elapsed, which seemed to us intolerably long; there was a fresh breeze from the south-west, and if we had had our choice of the thirty-two points of the compass, we could not have pointed out one that was more favourable to our designs. The night was cold and dark. When we approached, we distinguished, through the darkness, the black form of the boat between us and the glimmering light of the horizon; we slackened our pace, and scarcely breathed or touched the sand that creaked under our feet. We moved to leeward of the boat, perceived the three sailors asleep, wrapped up in their cloaks: as every thing had been settled beforehand, we had only to point out by a motion which of the men each of us was to take charge of; in a few minutes they were gagged with handkerchiefs, bound together, and placed in the bottom of the boat, which we had set afloat, and with which we went to Rabbit Island. We landed there, and explained to our prisoners that we were determined on escaping, and that we should be forced, for our own safety, to leave them in the position we had put them in, but that they would certainly be extricated in the course of the morning by Frenchmen or Spaniards, who could not fail to perceive them. Without further remarks we took them, one after another, pulled off their cloaks, their thick pantaloons, and Catalonian caps. In exchange for their cloaks, we dressed them in the fragments of our uniforms; we left them some provisions, seventy francs in money, which was more than the value of their boat, and after wishing them every sort of prosperity, we embarked and gained the open sea.

We fortunately possessed a real treasure, which we had preserved till now more carefully than the apple of our eye—this was a small compass, belonging to Darlier, which he had constantly carried with him till the period we had formed our association. We soon found that as the coasts of the kingdom of Valentia were about fifty leagues to the S. W. and that we were driving towards them with the wind right aft, at the rate of six knots an hour, we could therefore easily join the French army on the following night, provided they occupied the coast. How the latter case might be we could not say, and this somewhat damped our joy; but at any rate we were firmly resolved to be cut to pieces rather than to be taken back to the horrid desert of Cabrera.

At day-break we were on the open sea, scarcely able to discover in our rear the heights of the island, which seemed like distant clouds; the wind still blew in the same direction, and with the same force. About four in the afternoon, we thought we could perceive the coast of Spain; in fact, we saw its outlines on the horizon as the sun sank low, and were soon enabled to distinguish the houses, trees and rocks along the shore. Night came on, and we still moved on with the same rapidity towards a coast that none of us had any knowledge of; we knew only that the whole of this part was full of breakers, so that it was very dangerous to go near the shore.

It was somewhere about eleven at night, when we discovered, about a mile a head of the boat, a range of white houses, lights in various directions, and the masts of several vessels. We thought it must be some small port, and in our uncertainty whether the coast was occupied by our countrymen, we resolved to avoid it. We therefore tacked a little more to the north, and left it on the larboard side; we also took in a sail, and as many reefs as we could of the other, to slacken our progress, and to enable us to make the land without danger. After half an hour's sailing, we were not more than a cable's length from the shore, and we perceived that good fortune was on our side from beginning to end of our enterprize, for we came to a fine beach of sand and gravel, that presented not the slightest appearance of danger. After sailing along it for a few minutes, to choose a proper spot, we hoisted our sail, and the boat ran in and grounded so near the shore, that we landed with water only to our knees.

They land, and repose among the rocks for the night; the next morning they succeed in getting to Tortosa, and join the French army. Guillemard resumes his duties, and at the siege of Tortosa, according to his own account, performs prodigies of valour. He takes prisoner no less than three officers in a string; one English and two Spanish officers. He presents his prisoners to his colonel, and delivers their three swords. So brilliant an exploit induced the colonel to take him and his prisoners before the marshal.

The marshal reproached the three officers in an ironical manner, and then asked me how I had taken them. "At one of the gates of Tortosa," I replied. He said little to me, but what he did say was so flattering, that I was puffed up with pride and satisfaction, and thought myself more than rewarded for the little I had done. He added that he would next day put me in the list of those who were to receive the cross of honour, and concluded by asking me if I had any favour to ask from him. "Yes, marshal," said I, unable any longer to keep down the enthusiasm raised by the praise he lavished on me;—"Yes, I have a favour to ask of you." "What is it?" "That I be allowed to mount the first to the assault when you storm the town." "Certainly you may depend upon it, my brave fellow," said he after a momentary pause, during which I thought that he looked at me with some astonishment.

We share in the marshal's astonishment. To say the truth, for a brave man, Guillemard's style of talking of some of his own exploits, savours a little too much of that of "mine ancient Pistol." Nevertheless we are inclined to place a general kind of reliance upon him. His sufferings at Cabrera fiercely exasperated him against the enemy, and the late excitement of his escape, and the rapid change of scenes, had thrown him into a fever, which, though it very soon afterwards sent him to the hospital, might in its access have incited him to prodigies of valour.

The third corps soon gained other advantages, in which I was destined to have no share. A few days after the capture of Tortosa, I was taken ill with a violent fever, brought on doubtless by my long sufferings at Cabrera; I was sent to the hospital, and was several days between life and death. But I would absolutely come out the day that I learned my decoration had arrived; I received it from the colonel on the parade—it was the most powerful emotion of pleasure I ever felt in my life. Such sensations cannot be experienced twice. This honour was rarely granted at that period, and was almost a sure guarantee of promotion for those who added some acquirements to their bravery, of which it was the certain characteristic. On the same day I was also made a serjeant: this rank is the first in the military aristocracy, that leads at once to a commission. How many hopes did not this double favour raise in my breast! I was then very far from thinking that it was the boundary beyond which I was not destined to pass.

It will excite a smile on the face of any English reader who knows the constitution of our army to hear the rank of serjeant described as the first of the military aristocracy. We manage things differently, perhaps not better. Is it the pride of birth, or is it the difference of education which renders the gulf between serjeant and ensign in the English army impassable? It is plain that by thus excluding ambition from the passions and motives of a common soldier, we thus abandon one of the most powerful inducements to exertion, improvement, and excellence. We, in fact, by making the two classes of officers and men two *castes*—*helotize*—brutalize the one, without, as it appears to us, improving the other. By shutting the door against the admission of brave and experienced men, on the ground of disqualifications which have nothing to do with their fitness for the profession, we do, in fact, negatively degrade the class of officers—as officers. Whether we improve them as *gentlemen* may be another question. Whatever claim officers of the line may have to the character of gentlemen, we do not see how they would be deteriorated by the incorporation of the veteran selected for the bravery of his exploits, the superiority of his education, and the steadiness and regularity of his conduct. The ground of birth is not a tenable objection in the English army; if the parentage of our officers were inquired into, it would be found that a great majority were the sons of tradesmen, farmers, and others, who may have amassed an independence by mercantile employments of

some kind or other. Many of the more respectable privates would also be found the sons of tradesmen, though, perhaps, smaller tradesmen, smaller farmers, and people of mercantile habits, who have not amassed any fortune. Here is the principal difference. The English army is undoubtedly the refuge of the very scum of the population; but it is not all so, nor nearly all so; and we see no reason why the respectable portion of the privates should be degraded to the level of the worse part, instead of pursuing the wiser policy of attempting to raise the character of the inferior portion, by inspiring them with hopes, by the promotion of all instances of merit. But to return to our serjeant. When his leave of absence expired, the Russian expedition was resolved upon, and he joined his regiment, which had been withdrawn from Spain in order to share in it, and was at that time at Inspruck in the Tyrol. The winter of 1811 was spent here; in the summer they made part of the fourth corps of the grand army, commanded by Prince Eugene, (Beauharnois,) on the Vistula. In July the Niemen was crossed; and on the 5th of September they reached, in pursuit of the enemy, the neighbourhood of Borodino. "Now comes the battle you have so much desired," began the order of the day. We have few general details of the battle. What can a serjeant be expected to see but smoke? The regiment to which he belonged, however, distinguished itself in the storming of a redoubt; and the serjeant had the honour of being appointed an ensign on the field by the emperor in person.

In the afternoon, the French army occupied the field of battle, and all the positions held by the enemy in the morning. At the moment we were about to take up a position, the regiment marched forward again, and we marched in column along the lines of the army, moving from left to right. We had been moving forward for more than an hour, when a small detachment of lancers came from the direction of the *burning village* (Semenowskoi) and galloped past our right flank. The regiment halted and put itself in battle array; it was the emperor. The colonel went up to him, and seemed to be receiving orders, after which Napoleon rode rapidly along the front of the regiment, stopping long enough, however, to express his satisfaction at our conduct in attacking the redoubt, and to make some promotions. I carried the eagle which the colonel had ordered me to take when the officer in whose hands it was, was killed in a charge against the Russians. I lowered it as the emperor approached, and, after saluting it, he cast a glance towards me, reined in his horse, and said to me, "I have seen you before, serjeant?" "Yes, sire, after the death of Admiral Villeneuve." "I remember you—where did you obtain your decoration?" "At Tortosa, for taking three officers from the enemy." "He is an ensign," said he to the colonel, who followed him, and rode on. The regiment again moved forward; the officers of the nearest companies came to congratulate me on my promotion, and the colonel said to me as he passed on, "Ensign, you will be appointed this evening." Thus I had finished my career as a non-commissioned officer, and was about to begin one of a quite different nature.

Unfortunately, however, his regiment on performing some manœuvres, fell in with a corps of Russians; the serjeant was taken prisoner, his colonel killed, and all hopes of his ensigncy buried in the dust.

We marched towards those points where we still heard the firing of cannon. The battle was over; but the Russians made a last effort along their whole line to cover their retreat, perhaps also with the design of keeping possession of some of the heights, and of covering the high road to Moscow. The colonel doubtless followed the orders he had received in hurrying us forward, along very difficult ground that had been cut up already by the movements of thousands of soldiers. When he saw the same sort of ground along our whole line, he thought fit to move much more to the left, so that he might gain the direction he wished by making a circuit. While we were executing this

movement, a Russian corps, which had remained firm till then, was driven back by the divisions on the left, and came exactly in front of us. They thought we had come to cut off their retreat, and in fact we ourselves thought at first that this was the colonel's object, but the disparity of numbers was too great to keep us long in error. We instantly thought of cutting our way through this corps, while the Russians could not retreat, except by passing through our ranks. The engagement began on both sides at the same moment by firing in platoons. A number of our men and the colonel himself were killed. The major, who took the command, made us rush forward to charge the Russians with the bayonet. Amidst the confusion, embarrassed by the fall of the men around me, and wounded by two thrusts of a bayonet, I fell, but made a violent effort to prevent the eagle falling into the hands of the enemy who rushed on me, and threw it over the heads of several ranks of them to a group of our soldiers, who had already cut their way through. This was all I could do. Crushed under the feet of the Russians, overwhelmed by numbers, unable to draw my sabre, I could not get up, but was borne along by them in their retreat, whilst the remains of our regiment rallied in their rear.

The unhappy serjeant is sent to Siberia; a journey so long that we must follow him very rapidly. It would be tedious to describe his route; the prisoners are first driven in droves by the Cossacks, and are then mounted in sledges, and conveyed to the different iron-works, among which they are distributed as labourers. The situation of the serjeant is much ameliorated by his being destined to certain works, of which the superintendant was a Frenchman.

On the abdication of Napoleon, the French prisoners in Russia were of course liberated. Guillemard set out on his return home, in company with a fellow-captive, Colonel Laplane, to whom he had become closely attached. The colonel having had some better sources of information than his companion, knew the situation of things.

The moment we lost sight of Nishnei-Taguil, and the distant peaks of the Ural mountains began to disappear on our right, I said to the colonel, who seemed melancholy, though he had such a just subject of satisfaction: "Colonel, to you shall I be indebted for the pleasure of seeing the soil of France sooner than I could have done by my own means; how can I ever show my gratitude for all the kindness you have shewn to me during our captivity?"—"By your friendship, Guillemard."—"It is yours for ever," said I; "but, colonel, I am sorry to see you depressed at the moment you are about to resume your career, and to return to the standard of the emperor."—"Guillemard," said Colonel Laplane to me, "there is no emperor now."—"Is he dead?" said I sorrowfully—"No—but he has quitted France."—"Why so?"—"Because he was beat by the Russians and English."—"Beat—he—it cannot be."—"Robert, he did not fall without a struggle."—"Hence, we are now again become a Republic?"—"Quite the contrary—the king has returned."—"The king!—whom do you say? Did he not die during the Revolution!"—"To be sure he did; but his brother is returned, and now governs France; after an exile of twenty years, he has ascended the throne held by his ancestors for many generations."

A good but rapid account is given by the serjeant of his return to France, across the continent of Europe, and of the sensations he experienced on finding the immense changes in every thing that appeared to have taken place in two years. The serjeant joins his regiment at Valence. He of course claims his rank of ensign, but the colonel has been changed three times since the battle of Borodino, every officer had perished in the retreat from Russia, and he can scarcely find a single soldier in the regiment who knows him. The war-office neglects his claim, and he is compelled to go on doing his duty of serjeant. At length, in the spring of 1814, the landing of Napoleon was heard of. The blow was terrible upon the regiment. The colonel was struck dumb—the officers became restless and reserved. At length the colonel, a Marquis de ———, who had been

in the army of Condé, and a staff-officer in the service of the Emperor Alexander, embarked his troops on board some barges, and went down the river from Valence to Beaucaire. The colonel went to Nismes, and what is singular, took our serjeant with him. He had there conferences with the principal inhabitants. Nismes proved a place of enthusiastic loyalty; nothing was heard but curses of Bonaparte and the *Protestants*, whom it will be remembered were massacred soon after. The serjeant then gives some particulars of the movement of the royal army in the south, under the Duke d'Angoulême, which were quickly stopped by the arrival of Bonaparte at Paris, and the flight of Louis.

The most inauspicious reports then began to circulate in our ranks. The emperor, it was said, was at Paris; the army had declared in his favour; the king and royal family had withdrawn from France, and General Grouchy was marching against us with superior forces, and our rear was not protected. These reports completely discouraged the volunteers. Our soldiers had marched against the Imperialists with some repugnance, but they were determined to do their duty, and it was not till now that they began to look wistfully towards the eagles. The prince's staff became wonderfully thinned in the space of a few days. Things were in this state when we learned that a part of the south had declared for the emperor, and that we were menaced on all sides. Every one knows the capitulation of La Palud, and its consequences. * * *

Yet, I will confess, that it was with the most powerful emotions that I heard the emperor's first proclamations after his return; I knew that voice which had gone to my heart on the day of the battle of Borodino. The recollection of ten years, my disappointed hopes were all roused at the sight of our eagles, and I joyfully entered into a new regiment. My former regiment had been disbanded, and I now felt assured of being speedily restored to my real rank. This was an additional reason for me to double my zeal; besides, the circumstances of the time were important, and if I did not recover the commission gained at Borodino, I should soon acquire another.

During the hundred days, the serjeant's regiment marched to Lyons, and formed part of the corps of Marshal Suchet. After the battle of Waterloo a capitulation was signed, by which they withdrew behind the Loire, with the rest of the army. The serjeant afterwards proceeds with his regiment in detachments to Lyons, and afterwards down the Rhone to Nismes. There is a good description of the state and appearance of the country after the hundred days, and some account of the fury and brutality of the population of Nismes, in pursuit of the unfortunate persons they called *Protestants*. The serjeant's regiment is dispersed, partly by the mob, and by the authorities, who demand their arms. The serjeant escaped to Toulon, where he remained some time. He soon becomes enlisted in an attempt to facilitate the escape of King Joachim, whom he accompanies to the coast of Calabria, where the unfortunate Murat was shot by sentence of court martial. This is a romantic history, and very interesting. We see no reason to discredit it; and yet—there are not those marks about it which impress us with an implicit confidence in its genuineness. With it, however, all the rest must stand or fall, as there cannot be a doubt of the general truth of the whole story. It is just possible that our serjeant may be a little given to the failing of his countrymen, the Gascons. After the execution of Murat, the serjeant is tried by a court-martial in Corsica, and is ordered to join the Departemental Legion, which soon after proceeds to Toulon. In 1821 he is one of the *Sanitary Cordon*, in the Pyrenees; and goes with the invading army into Spain. The army is scarcely in Spain before he is taken prisoner. This ill luck of being taken prisoner, as if with a view of thus extending the field of his narrative, and of describing both sides of the story,

might excite suspicion of the serjeant's genuineness. In this case, however, the circumstance enables us to give a remarkable confirmation of his veracity. We happen to know that a small party of French were actually taken prisoners at the precise spot which he mentions, and under the circumstances he describes,—that they were treated in the manner he details, and that one of them answered precisely the description of our amusing serjeant, who then, prisoner as he was, entertained his captors, who were French and Italian refugees, with the wonderful history of his campaigns. The serjeant makes his escape from prison, and returns with a serious wound in his arm. When it was cured, he suddenly received notice from his colonel, that the minister of war had sent his discharge.

The unusual manner in which the thing was done surprised me at first; but I recollected that I had often talked to my fellow-soldiers about the war of 1808; that I had been a prisoner for some days, and during that time had been excellently treated by the French refugees, and I thought there might be some suspicion at the bottom of all this business. Assuredly the only claims I had to be discharged were ten years service in the time of the empire, and the eternal grief of not receiving the commission which I legally held by Napoleon's order. I conceived that the soldiers of the emperor were now merely tolerated in the ranks of an army that was to be bent to other recollections than ours, and in which we involuntarily spread regret that our brilliant career of conquest was no more. They and we were neither of the same period, nor of the same turn of mind. It was doing a great deal to retain the officers, whose experience rendered them necessary; but it would, perhaps, have been impolitic to keep the private soldiers, who could not so easily bend their ideas to the system of a new government; but I had always done my duty without reproach, and had no right to expect to be turned away so unceremoniously. Three months sooner I should have been in despair had I been included among the old soldiers, who were then nearly all discharged; but now that it was certain that all the fortified places surrendered almost without firing a shot, and that the war would be ended before I could make up for lost time, I thought it of little consequence to be sent home a few days sooner than I would have asked for. I was therefore resigned to my fate; and without complaint or unavailing regret for the past, I quitted the service nearly on the same spot where, eighteen years before, I had entered it, full of youth, and burning with hope.

About the middle of September I had nearly recovered from my wound, and I burned with the desire of seeing my home at last. I travelled by the diligence to Toulon, and arrived at my native village on the 2d of October, 1823.

Thus end the adventures of Robert Guillemard. The book is published by Mr. Colburn, who is now the only publisher, and to whom we are indebted for almost every book of a popular kind that makes its appearance. We could wish that he would despise certain pettinesses that are unworthy of his present celebrity. There is, for instance, no indication on the title-page, or elsewhere in this book, of its being a translation—we are left in the dark whether it has ever been published before—and if it has, at what time and where. By thus attempting to confer an air of originality, he has succeeded in raising strong suspicions of forgery. The book is, we understand, popular in France at the present moment.

Either the book is written by the person it pretends, or it is written by some other who had served in the scenes he describes, and who has mixed up his own experience with certain romantic adventures, of which the materials are also probably genuine. No one can doubt for a moment, that the writer was of the "Grand Army."

IRISH WRITERS ON IRELAND.

THE evil which is propagated in Ireland through the medium of letters, whose legitimate use is to improve and enlighten the world, is almost a counterbalance to the good effects which they are naturally calculated to produce. The multitude of writers on and about Ireland, who are daily and hourly putting forth every variety of opinion, have one common distinction, and that is, that each and all of them are of a different and distinct order from the people; and consequently, besides their inability, from that circumstance, to acquire a true knowledge of the things about which they write, there is not one of them, according to the present state of society, that can have a community of interests or feelings with the people. It may be objected, that this is a mere assertion; but the degree of credit due to it will be best ascertained by classing the different writers, and examining, independently of these capabilities and means of information, how far and to what degree their interests coincide with that of the nation. They may all be divided into three classes—the clergy of the different denominations; newspaper editors; and some few literary, professional, and private gentlemen. If we again subdivide the clergy according to their denominations, we might at once dismiss the opinions and reports of the established-church party, inasmuch as their very existence as a political body connected with the state, and deriving their support from a people of a different religious opinion, contrary to the common laws of justice, and the principles of Christianity, is universally known and acknowledged by every one, except themselves, as a leading cause of the poverty and degradation of Ireland. For as their religious opinions and temporal interests are in direct opposition to those of the people, the very reverse of their statements in general, with very few exceptions, may be taken as the opinions of the people, and the real state of the country. This class were in general, however, wise enough to enjoy the fat of the land in silence, until the spirit of inquiry, which is begun to go forth, has shamed some of them into attempts to prevent their own exposure, to divert the light of inquiry from themselves, and to cover the enormity of their fraud upon religion, by converting it into a fund on which to draw for the good things of this world. Their plan of operation consists in attacking and misrepresenting the religious opinions and common sense of the nation, and thereby endeavouring to enlist the prejudices of those in authority into a warfare against sacred conviction and liberal opinion; the object of which warfare is to re-establish a system of unconditional obedience, and hedge about their own interests, by establishing their *dicta*, magnified into the shape of statutes and acts of parliament, as a barrier to oppose that progress of mind which is alike inimical to the existence of religious monopoly and political abuse.

The writings, therefore, of the high church party, can no more be admitted as a justification of the system by which they live, or a true

picture of the state of the country, than the testimony of any criminal can be admitted in his own defence.

The Presbyterian clergy again, who are chiefly confined to the northern part of the island, are generally more liberal-minded and intelligent, and the nature of their religious institution seems better adapted for the promotion of civil liberty. Indeed, the very constitution of their body, both religious and civil, is essentially republican. For those who acknowledge no individual superiority among men in the affairs of religion, which has the most powerful influence on the human mind, must be still less disposed to feel the necessity of such distinction in the formation or maintenance of mere social institutions.

And though the spirit of this body seems better adapted to accommodate itself to the advancement of knowledge, or rather to take the lead in it, yet the stern and rugged, though independent features which originally characterized it, have been so far softened down and worn away by the influence of state policy working on self-interest, as to leave scarcely a shadow of that conscientious enthusiasm which it once entertained as well in politics as religion. It has, therefore, been partially acknowledged as a favourite though illegitimate child of the state, and under the guise of political courtesy has gladly accepted the boon held out by the liberal and open-handed Lords of the Treasury, as an implied equivalent for the compromise of principle; and suffered the expression, and indeed the reality of its independence, to be bound in the golden chains of Government, while the secret love and public semblance of it, is all that is left.

The interest and principles of this class of the clergy are therefore so strongly opposed to each other, and neutralize the force of their public spirit so far as to induce them to submit in silent acquiescence to every measure of administration; or at least to vent their disapprobation in a kind of compromised censure, which is a general characteristic of their public expressions. For, whenever any of them raise their voices, it is always in the measured tone and well-set phrases of modern Whiggery; which, though less despotic in its name, and perhaps less malevolent in its nature than Toryism, is ultimately productive of equal calamities, by prolonging the very existence of that to which it seems opposed, as it is in reality the chief support and very life's blood of Toryism, and that alone which prevents it from destroying itself by degenerating into pure despotism at once. As a means of restoring or maintaining rights, Whiggism is utterly inefficient; and as a criterion of the force of public opinion, it is neither more nor less than the mere weather-gauge of political corruption.

There is no denomination of the clergy that have meddled so little with politics, at least by their writings, as the Catholic. A principal reason for that, perhaps, was, that by the revocation of the penal statutes, so far as to acknowledge or at least to tolerate their existence, they were put as it were upon their good behaviour, which was the only guarantee they had for a continuation of the liberty to exercise their spiritual functions and authority within their own sect, and of ultimately acquiring the use of those political rights of which they have hitherto been entirely deprived. And while government thus prevented them from interfering in national concerns, or exercising the rights of men,

it left them just liberty enough to make a virtue of necessity, by assuming as the ground of their non-interference, that their kingdom was not of this world. And though such, in truth, are the real principles of this sect, and not only of this sect, but of every denomination of true Christians, yet the past history of our own country, and still more the present state of the different Catholic countries of the Continent, show us, that however pure a religion may be, it is still liable to be made an instrument in contributing to human gratification, and particularly so when it can be turned to advantage with full effect, by making it a matter of state policy, as in the case of the Protestant religion in England, and the Catholic in Spain and Italy.

The writings of the Catholic clergy, however, in this country, with some few exceptions lately in the higher ranks, were generally confined to the illustration of their own doctrinal opinions, or a refutation of the accusations brought against them, both of which are foreign to the present purpose. And the dignitaries of this denomination who have lately volunteered their opinions on the state of the country, and joined in the political controversies that occupy the public mind, are, allowing them to be conscientious, and judging from the common feelings of humanity, likely to be actuated more strongly by a sense of the degradation in which their religion is held, and a wish to promote it, and of course themselves, to their natural state in society, than by the mere desire of promoting human happiness, or vindicating civil rights, unconnected with the idea of religious sect or denomination. This, with respect to these writers, is an obvious and reasonable conclusion; and whether it be exactly true or not, can be of little consequence, as it only affects the motives of this class of writers; while it still remains evident, that though they should be impartial, they are nevertheless incompetent to represent the feelings of the great labouring effective body of the country, whose labours alone produce the wealth of the kingdom, differing as they do with them in habits, manners, and interests, though their interest is more nearly identified with the people's than any of the other clergy; but still they are only one of the many classes of writers who are not of the people, but live by the people; they can never, while the distinction of their order exists, become amalgamated with the great body, nor can they become tempered and regulated according to any common standard, which alone could enable them to feel the wants, the wishes, or entertain the real opinions of the people.

The general characteristic of the other less numerous and straggling denominations of the clergy, (the Quakers are of course excepted,) is a restless zeal for the promotion of their respective sects, which is constantly manifesting itself in their talk as well as their writings, by a mixture of half-sanctified fanaticism and religious cant: decrying every obstacle, sacred or profane, that happens to stand in the way of their sectarian advancement; and, as a matter of course, rational opinion and liberal sentiment come in for a share of their censure.

But of all other descriptions, the newspaper writers are the most shallow, meddling, and noisy class; constantly exciting the public: disturbing, distracting, and misrepresenting in every quarter: scarcely agreeing in any thing except the loudness of their clamour, to attract

public notice, and turn the current attention so as to advance their private and individual concerns. Under the mask of patriotism each endeavours to link his private interest on some prejudice of society; some real or imaginary state grievance; and having encircled the real man with a cloak of private selfishness, he sends abroad his host of fictitious *We's* to proclaim aloud his wisdom, his integrity, and his patriotism; and gull the public so far as they lend their ears to his noisy pretensions. Nothing less than a knowledge of their private opinions could induce one to believe, that most of these writers, with all their daily and weekly babble about public spirit, are not in earnest and writing from principle—those who know better, know that they are no such thing, that they are merely practising the craft of their trade. They are solely mercantile; the aim of all their labour is to extend their sale, and their object is the profit it will produce. They are mere opinion-merchants; men who trade in the feelings, the prejudices, and the curiosity of the public: nor is the one thousandth part of what they offer as such their own; but a selection from the stray sentiments of a few men of superior talent, modified and dressed out in the slang of the trade.

There are a few exceptions among them, however; a few men possessing a considerable degree of talent and integrity; though but a very few indeed. Yet even each of these has his hobby, and is engrossed and carried away in the pursuit of some favourite though partial measure. Emancipation seems a favourite topic with some of these, though every man of common sense has long seen that it is only a subordinate measure, and one which of itself could do little good; and which would ultimately, and without any struggle, follow in the train of a natural adjustment, and due exercise of the political powers of the nation. One or two of the ultra-tory editors also possess some degree of talent, which is hired by the ascendancy-party to varnish over the rotten parts in the frame-work of the constitution, and lavish abuse and ridicule on every effort to expose or abolish the corruptions of a system which requires such aid to support it, and under which alone they can exist.

But take them all together, there are few, very few, possessed both of honesty and abilities; they are still from feeling, from education, and from interest, separated from the people, and disqualified from representing their sentiments, or forming a true opinion of their condition. This department of periodical literature is principally or altogether supported by two descriptions of persons, the first and chief class of which consists of recruits from the body of scholastic gentlemen, whose irregularity of conduct, or want of capacity, has prevented them from succeeding to establishments, or gaining a livelihood by the professions for which they had been designed, not by Providence, but by the wisdom of their parents; and who endeavour to turn their acquirements to account by becoming public writers, or editors of newspapers. If such men can fall in with a patron, or a party, they become the echo of their opinions; if not, they will volunteer as champions of the public, in whatever line their labours are likely to draw them most advantage.

The other class is made up of those who, bred up about such

establishments, get thoroughly acquainted with the management of them, and as they advance in the course of trade, ultimately succeed to be conductors of them, without the education which is requisite for such a situation; or any other qualification, except just a sufficient degree of acquired tact to transpose and retail the current opinions of the day.

But the first and chief object of every one of this class of writers is the promotion of their individual interests. They cannot support their establishments, or live by their writings, unless those writings sell; and in order to obtain sale, they are, like other dealers, obliged to consult the taste and opinions of those who are able to purchase them: that is the landlords, clergy, lawyers, officers, placemen, and the whole multitude of every description who contrive, by some means or other, to live at the expense and on the labours of the people. But the great body of the nation, the millions who constitute it, the peasantry who toil, and sweat, and support it, have, generally speaking, neither the means to purchase nor the leisure to peruse newspapers. They are unable to support newspaper men; their interests, their real interests, their feelings and their opinions, are therefore either totally neglected, or made subservient to the purposes of newspaper trade. And even this might be tolerated, did not these writers affect to be engaged in the cause of the people, while they are only pursuing their vocation, and labouring to gratify the taste, and accommodate their remarks to the standard of the opinions entertained by the majority of their customers; of those who live by the people. They dare not turn their hands against their supporters; they dare not tear asunder the veil of those time-hallowed abuses that almost virtually annul the social compact in this country, and strike boldly at the root of that deeply organized system of injustice and misrule that affects the nation. They are, from their situation and their trade, following in the train, and living by the approbation of the aristocracy; they are ignorant of the people, and opposed to their interests, because their customers are so; they live only by those who live by the people. But there is not a single organ of the real feelings, the interest, and opinions of the nation, of the great majority who compose it, among them—no, not one.

The writings of the professional and literary men, lawyers, &c. are in general directed towards the advancement of their respective professions; and affect a feeling for the good of the people, as the most comprehensive field in which to exercise their declamation; and, by extending their notoriety, to increase their practice and their gains. A great many from among this class are contributors to the periodical literature of the day, and constitute a chief part of the regular standing army of the press; men who write for hire; and to whom every subject is of importance in proportion as they find it taking with the public. The rage for speculation in literature, as well as in every thing else, has manifested itself strongly among this class of late, and has given birth to the new race of novels, and other works concerning Ireland and Irish affairs, that have recently issued (and still continue to threaten us) from the press. Though these works may be, and indeed some of them are, very good, as stories, yet they neither contain a true picture, nor

grounds on which to form a true picture of the state of the country. The attempts, and sometimes successful ones, to depict individual character and manners, are the objects of these authors, and every other consideration is made subservient to the interest of the tale, and the display of the writer's abilities.

Men bred up in the higher ranks of life, and separated from the peasantry both from custom and inclination, are only exercising their imagination when they sit down amidst the comforts of life, to sketch pictures of misery and want, with their eyes resting on the splendour and elegance that surround them. And if they stoop to gather materials for a tale, it is viewed as an act of condescension; and they would think it absolute misery and degradation, were they compelled to submit to the labours of the common people, or associate with them even for a week, much more to suffer years of toil, and privation, and want, along with them; which alone could enable them to entertain a due sense of their circumstances and opinions, and qualify them for being proper organs of national expression.

The last and least numerous class, though they are now beginning to manifest an unusual degree of activity, is the private gentlemen, the fundholders and landlords; the interference of government with whose particular interests, has awakened them to a sense of the calamity under which the country is labouring, and has urged them to take up the cause of the people, merely so far, and no further than it will strengthen their efforts to shift the weight of the public burthens off each of their own shoulders respectively. And yet this very class, these lords of the soil at least, are the principal and the immediate cause of the national poverty. It is they who, in the first place, take away the fruits of the husbandman's toil, though they are in turn obliged, in the shape of taxes, to refund a large part of it to support the system which protects and enables them to do so.

The source of all wealth is industry. Men who do not labour cannot produce anything. And of the wealth produced by those who do labour in Ireland, one half or three-fourths, and even more in some cases, is taken directly away by the landlords. The direct taxes, and even the tythes, unjust as they are in principle, are light in comparison to the weight of the rents.

The husbandman here labours probably five days out of the twelve for the landlord, and not more than two for the rector and tax-gatherer. But when the greater part of the produce of his labour is taken away, it is of little consequence to the labourer whether it be taken away by the landlord, the rector, or the tax-man, or how they divide it among them.

The doom of man is to labour for his bread. The task seems to be hard enough, and mankind generally feel it so: it is however the dispensation of Providence, and he submits cheerfully. But to the common lot of humanity, the Irishman seems to have superadded, not only the additional necessity of labouring for others, but the misfortune of being despised and misrepresented by those for whom he is obliged so to labour. A well-grounded confidence in the wisdom of Providence, and the force of habit, may induce the mass of a nation to feel

comparatively resigned to being the slaves of a few, even though these few might be the most worthless class of their fellow-men; but when these few turn the advantages which circumstances have afforded them, to nourish their own luxury and pride, when they consider themselves as a superior order of beings, (which in fact they do,) for whose use the body of the people were created, it is not in man to conceal his indignation at such arrogance, nor his contempt for such folly. People may from resignation or compulsion restrain their expression of such feelings, but their existence can neither be smothered nor extinguished.

The peculiar advantages which these artificial classes enjoy, and the constant exercise and exhibition of the mere fraction (nationally speaking) of talent which they possess, has given colour to the assumption, that they are possessed of as large a share of the mind and talents as they are of the wealth and political power of the nation. Nothing can be more erroneous. The people are, take them in the aggregate, take them man for man, quite a match for the higher orders, both in their natural qualifications, and in the legitimate and reasonable exercise of these qualifications. The advantages of education might be urged against this assertion, and might be as readily admitted, did we not see that the tendency of fashionable education is not so much calculated to extend the mind, as to deck it out with a regular quantity of petty accomplishments, whose only use can be to conceal, or at least to ornament real ignorance, and enable the possessor to indulge in the baser passions of humanity, under the sanction of fashionable politeness. The higher classes possess better means of acquiring scientific and useful information, but they are also deprived of the stimulus to pursue this advantage, by being accustomed to have all their wants supplied by the labours of others, and taught to consider such acquirements as only mere appendages to their rank in life.

But from a selection from each indiscriminately, it would be found, that the labouring classes possess, not only an equal share of mental and physical powers, of strong common sense and useful information, but a far better knowledge of their practical application to the useful arts of life, than the others. The crowd of trading book-writers, who either actually belong to, or are looking up for support to the higher orders, cannot be admitted as a fair criterion by which to form a comparative estimate. They are authors by profession, and their talents are not only fully exercised but overtraded; while the great majority of talent is, as well as the majority of numbers, on the side of Operatives, (this word is ratsbane to the Tories,) though the want of opportunities to display them is taken as proof of their non-existence. But such an assumption is wrong; there is a vast, an inexhaustible mine of talent, of intellect, of imagination, pervading the peasantry of Ireland, and only prevented from exhibiting its native beauty and brightness by a corrupted incrustation, a kind of mental mildew, the effects of a disordered and unwholesome state of society which has overspread the land. The whole scope of public writing and talking is calculated to exalt, to magnify, and to direct the attention to a few of the leading characters in the

literature, and a few of the principal measures in the politics of the day; without ever going fairly to the foundation of such measures, or bestowing a single consideration on the mass of equal talent, which is thickly scattered over the nation, and only wants the concurrence of favourable circumstances, or even the advantage of fair play, to render it equally splendid.

We admire, and justly too, the talents of a Canning, a Brougham, or a Cobbett; and yet there are hundreds of such men undistinguished among the peasantry of Ireland; men who are endowed with all their energies and capacities of mind, and are only prevented from standing as high in public estimation for want of opportunities to display them. It would be foolishness to imagine that even in the most improved and best regulated state of society, every man of talent could attain to such distinguished situations, or even to any considerable degree of distinction at all: but what must be the feelings of such men, of men possessed of such talents naturally, when they find themselves not only bowed down by almost intolerable distress, but also subject to be made the constant theme of misrepresentation by crowds of speculating literary twaddlers, who are immeasurably their inferiors in every thing but wealth? Nothing less than indignation, bitter indignation and contempt. And such is the strong and deep, though silent feeling, entertained by the sensible and acute portion of the people, for the generality of the literary quacks who treat of them and their circumstances.

I, for I will not use the humbug editorial phrase *we*, am not unprepared for the outcry and objections that are likely to be raised against these remarks and assertions.*

The Irish nation (but I should not use that word, for it is only an English colony) has been so long the submissive prey of speculation in every shape, that any attempt to expose even the craft of those who trade upon it under the name of literature, will be considered as high-treason against the authority of that spurious brood of authorship, which has sprung up from the unnatural condition rather than from the talents of the country.

The tide of speculation and fashion in literature is turned very much towards this country of late. It is a rich and very extensive field for exertion in that way; and it is fair that people who follow writing as a trade, and indeed every person, should be at liberty to make the most of his abilities in whatever way he pleases; but it is also right, and very necessary, particularly at present, that the country should be vindicated; that the line of distinction should be marked out; and that the public should be made fairly acquainted with these writers, their characters, motives, and interests, and prevented from confounding or identifying them with the feelings, interests, or opinions of the great body of the people.

H.

* N. B. This article must be considered the contribution of one not of our own corps. We, of course, cannot allow either the futility of the first person plural, or the propriety of the phrase "humbug editorial!"—ED.

AN APPEAL FROM THE SHADES.

COURTEOUS STRANGER,—I have a thing to say ; a wrong to complain of between thy fellows and mine ;—but before our thoughts mingle, let me prepare thee for what I am. I have learned not to step too suddenly before the curtain. My nature to human prejudices is somewhat ghastly. By dreary hints and periphrasis, I must lead thee, like the guilty royal John, to my revelation :—

————— If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound One unto the drowsy race of night,—
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,—

then might I with less misgiving unfold myself. Shrieks, groans, aguish fears, not more chilling to thy spirit than to mine, are the penalties of a rash disclosure. Hast thou buried thy thoughts ever with the buried, till the chamber seemed thronged with supernatural presences? Hast thou been in a dream sometimes with those that are gone to “the land of the moles and pismires?”—

I am one of those. I occupy that mysterious parenthesis between the life past and to come, which in mortal language goes by the name of death. With this warning I may now venture to disclose to thee my spectral shape, blurred as it is by the Lethean fogs. Is my paleness so very terrible, or is there any thing so fearful as piteous in my unreflecting eyes? Is there aught to shudder at, beside the coldness in my innocent lean hand? What have I on my cheek or lips, but the not unlovely languor of death,—an expression akin to the pleasant expression of sleep. I come with no rude foot-fall to startle thee,—but the noiseless pace that belongs to our quiet abodes. My voice is only unearthly for that it hath lost all its fretful notes and passionate harshnesses. My garment is as the lily's. Does this snow-white raiment make my visits, or not, the more angel-like,—or must I be held loathsome for want of a more worldly habiliment, and some refuse clay?

Is there any disgusting wormy circumstance about me,—or do I not come purified rather of my mortal slough?

I have no gaping unseemly wound to scare thee withal,—no horrible death-pang imprinted on my visage, but with calm Christian feature as I died, have come above only to solace some old worldly hankerings and regrets. The unforgotten earth has spells potent as those of Endor's hag, that sometimes pluck us from our graves. The summer's springing flowers, with their stirring roots, tug at the buried heart. The merry songs of birds—friendly, family voices—the chime of village bells, and melodious fall of waters, have echoes in the spiritual ear—

————— True as the shell
To the old ocean's melancholy swell.

The old familiar faces and homely images have their camera in the ghostly organ, and awaken yearnings stronger than the tomb.

Not often we come earthward in enmity. Revenge and hatred, that domineer in hot bloods, are quieter passions in our torpid pulses.

AUG. 1826.

2 M

Not of ourselves, but at command of divine justice, we arise from our turfy pillows to dog the heels of the unconfessed murderer; seldom still do we forsake our peaceful city, to convey unwelcome omens to the living;—there are croaking ravens enough for that office—to point out a miserly hoard of gold, we rise never! More kindly and peaceful (though all the Neroes are amongst us) are our midnight errands. There is no nerve now, in the phantom arm,—for a tyrant to drive a dagger,—or to snatch a sceptre from the weakest hand of flesh. The cruel, the unjust, and the crafty, remain therefore in the sullenest shades below; but the gentle spirit of love is soothed by haunting the old home and its hearths. These after-relishes of life—these holiday furloughs the kind Death allows us,—and they serve to sweeten some darker passages in our coffin-dreams,—

* * * * *

Thou hast ceased to shiver at me, and it eases my soul. There is but one man in the breathing world, that ought to quake at my apparition, for he knows how greedily his damnable dishonest hand filched once out of my needful portion,—and yet even he, by a moment's manhood, need scarcely tremble at my unsubstantial presence. What avail against his front my shadowy frowns,—nay what availed it, when we met once in the moonlight, that, stung by the proud look of the stately traitor, I sprang up behind him, on his tall white pacing horse, and strove to strangle the triumphing Judas with my ineffectual arms? The pangs of that fruitless effort were all mine. My arch-enemy suffered not even an atom's discomposure; but swept on with the same scornful feature, which I wept, or felt as if I wept, not to have even subdued. Alas! a wreath of thin wood-smoke is a thing stronger than I!

If then in malice or indignation we pale vapourish spirits be thus powerless and unhurtful, why should the unguilty living start from us—the kindly familiars that come to them in all love and gentleness? It were a grateful charity methinks not to startle us—poor dream-bewildered sleepwalkers from the nether world—but with tenderness to lead us back into our churchyard beds. It were a brave stretch of human hospitality to entertain not the outcast flesh merely, but the fleshless wanderer, more naked than the naked,—from the Stygian coast forlorn. Shall there be no refuge for the uttermost destitution?—Can the homeless have a claim above the worldless?

And yet, when my boon companions of old times remember me in their cups, and dedicate the solemn draught to my memory, they would start with bristling horror from their seats, to behold me sitting in my accustomed chair.

Would they not have me sensible of the invocation?—Or is theirs but the cant of sentiment, lavished upon vacancy? We have no such cold manners even in our bleak precinct. How would it become the cold companionship, if when their angels descended amongst us, there were no better cheer for their welcome? But we have cups (such as we have) set ready for them all.

Tell them, I pray, there is something hollow in this. In the body or out of the body they must find a chirping welcome for me still.

Tell them there is some echo of the former mirth, some reflection of the old joys amongst us—though somewhat dimmer, like the sunbeam returned by the ghostlike moon. We are vital memories. The past and imperfect tenses of life make up the present being of the shades. To have lived once makes us immortal. We exist on in dreams—not inaccessible to spiritual pleasures and pains. Alas! our souls smart at our unnatural repulses upon earth. Where our hearts were,—we feel dismal achings and throes, at the death of human fellowship.

Oh my cheerful kindhearted friends, fellow campaigners erst in the merry stirring world, tremble not so wrongfully at a frail ghost's intrusion. Shrink not so abhorringly from his fond hand's impalpable grasp! 'tis for me to shrink, if shrinking must be, from the gross mundane clay. 'Tis for me to groan, if groaning must be, that I can bestow on you nothing more hearty than my pale kind looks. Fill up one welcome cup to the home-sick exile that stealeth lovingly amongst you. Soothe the naked phantasy a dream-while, with his accustomed place. Let the amicable phantom dally a season with the old images,—and then, with your kind farewells and a sigh and an alas! commend him to a peaceful slumber on the Lethean shore!—

Oh my beloved babes! my Margaret! wife and children of my love,—shudder no more when my fond doting spirit haunts amongst you! why call me up so often with sighs and tears, and all the sobbing conjurations of grief and love,—from the dark abyss. Why stuff out my vacant garments with my form,—and yet tremble at my apparition, but a shade more real? My soul yearns towards you,—till strong affection tears me from the tomb, but groans, sighs, and speechless ecstasies,—or shrieks more startling to me than cry of chanticler, are obnoxious to my presence. 'Tis no dream, then, that my moans are heard on the wind!—

* * * * *

Patient stranger, farewell. I have made thee my interpreter, and would thank thee,—but I scent the forbidden morn. I may not linger to see its first, faintest, cheerful streak:—

—————Fare thee well at once.
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire,—
Adieu, adieu, adieu!—remember me.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY.

THE writer of a notice of Vauxhall in The Atlas, complains of the brevity of Miss Stephens' songs. I consider this as a most ungracious criticism. Shortness is an admirable quality in a song, especially in such songs as are sung with unbounded applause at Vauxhall, or wherever ballad-singers sing. I never could enough admire the

prudence with which the frog qualifies his request for a song from Mrs. Mouse, in the popular ballad of the days of my youth:—

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us a song,
Provided the subject be something that's not very long.

One forgives the excess of the line, in consideration of the prudential qualification for which the metre is sacrificed.

July 1st.—We are the most aristocratical people under the sun, not excepting even the Americans. Our very demagogues are full of the pride of birth. I see a whimsical example of this in the report of the Somerset election to-day. A Mr. Stackey said, that Mr. Cresswell had disgraced himself by the part he had taken in the contest; upon this Mr. Cresswell breaks out in this strain of argument: "Disgrace myself, sir! Who are you? *Who was your father, or your grandfather*, that you dare to tell me that I disgraced myself?" From this we may learn, that the qualification of an illustrious father, or grandfather, is necessary to a man when he would tell another that he disgraces himself. We are not free to vituperate without a pedigree.

— I have sometimes thought of giving samples of newspaper *niaiseries*, but the magnitude of the enterprise has alarmed me. By accident, I met to-day with The Chronicle of Tuesday last, which is one of the richest papers in jest that I ever remember to have seen. Observing on the advantage derived to the community from the law reports, it uses this accurate metaphor: "It is the applying of a *speaking-trumpet* to the public, and the enabling them *to see* at any distance, in spite of the walls of the court." The Chronicle might as well have said, "It is the applying of a *telescope* to the public, and the enabling them to hear at any distance, in spite of the walls of the court." Telescopes are as fit instruments for *hearing*, as speaking-trumpets are for *seeing*. While The Chronicle had got its speaking-trumpet in hand, it thought it might as well go and *see* Mrs. Humby, at the Haymarket, and give her a flourish, which it does accordingly, in these terms:—

"Mrs. Humby, in some respects, is without a rival on the London boards; we do not here refer to her person and features, (though they might, perhaps, be included,) but to her delightfully arch and effective style of acting. She does not accomplish her object by any common-place sprightliness, or animal vivacity; but by a cool, dry, emphatic manner, which is quite her own, and will probably remain so. It is not saying little in her praise to observe, that in the part of Phœbe, in Paul Pry, she is superior to Madame Vestris, who originally appeared in it; and the managers are so well satisfied with her performance, that although Madame Vestris is now disengaged, they have not thought it necessary to take the character out of the hands of Mrs. Humby."

I do not know what Mrs. Humby has done to the press, but she has certainly contrived to command the most extravagant commendations of the newspaper critics. The plain fact, however, is, that Mrs. Humby is an extremely awkward actress, only remarkable for dressing in breeches and top-boots, with a jockey-cap on her head, and singing very badly a very bad song about "The boy in purple winning the day," or some such stuff.

If the speaking-trumpet by which the people see, is a metaphor notable for its accuracy, the following, in the theatrical department, is equally distinguished for its elegance and unlaboured excellence:—

“Saturday night *the perspiration of delight* and warm weather stood upon every forehead, and the sides of the spectators would, perhaps, have needed ‘hooping with iron to the top,’ if they had not been so closely jammed together as to afford each other mutual support.”

Here too is a jest of an admirable elaborateness:—

“Before the curtain dropped on Saturday, he (Liston) came forward, and merely wished the audience ‘Good night’ at the close of his engagement, in a manner so indescribably comic, that the hackney coachmen plying for fares outside the doors, sympathetically joined in the laugh which they still saw upon the countenances of the issuing auditory. We should not be surprised if some of them lost money by it.”

It is a melancholy thing that men will mistake the bent of their geniuses, and insist on being so egregiously jocose, when, if they did but consent to be sensible only, they would appear to advantage, as in their natural provinces.

—A reverend divine, tutor of a college, was examined as a witness on the trial which was to determine the sanity or insanity of Sir G. Page Turner; several curious facts came out on this examination, as that a gentleman commoner was allowed to come to lectures with a three days’ beard, &c. &c.; but the most curious is, that the tutor confesses that he was *necessary* to getting him, Sir Gregory, an honorary degree, in consideration of his respect for academic institutions; of a truth, such respect is becoming more and more rare, and should be cherished wherever it is found. Cap the proctors, promise your tutor a living, and take an honorary degree.—What a fine course of University education!

This subject of honorary degrees deserves more attention than I have time or inclination to give it at this moment. The instance I have cited is from Oxford; at Cambridge, a whole college (King’s) is exempted from the usual examinations *honoris causa*, and thus the lads who ought to be the best scholars in the University become mere idlers—in another half century, perhaps, the reverend heads of houses may.

—The Representative (newspaper) grieves mournfully over the defeat of Lord George Beresford, and finds an argument in it for the immediate disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. This is peculiarly fine tact—at the very moment when nine-tenths of all the reasoning people of the United Kingdom are congratulating themselves that the lower Irish are showing a gleam of political sense, and are beginning to find that there is a safer road to the redress of grievances than murder and insurrection. In the late elections the gentry have, as it appears, taken up the business of blood and burning, while the peasant has given his vote as quietly as the Orangemen would permit him. Galway, of course, must be excepted.

4th.—It is astonishing how any improbable anecdote obtains credit, particularly if seasoned with a little unnatural sentiment. The newspapers have got a story to prove Sir Francis Burdett guilty of

poetry. They will have it, that on suddenly learning the death of a beloved sister, he retired to a private room, and set to work to compose a copy of verses!—gave vent to his fraternal affliction by tagging lays and praise; impart and heart; verse and hearse; high and sigh, together. Cicero, it is said, comforted himself when deprived of his daughter by considering the number of fine things he could write in her praise; but Sir Francis Burdett, we believe, is no Roman in his family relations; he is, we apprehend, a man full of all the domestic virtues, and such a character as he would be the last in the world to make the loss of a beloved sister the theme of a copy of verses, and that when the shock of her loss was fresh on him. Here is the paragraph:—

FROM THE BIRMINGHAM CHRONICLE.

The following lines, which have, we believe, never before appeared in print, were written many years since by Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. to the memory of a much-beloved sister. Being informed of her declining state of health, he hastened, prompted by brotherly love and anxiety, to Ramsbury, in the county of Wilts, where she had been residing. On his arrival, the painful intelligence was communicated to him that she was no more: *he retired into a private room, and wrote the following verses*, in which he feelingly deploras his own loss, and draws an interesting and amiable character of his deceased relative:—

Lines on a Monument in the Chancel of Ramsbury Church, written to the Memory of Miss Eleanora Burdett, who died November 27, 1797, aged twenty-six years, by her brother, Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.

“ Not formal duty prompts these mournful lays;
No painted show of grief these lines impart;
No cold, unfeeling, stale, insipid praise;
But sorrow, flowing from the o'erfraught heart.

“ No need hast thou of monumental verse,
Lamented maid! to prove thy worth was high;
The widow's tear bedews thy modest hearse;
Thy name is honour'd with the poor man's sigh!

“ The sons of want, with unavailing woe,
To Heaven their eyes in anguish must uprear;
A thousand blessings on thy name bestow,
Hang o'er thy grave, and drop the silent tear.

“ ‘ Alas!’ they cry, ‘ that feeling heart is cold,
That lib'ral hand which gave to all relief,
That tongue whose sweetness never can be told,
Which charm'd our ears and soothed our sharpest grief!’

“ If thou can'st look, bright angel, from above,
As to thy God thou bend'st th' adoring knee,
Accept this tribute of a brother's love,
And in thy orison remember me!”

7th.—Mr. Beaumont, at the Northumberland election, has violently attacked the London press for venality, and especially instanced The Times as the greatest sinner in this way. I have no great opinion of

the incorruptibility of the London daily press, generally speaking, but I am firmly persuaded that *The Times* is less chargeable with venality than any of its contemporaries. Certain it is, that one does not discover the frequent evidence of venality in *The Times* which is apparent in other journals—apparent I mean to those who know the ways of newspapers—for general readers, who are the victims to be duped, do not distinguish the signs of fraud. Setting aside the result of all observation of the conduct of the paper, and arguing *à priori*, *The Times*, as the best property, ought to be the least venal journal, its wealth raising it above those petty temptations to which some of its brethren succumb. The fact is, that many of the other papers will sell themselves for a mere trifle. This is a great fault. I really think that a paper which does sell itself ought to put a good price on its virtue. It extremely angers me to see a paper selling itself for a couple of half-crowns. Like Mrs. Peacham, methinks the hussey should be a *little particular*. There is a paper which cracks more about its virtue than any paper in London, every inch of which is on sale, and that on the lowest terms, with the exception of the leading articles of the editor. And this paper was formerly a paper of high character, especially in literary matters, in which it was looked upon as an authority. But that naughty man, Colburn, seduced it from the paths of rectitude and virtue by his gold, rifled it of its honour, and is reducing it to the lowest grade of prostitution. Then he will fling it “like a loathsome weed away,” and carry his crowns and his caresses elsewhere. It makes me weep to think of it. It is dreadful to think of the number of old papers that that — Colburn has debauched. *The Times* has held out to be sure nobly, but many a hard tustle it must have had for its virtue before Colburn abandoned his wicked attempts on it. How he must have hugged and hauled, and it must have squealed and squalled, but I do believe “that all he did was in vain,” for *The Times* still hoists the flag of virtue in the shape of “Advertisement” over paid paragraphs. But as for Colburn’s regular paw-paw papers, they utter any panegyric he chooses to indite, as coming from themselves, for which he gives them a few shillings; and for an old song they will insert a couple of columns from *The New Monthly* as a *bonne bouche*. Let it not be supposed, however, that they bestow their favours on Colburn alone, for this is not the fact; they are “open to all, and *buyable* by any one.” Colburn has more to do with them than any other man, but everybody that wants to delude the public has recourse to these ready instruments.

18th.—“One of the witnesses in a trial at Cambridge, was a little boy, named James Morley, apparently not more than nine or ten years of age. After the oath had been administered, the Chief Justice put a question to him, in order to ascertain whether he was sensible of the nature and importance of an oath, when the following curious answer was given.—Chief Justice: *Little boy, do you know what you have been doing?* Witness: *Yes, sir; I’ve been keeping pigs for Mr. Banyard.* The Court was convulsed with laughter, and the Chief Justice directed the witness to be put aside for the present.”

It would be quite as well if Judges would speak on these occasions in a direct and simple language, intelligible to the understanding of

the witness. Most ridiculous blunders are caused by this round-about way of sounding the religious impressions of children. In this case the answer of the boy was really pertinent to the question of the Judge; so also was that of a charity girl, examined some time ago by Mr. Justice Park, who had a vehement desire to know whether she said her prayers at night; but who, like his learned brethren, preferred beating at any distance about the bush to putting a direct question.—Mr. Justice Park: "Now, my little girl, mind what I ask you, and speak the truth. What's the last thing you do when you go to bed at night?"

Charity Girl: "The last thing, my Lord?"

Mr. Justice Park: "Aye, the last thing, my dear: the last thing you do—the last thing of all?"

Charity Girl: "The last thing of all, my Lord! [after a pause, hanging down her head,] indeed I can't tell."

Mr. Justice Park: "O, fie, little girl! You should speak out when I question you; and I must know what's the last thing you do when you go to bed; so answer directly."

Charity Girl: [with a curtsey,] "I ———, my Lord."

Baron Graham used also to be fond of catechising witnesses. On one occasion, a great hulking plough-boy was called as a witness, and the learned Judge desired him, before he was put into the box, to come forward and answer some questions which he had to put. Hodge was accordingly brought *vis-à-vis* with Baron Graham, who went to work thus, having assumed the proper importance of countenance.

Baron Graham: "Little boy, [Hodge stood six feet in his stockings,] do you believe that you'll go to hell if you tell a lie?"

Hodge: [with the voice of a Stentor,] "No-ah, I do-ant."

Baron Graham: "O fie, fie, little boy; I see you're very ill-instructed. Take him away, take him away."

And justice lost the advantage of Hodge's evidence, because he had not proper ideas of going to hell.

— Certainly the Irish are the strangest people under the sun. The confusion of their intellects, and the perversity of their apprehensions are extremely curious, and betray them into most preposterous errors. A row which has just taken place in Ireland, was most completely Irish. The Dublin mob, observing an image of a flesh-coloured Mercury kneeling on a cloud, at the mast-head of a pleasure vessel, took it into their potatoe-brains that it was a *tin Orangeman trampling on a shamrock*, and commenced a discharge of stones on the boat supposed to be guilty of this contumacy. The people on board the yacht being impatient of acting an entirely passive part in an affair of this kind, returned the compliments with small shot, and some people were wounded. A great deal has been said of the reckless disregard to human life on the part of the yacht people who fired the shots; but it seems to me that there was quite as reckless a disregard to human life on the part of the mob who threw stones. Were I to consult my particular taste, I must own that I should prefer standing under a fire of small shot at a reasonable distance to a volley of stones. The distinction in these cases seems simply to be, that one party throws lead, and the other stones. The lead to be sure is more penetrating;

but the stones make up in volume for any thing which they may want in point of penetration, and, luckily planted on the skull, they may do their work quite as efficiently, though not as genteely, as fifty bullets.

The investigation of this riot, touching the flesh-coloured Mercury kneeling on a cloud, thus imagined to be a tin Orangeman trampling on the shamrock, was conducted with a skill and wisdom in keeping with the whole affair, and accordant with the genius of the people. Witnesses were examined to show that the tin Orangeman was, in fact, a flesh-coloured Mercury, not in the least like an Orangeman; but the intelligent magistrates never once thought of requiring the Mercury to be produced in Court, in order to ascertain whether he really did bear any resemblance to an Orangeman, or whether the cloud was in any degree like a shamrock. It was more Irish to sift this question many days through the evidence of witnesses, than to ascertain it at once by just taking a view of the image.

23d.—At the Northumberland election a great many personalities passed between Mr. Beaumont and the Greys, which were unintelligible to the public. These things are now fully explained by the publication of a letter which Mr. Beaumont wrote to Lord Grey three years ago, when he (Mr. B.) was the accepted suitor of the daughter of Sir John Swinburne. Of all the strange communications that have from time to time come to light, this is the most extraordinary.

Mr. Beaumont writes to Lord Grey to tell him, that after the acceptance of his proposals, he was struck by the unkindness of Lady Swinburne towards him, and her endeavours to prevent her daughter (Elizabeth) from bestowing her affections on him. This he says alarmed him the more, as he observed a conduct little short of idolatrous in Elizabeth towards her mother. "*The peculiarity,*" he adds, "*of some of their habits and education had contrived this.*" Under these circumstances he resolved to make use of the opportunities afforded by his position in the family, to discover the cause of Lady Swinburne's *unnatural behaviour*. In his mind, he soon found out, he declares, that Lady Swinburne had not too much regard for her husband; and to proceed from the general charge to the particular instance, he intimates very plainly to Lord Grey, that her ladyship had entertained, if she did not still entertain, a passion for him (Lord Grey) "which," very coolly adds the writer, "*had, at some time or other, PROBABLY many years ago, been gratified.*" He goes on then to state his most vehement suspicion, that General Grey was similarly favoured; "*nor did it,*" he continues, (his suspicion we suppose,) "*stop here!*" Having made these grand discoveries, Mr. Beaumont states, that he took occasion to expostulate with Lady Swinburne on her conduct to him, which he conjectures to have been founded on this most unaccountable policy. "Seeing my affection, if she could secure her daughter's blind devotion to herself, she had reason to hope that my eyes might also be shut." (Mr. Beaumont is an eccentric reasoner.) His mind big with these discoveries, which are only to be matched by those made by the heroine in the novel of that name, or by the imaginative young lady in the Northanger Abbey of the admirable Miss Austen, an explosion was brought about on a

wet Sunday. I subjoin the writer's account of the circumstances of the denouement. The mixing up of the religious criticism with the avowal of a communication to a son, of the alleged abandoned conduct of his mother, is one of those strokes which could scarcely be hazarded in a work of invention. There is nothing in the character of Fielding's Blifil that goes beyond it. The intimate association of theology and calumny is beautiful and unrivalled. Mr. Beaumont rises from his knees to denounce a mother to her son!

"On Sunday the 10th instant, *after some prayers* had been read at home, (it was a wet morning,) selected from a book of Bishop Hoadley's, and in which, as well as in a sermon of Sydney Smith's, I was struck by the absence of all acknowledgment of the atonement of our Saviour, and the misrepresentation of the principal object of his coming upon earth, to die for the sins of mankind, *I declared to Edward Swinburne my opinion respecting his mother, and named yourself* (he addresses Lord Grey), *General Grey, and her own butler !!!*"

After this piously-timed communication to Mr. Edward Swinburne, Mr. Beaumont says that he hied him to Sir John, to make the same agreeable disclosure to him, but that Sir John "*became out of temper, and would hear nothing*;" which was by no means extraordinary, supposing that Sir John possessed the average portion of common sense. Under these circumstances, Mr. Beaumont states that he left the house, and sought consolation in the society of the Rev. Mr. Bird, a gentleman who at the Northumberland election took occasion to pronounce a fulsome panegyric on the character of Mr. Beaumont.

How Lord Grey treated this extraordinary communication it is unnecessary to say. There was but one way of regarding it, and that is one of which the writer is naturally impatient. As one of those productions which surpass the boldest strokes of invention, it is decidedly a great curiosity. But while we view the matter in this light, we must regret that the writer's misapprehensions have taken a turn so calculated to cause trouble to himself and pain to estimable individuals; for however incredible certain charges may be, the mere association of them with a female name must occasion uneasiness to its bearer, and to those connected with her by the ties of blood or friendship.

BLARNEY AND HYPOCRISY. A SKETCH.

SCENE—A Room.

MAJOR BOMBARD *reclining on a sofa.*

Enter O'FLATTER, a SQUIREEN, and the REVEREND MR. TARETOUGH.

O'Flat. My dear major, how are you?
Tare. My poor dear fellow, I am delighted to see you looking so well and fresh this day.

Major B. Thank ye, gentlemen; this visit is very friendly. I am much better, Heaven be praised, and my wound is less painful; were it not for this cursed Chancery suit—

Tare. Curse it not, dear major; it is only one of those trials, which Providence throws in the good man's path, to chasten his latter days, and fit him for a glorious hereafter.

Major B. Ah! true, but my boys, four motherless boys! when I think of them—robbed, spoiled, left destitute by this all-engulfing law——

Tare. God will be a father to them; the world too; it is to be hoped the world is not yet so hard-hearted as to forsake them. Hope the best, my dear sir. Is not that the way, my dear Mr. O'Flatter? I believe you love the poor dear major, as well as myself?

O'Flat. In troth I do, and who has a better right? Should not I be a sorry fellow if I did not? Och! but I shall never forget his generosity about the ten pounds.

Major B. Say no more, my good sir; it was a trifling accommodation.

O'Flat. A trifling accommodation! by my soul it was not, begging your pardon. I'll speak it out wherever I go; didn't I want to take a house from you? and didn't you ask 200*l.* premium? and so by that means didn't it come out that I had not a shilling in the world?——

Major B. For goodness sake, Mr. O'Flatter, do not let gratitude betray you into unbecoming acknowledgments.

O'Flat. What do I care what people think? A'n't I come to repay you with this ten-pound note? Eh, Mr. Taretough, should an honest man be ashamed of owning an obligation?

Tare. Never, sir; therefore I admire your frankness, and wish you joy of having acquired the means of repayment.

O'Flat. Oh! as to that, I had nearly forgotten to mention it. Well, as I was saying, didn't the major put me off taking his house and nobly offer me the loan of ten pounds, to give up possession without further trouble.

Major B. Hush! Mr. O'Flatter, you exaggerate; my agent had unadvisedly——

O'Flat. Your agent! No, by my troth! don't be so modest as to give the credit of a good action to another. Your agent was likelier to have brought an execution against my goods and chattels; that is, supposing me to have had any—or my person, God forgive him!

Major B. Enough, enough!

Tare. Nay, my dear major, allow the honest man's gratitude to have full scope. Well, sir?

O'Flat. Well, then, since it is disagreeable to the major, I'll say nothing more about his goodness, only that his munificence enabled me to make a small fortin in no time.

Tare. How is that, my dear sir? You interest me much. Providence favoured your small capital, as it had disposed the major's heart to furnish you with it.

O'Flat. You speak truth indeed, reverend sir, and very thankful I am to Providence. That very evening Providence stood my friend, and I was worth fifty pounds before morning.

Tare. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! it passes my comprehension. Do, sir, inform me by what blessed results you were so befriended.

O'Flat. Oh, to be sure I will, and then may be you'll be disposed to try Providence too. Well, it was at Crockford's.

Tare. I do not understand yet.

O'Flat. Why, man, the gaming-table, where you may try your luck any day.

Tare. Hah, bad business! Afraid Providence had no hand in it. Oh! Mr. O'Flatter, it becomes my duty to warn you against the snares of Satan.

O'Flat. Oh, by my faith you may call them such; I only wish you had come across me yesterday, and then may be I should not have lost all again, barring this ten-pound note.

Tare. My dear brother sinner, as you value your soul's welfare—

O'Flat. Pooh, pooh! we know all that, but then the whole world gambles; I'll wager you are a gambler.

Tare. I! I loath the very name. No, sir, my duty to myself, to my fellow man, to—

O'Flat. Botheration! come to the point at once, a'n't you in the church?

Tare. I am a poor unworthy minister of—

O'Flat. Well, enough,—now isn't the church a lottery of patronage? You deposit the price of a good education, and you get—a blank, that is, plain orders—or a small prize, that is, a curacy—or a capital, that is, what you've got, a capital living—ha! ha!

Major B. Forbear, Mr. O'Flatter, respect the cloth.

O'Flat. Well, then, to take him on another tack, a'n't you a school-master?

Tare. M - - r, O'Flatte - - r, si - - r, to answe - - r you - - r—

O'Flat. Say yes at once, my dear fellow, and don't keep quavering and trebling your r's, as if you were putting yourself in a passion. We all know you are a schoolmaster, and you need not be ashamed to own it. Well, what is a school but a villanous gaming concern? You coax and wheedle parents to subscribe—they send their children, and the most of 'em turn out no prizes but to yourself.

Tare. You are pleased to be jocose, ha! ha! good; there is no being serious with you. Come, come, I am only preventing your settling that small trifle with the major.

O'Flat. The major's in no such desperate hurry, I take it.

Major B. Certainly not, Mr. O'Flatter. Well, Mr. Taretough, how are my boys getting on?

Tare. Charmingly, my fine, sweet fellows—How I love them!

O'Flat. Aye, aye, I've no doubt, and flog them too.

Tare. Ha! ha!—you are beginning again; a little necessary discipline you know, major, is necessary in school, as well as in the army.

Major B. Surely, an example now and then—

Tare. Just so.—My little dears—I feel every lash I give them, as if my own flesh were cut to the bone, but—

O'Flat. But it is not—theirs is, that is all the difference.

Tare. Pardon me, Mr. O'Flatter, I never, as others do, flog them within an inch of their lives—except, indeed, in cases of desperate obstinacy—

O'Flat. On whose side is the desperate obstinacy through?

Tare. Ha! ha! again at me—you are very facetious to-day; but, major, I had almost forgot a little *private* business, if your health will permit.

Major B. Certainly, Mr. O'Flatter, might I request—

O'Flat. To be sure; here, sir, take my place in this chair; I'll go to the window there, and amuse myself with Euclid's *Paradise Lost*.

Tare. [*Sitting down, whispers.*] What an ignorant, ill-mannered, unprincipled reprobate! My dear major, he must be the torment of your life. I advise you, by all means, to get your ten pounds from him as soon as you can, and have nothing more to do with him; he is an absolute pest, a blasphemer.

Major B. You are too severe; I dislike him, but you see an honest motive brings him here.

Tare. Yes, yes; and by all means speak him fair, until the money is paid, but then send him about his business.

Major B. *Apropos* to business—you had some communication.

Tare. True, my dear sir; and to commence:—you know my disposition, my weakness, as I must acknowledge it to be—that insuperable propensity which I have to make myself instrumental in the happiness of others—to help, to succour, to console my poor dear fellow worms, and to lighten their burdens of affliction. It is happiness to me, my dear major: bliss, absolute bliss. If you knew how my heart bleeds for them—what sacrifices I make for their good—but I must not recount the instances; for these are things which our right hand should not learn from the left: but they will somehow get noised abroad, eh, major; you must have heard me talked of, as a very benevolent man?

Major B. Not particularly; but I make no doubt of it.

Tare. Well, well, I pray you not to publish it, because it gives rise to a number of applications which it grieves one to refuse; but you know, major, a shilling here, and a sixpence there, and a penny elsewhere, when put together—

O'Flat. [*aloud.*] "*Credat Judæus Apella*"—beg pardon, Mr. Taretough; I've forgot my Latin; what's the meaning of that?

Tare. Ha, ha! it is as much as to say, "none of your blarney; no one but a fool would believe you."

O'Flat. 'Pon my conscience I thought as much.

Tare. Well, major, as I was observing, this indiscreet liberality of mine is not serving my family well. Mrs. Taretough, a very careful woman, often taxes me with unbounded profusion in this respect—but I cannot help it; heaven has made me so: if it be a crime, let my Maker judge it.

Major B. A crime to assist one's fellow creature! Oh, sir, I think you know better.

Tare. Ah, my dear friend, a *good* and *pious* man may be bewildered between his various duties. Am I to neglect my children for strangers? or must strangers be forgotten through the selfish object of hoarding for one's family?

Major B. By no means, my dear sir; I conceive your children will be amply provisioned, without restricting your charity within improper limits. You have but three to provide for.

Tare. Two, two—only two! Number not among them the out-cast who honoured not his father and mother.

Major B. Dear sir, your religion teaches you to forgive.

Tare. True, true, *my* religion; how wretched should I not be but for *my* religion. Yes—I—must—for-give—him. [*Staccato.*]

Major B. Poor fellow! I am glad, for his sake, that you will take him back again to your heart.

Tare. No, not so. I said I would for-give—him; that is, my curse shall not follow him to the grave; but hold! not a pace further. I know my duty better than to permit a disobedient son to share that property which a good Providence has put into my hands, to reward the dutiful and succour the distressed.

Major B. His crime must have been great to be visited so heavily?

Tare. Great—enormous. What think you of ingratitude, the basest of all crimes? What if you had given your son a profession, and that he should use it only to defraud you?

Major B. Very bad indeed.

Tare. Bad—diabolical. I made him an attorney; put bills into his hands to proceed on; judgments to enter; mortgages to foreclose—the only business in fact he had; and the very first bill of costs he brought was against—whom do you think? Against the defendants? No; as I live it was against myself—his father and benefactor.

Major B. But, my dear sir, what could induce you to put him into so roguish a profession?

Tare. A religious motive—that he might defend the widow and orphan; protect the poor; serve the just. He ought to have redeemed the character of his profession, for no son ever had a more religious education; prayers morning and evening—sermons twice on Sundays. But money, or rather Satan, tempted him.

Major B. Let us hope that his case is not irremediable; time may obliterate much. But your other children will make amends for any sorrows you may have had with him.

Tare. Hope so. If Editha will but marry the venerable man who has proposed for her, and Samuel but consent to take orders, all may be well yet, and I may learn to be less liberal for their sakes. But to revert to the point; I have latterly been so lavish, and poor Mrs. Codex is so unhappy—

[*Enter a servant, with letter to Major B.*]

Major B. Excuse me, gentlemen, a letter from my solicitor. [*reads.*] Good heavens! all is over, the appeal has gone against me—I am utterly beggared: a second Chancery suit is all that is left me. When will this redoubled torture end?

O'Flat. What! will you lose possession of the estate?

Major B. Immediately—the rents must be paid into Chancery till the cross-bill is disposed of, and not a farthing—to go on with it. Oh! that I had sold, sunk, surrendered every inch of my patrimony ere it came to this! It has worn my body to a skeleton, and my property to atoms.

Tare. A trial, my dear major; bear it like a man.

Major B. I would, I would, but for my children.

Tare. Fear not, HE will raise them up friends.

O'Flat. No doubt of it. Here's myself, poor enough to be sure; but then there is the wealthy Mr. Taretough.

Major B. Ah! gentlemen, my thanks to you both; but alas! I was born with an independence; how could I support eleemosynary relief? I must endeavour to clear accounts with all the world, and if any wreck of my property remain, to save it for subsistence. Mr. Taretough, I am largely your debtor for the education of my boys?

Tare. Only a few hundred pounds, as I was going to remind you when this unlucky news arrived; but it can be easily settled, as I am the last person in the world to—to—in short, to refuse accommodation. If you have not the ready money, or cannot raise it upon goods, I will take your bond, provided you allow me to enter judgment upon it as first creditor.

Major B. What! will you not be content with the bond? Will you proclaim my distress by suing out judgment, and let loose all the harpies upon me at once? No, sir; I prefer selling every stick in my house to such accommodation as that.

Tare. As you please, my dear sir; only recollect my urgency for the money, my long list of charities, subscriptions, my children, and the complaints of Mrs. Taretough.

O'Flat. Of all which you may just believe as little as you like.

Tare. What, sir! do you doubt my words?

O'Flat. Do you believe them your own self?

Tare. Yes, I do.

O'Flat. The more fool you. I hope Major Bombard don't.

Major B. I believe, indeed I might have known, that money was his god;—and does all your panegyric of yourself but terminate in requiring a concession so ruinous to your *friend*? Go, sir; send me your account, and send me home my boys.

Tare. "The labourer is worthy of his hire;" I ask no more than my right.

Major B. No more, assuredly; but it is in the spirit of an executioner. Sir, you shall be forthwith paid your uttermost farthing, if it leave me pennyless; and God forgive you your trespasses.

O'Flat. For shame, Mr. Taretough, with your pretensions to charity. The major's been a good milch-cow to you, and now you mane to sue him, or arrest him perhaps, when it will prevent his going on with law. Do you mean to kill the goose for the golden egg—"as we forgive them that trespass against us"—there's a quotation for you, and you know where to find it, I think, as it's in your own way.

Tare. Mind your own affairs, sir; and before you interfere with the debts of others, pay your own, even out of the wages of your iniquity.

O'Flat. Hah! gambling I presume. Well, and so I will, honey: cheer up, my dear major, all will be well yet—other friends will prove truer than that—no matter what—here is a thirty-pound acceptance of my own—take it, pay yourself, and give me the balance when convenient.

Major B. Sir, this is of no earthly use to me, I would rather have the ten pounds which you produced.

O'Flat. Did I produce it? Oh then, it was by mistake, for to tell you the truth—hem!—it is not my own.

Tare. Ha! ha! ha! admirable shuffle!

O'Flat. What is that, old hypocrite?

Tare. Nothing, swindler.

O'Flat. Usurer.

Tare. Gambler.

Major B. Begone both of you, let not this chamber be the scene of your ungentlemanly altercation—your epithets may be equally just, but go vent them elsewhere.

Tare. Well, Sir, you shall hear from my attorney soon. [Exit.]

O'Flat. Major, I'll borrow money to pay you. [Exit.]

Major. [solus.] Now heaven rid me of false friends, and oh! lighten this blow upon us all. My wounds! my dear boys, your care-worn father has not long to live. Would that I had died in the field for my country, rather than to be thus killed piecemeal by her laws.

[Scene closes.]

A THREE DAYS' WALK IN THE HIGHLANDS,

IN A LETTER FROM A CITIZEN TO A CITIZEN.

"Do not sleep, but let me hear from you," were your last words at our parting by the river's edge, I on my way to breathe the "difficult air" of mountain tops, and you to breathe again the yet more difficult air of Fleet Street and the Strand. It is now raining in a fashion, of which your feeble drivelling showers can give you no adequate conception. The windows of Heaven are open beyond a doubt, and dull, heavy, and intermitting descends the deluge in one continuous stream. Right opposite the window at which I am sitting rises a hill, or what a month ago I should have called a mountain, which, in clear weather, lifts its purple head high above the circumjacent heights, but is now, with all its lesser alps, shrouded from the view. There is no alternative for me, (unless I would *weary* for fair weather over a Homer, that has crept unknown into my baggage, picking out the sense of all but every third line,) than to inflict upon you an epistle as long as the long, long hour, and as dull as the prospect. For who is so little alone in his own company as to be able, with no better society, to bear up against the united influence of a rainy day and a Highland hovel?

I will not detain you at Cromer, or Scarborough, or Whitby, or Warkworth, or St. Abb's Head, or Embro' itself; now that steam-packets have caused the grass to grow on the great north road, the aspect of Britain sea-ward is as well known as Grantham steeple or Gunnersbury-hill. It was on the 1st of July, 1826, that I left Embro', on board the *Quentin Durward* steam vessel, bound for Dundee. We passed Inch Keith, on which Dr. Johnson is so absurdly sage, hoping to espy a sealgh or phoca slumbering upon the beach, but our wish was not gratified. However, my stars afterwards recompensed me for this disappointment, by showing me, as I crossed a corner of a little island in the Orkneys, lying between Burra and the Mainland, the whole herd of Protens, asleep upon the shore. The boatmen, to avoid being carried out of their way by the tide

which, confined in a narrow channel, was running in an adverse direction, at a rate at which it runs no where else in the world save in the Orkneys only, had preferred to drag their boat, at the risk of staving it, across a projection of this Isle of Proteus and his sea-kne; and I preferred paying the herd a visit, to helping them along the rugged course they were proposing to navigate. The herd allowed me to advance within some twenty or thirty yards of their fold, near enough to be certain that, what I had contended with the Orcadians were nothing more than so many masses of black and white stone upon the beach, were actually instinct with life. At the next step I respectfully made, they began one after the other to *wallop* (as the antiquary expressively describes their graceful motion) into the water; in which, when I had at length reached the spot whereon they had been basking, I beheld some thirty faces, which resembled that of a mastiff dog, and viewed the intruder with such exceeding gravity, as disposed me almost to laugh at the reverend assembly. Occasionally they turned their heads to each other, as anxious to read in one another's eyes the meaning of so unwonted an intrusion. The natives are not endowed with the active belligerent spirit of Hector M'Intyre, and the phocas therefore sleep unmolested on every beach of the Orcades. This little island is a favourite retreat, and seemed to be wholly theirs. But leaving these emerald isles of the north sea, whither I have got before my time, return we to the coast of Fife, where you may descry St. Andrew's seated on the water's edge. Its towers are seen with the naked eye; its silent quadrangles and sacred grass-plots may be left to the imagination. Another hour or so brought us fairly into the mouth of the Tay, and showed us Dundee with a grove of masts, and smoke-breathing chimneys instead of turrets, seeming by its commercial opulence to insult the stillness of the tomb of learning that lies opposite. Why Dundee is called "bonny" may perplex the traveller to divine, nor will he, methinks, stop to inquire, but cry with the hero of the old song:—

Come saddle my horse and let me gae free,
I daur na bide langer in bonny Dundee.

The Firth of Tay has green swelling banks well-wooded for Scotland, but is not comparable to the "glorious Forth." No steep rugged Bass, white with innumerable sea-fowl, breaks the uniform expanse of ocean; no St. Abb's Head juts out into the sea, with Wolf's-hope and Wolf's-crag, and all that exists not in reality, and yet "more truly is;" and no anticipation of the great city rising gloomy and grand in the remote distance stretches the neck of the passenger to catch the first view of "mine own romantic town." He who has seen Edinburgh from the middle of the Firth, just at that point where the Pentland hills uniting with Arthur's seat encompass the town in a semicircle that is broken only by the huge castle, whose heavy barracks, riding high in the clouds, look at that distance like the towers of some fabulous Mongatz, and by the ridge of the High Street, whose chimney tops on a cloudy day are both "turret, dome and battlement," has beheld a sight, which "I bind, on pain of punishment, the world to weet," no other sight in the world can parallel. But let us on. The traveller who approaches Perth by the road from Dundee will lose, "I ween, a full fair sight," unless he walk next morning two or three miles along the Edinburgh road, and resolutely keep his back to the

town till he has toiled up a steep ascent; when, if he chooses to turn round, he will behold what the guide-books tell you made Agricola's soldiers exclaim, "Ecce Tyber! ecce campus Martius!" His eyes wander over a vast plain, bounded on the left by the amphitheatre of the Highland hills, here with an aspect black and threatening, (for at the moment I beheld the prospect, a storm was collecting over the head of Ben Voirlich,) and there retiring away in every shade of blue till lost and mingled with the sky. Immediately opposite at the distance of a mile rises a huge precipitous rock of red stone crowned with a plantation, under which the Tay drives rapidly along to lose himself among groves and rising grounds to the right. In one of his sinuosities, for Meander himself pursues not a more tortuous course, he embraces the city of Perth, where he pours his waters through a bridge of many arches, after winding along the whole extent of the plain. Having taken a glance at this wide prospect, I proceeded to view it more leisurely in detail; an opportunity for which is enjoyed in perfection only by the pedestrian, and which between you and me is the best recommendation of that mode of travelling. In other words, I shouldered my staff and plied my feet, an exercise which they took so unkindly, that by the time I reached Auchtergraven (a name for you to practise your organs of speech upon) they very willingly reposed themselves in an upper chamber wherein stood a bed with checked curtains, whither traveller in those parts is ushered, in order to the enjoyment alike of his pot of porter and his night's repose. Here I first heard, or deemed I heard, the sound of Gaelic; but as this is a sort of debatable land, I may have mistaken the lowland jargon of two cackling old women for the mother tongue of Ossian. The road grew beautiful as I approached Dunkeld, and beguiled my very feet of their pains. Father Tay again revealed himself with a selva of white pebbles on either side; and the hills began to assume the frowning aspect of veritable mountains. The praiseworthy assiduity of the great proprietor has clothed most of these heights with plantations of oak and fir; the very respectable ridge on your left, however, raises his head covered only by his native heath. Under shades "high over-arched" the road descends for two or three miles, and appears to be leading you only to deeper solitudes. I looked curiously forth from time to time for a glimpse of the town, but beheld only one interminable bower of green leaves, sparkling in the sun, and rustling to the breeze. At length sundry wreaths of blue smoke were seen stealing from among the trees, and presently I came in sight of a noble bridge, with the weather-stained ruins of the old cathedral, on a carpet of green turf beyond. If a man's honey-moon were a time to look at rocks and water-falls and babble o' green fields, this were a place to steal to and hide yourself and partner from the world. But Dunkeld, with all its beauties could not overcome my innate propensity to press forward; so leaving my benediction on the place, I pursued my way next morning, as I thought, to Blair, but really in the opposite direction. The road was too agreeable to make me very inquisitive about the way it ran; so after having walked several miles, I discovered on inquiry that I had doubled my distance from Killiecrankie to which in my own belief I had been advancing. I retraced my steps, and having put Dunkeld a few miles behind me, solaced my weary limbs

with bathing them in the Tay, a compliment I have since paid to most of the rivers and firths of Scotland. The other day, for example, I had a sumptuous bathe under the rocks of Duncansby-head, with sea-fowl innumerable shrieking and clamouring above.

But Killiecrankie—the pass, it is said, of Bally-broughness, “abune which Sandy,” according to Callum Beg, “seldom caam,”—it was not till evening began to lower that I entered it. Before the existence of the plantations, which now fringe its naked sides, it must have been, indeed, an “awful” pass. The Garry—for I had bid a reluctant adieu to father Tay, and caught a view of the high mountains among which I imagine he is borne—the Garry thundered below at an immense depth, almost perfectly invisible. The road, which was more like a road through a park than high road, ran along the side of the mountain, with plantations above and below. The opposite hill is a craggy height, where the white rock looks out frequently among the shrubs by which it is clothed. The descent to the bed of the stream is on both sides almost a sheer precipice. The shades of evening were stealing over a sky glowing with a recently splendid sun-set; and two Highlanders who were going my way, entertained me with *their* edition of the battle of Killiecrankie and the death of Dundee. A monumental stone, at present rising amidst a crop of oats, marks the spot where he fell. “The dead bodies,” said this native historian, “lay so thick down yonder at that ford, you might have gone over dry-shod.” In this conversation I fancied I observed a touch of Highland politeness or suppleness, call it which you please. “General Mackay,” said my informant, “who commanded the Englishers,—no, not the Englishers exactly,” (correcting himself,) “they were the covenanters, you are to understand.” I interposed with, “but I believe General Mackay had chiefly English troops on that occasion.” “Well then, the Englishers, sir, as *you* say,” returned he, incapable of the delicacy of seeming to believe them to have been English, because, as he had before sagaciously remarked, his auditor was from England. Our talk was interrupted by the unlooked-for sight of two fair apparitions, stepping gently down the pass with the air of persons perfectly at home; one of them was a bright-haired, blue-eyed lassie, who bore her country in her countenance; the other a more womanly personage with a look more assured, a darker eye and a cast of features with which I was more familiar. “Who are they?” said I. “O, its just Miss Cawmil frae the hoose o’urrard,” (he pointed to a white house till now hid among the trees,) “and the southland leddie, her governess.” The Bridge of Tilt, a pleasant inn, facing an amphitheatre of bare green hills, received me that evening, weary yet not displeased.

To this succeeded Blair Athol which I went not out of my way to visit, because one does not go to Scotland to see fine seats and pleasure-grounds; and Bruar Water, whose waters, (although the “noble duke” has acceded to its “humble petition,” and shaded its banks “wi’trees,” not yet “towering,” and “bonnie spreading bushes,”) had nevertheless left “half their channel dry,” and were complaining among “whitening stanes.”

Next ensued two long stages of perfect Highland dreariness. The

country through which I had passed, compared with that in which my route now lay, suggested very forcibly the idea of Eden and the surrounding wastes into which our first parents were exiled. Along the banks of the Tay there are several spots where the scenery is of the soft and smiling character, which more properly belongs to the landscape of merry England. At the same time, the violence of the streams, the dark purple of the hills, and occasionally the appearance of some tremendous peak in the distance, advertise you that you are in the neighbourhood of "the Grampians." The vale or strath through which I had travelled, ended, as I have invariably found such vales or straths to do, in a wild and desolate region, where the road extends its weary length through peat-mosses and bogs, over which the eye is carried to black frowning hills, whereon herds of black cattle pick up a subsistence, among the sprinklings of verdure that chequer the otherwise uniform expanse of rock and heather. It was on a black and threatening evening that I left Dalnacardoch, an uncomfortable and (to me) inhospitable Highland inn, for Dalwhinnie, where I intended to take up my rest during the night. On either side, at the distance of about half a mile or so, arose black, heavy, lumpish hills, which succeeded each other with scarcely any discernible difference of shape or complexion. Their tops, for they rose to a great height, were often shrouded in a dense cloud; it occasionally also drizzled, and this rendering their forms indistinct, made them look more awfully gloomy. The expanse below was a marshy green, diversified with pools of waters, whose black edges showed that they had been made by the digging of peat. Along the road the only objects were black stacks of peat appearing here and there, and Highland cottages, quite as black, and scarcely larger than the peat stacks attached to them. The smoke! rising, not through a chimney—luxury unknown to the country, but through a hole in the roof, which they call a *lumm*, (if I spell it right,) and eddying in a dense volume through the low-roofed door and air-hole guiltless of glass, gave you intimation what kind of comfort you were to look for within. A strapping Celtic lady with a child in arms, not unfrequently crept from under the low door, and standing erect as tall as the roof of her house looked upon the traveller and his straw-hat; whilst more timorously from behind the corner of the cottage peeped forth a bare-headed, bare-legged, tawny-coloured urchin with a ragged kilt, and half a shirt. Alongside of the road the Garry brawled and chafed, without even an alder or birch to clothe his banks. I had seen this mountain-stream further down its course bounding away in the depths of a glen more beautiful than imagination could paint. It was now impatiently pursuing its way through a wide waste whose dreariness equally surpasses description. As I advanced, the vastness and solitude of the country seemed to increase—more properly, I believe, the evening began to grow darker; no peat stacks—no cottages—not even a black-faced sheep suddenly lifting its head and staring at the passer by. "Ne bird was heard to sing, ne bee to hum." Only black posts at intervals to point out the road to the traveller, who otherwise in great falls of snow might chance to wander out of his way, and be no more heard of. The Garry too had forsaken me. Through an opening between two twin-mountains—fac similes of each other in blackness, lumpishness

and altitude—I espied the condemned loch, from which he takes his rise. The mists were thick upon it, and without tree or shrub; the mountains descended abruptly down to its very margin, entombing it, as it were, in black moss and heather.

I trudged along like one impatient of the place and time, unable to withdraw my thoughts from dwelling upon the utter desolation around me, or to forbear contrasting it with the comforts of a snug parlour, a blazing fire and bubbling tea-urn. In the language of the motto to the first chapter of *Guy Mannering*—"When he looked around and beheld nothing but a black morass extending on all sides, and heard nothing but the whistling of the wind through the bull-rushes or the mournful cry of the lapwing, he did sometimes find himself wishing that he was safe at home by his own snug fire-side." Thus thinking of nothing but the inn to which I was hastening, I pressed forward regardless of a pain in the left knee, which admonished me that I had walked enough for one day. The last gleams of day-light served to reveal the broken ridge of a higher chain of hills than any I had yet seen rising before me. I have been so long among hills and glens, that the appearance of any huge barrier of this kind makes comparatively little impression upon me. But when I first entered the Highlands, the sight of any distant peak of unusual latitude used to affect me with an indescribable sensation of curiosity and awe. When the eye has nothing to repose upon but a distant assemblage of blue mountains, the barriers of an unexplored region, fancy is busily engaged in penetrating its recesses, and painting scenes far more sequestered, and strange than any which the reality can exhibit. But when you have got into the heart of the country, and are walking contentedly along the banks of the stream that wanders through the glen or strath which these mountains enclose, you are satisfied with gazing and enjoying, and imagination has nothing to do. A blue hill in the distant landscape is to me a more interesting and affecting object than the same hill close at hand, however gigantic and picturesque be its proportions. It was some relief to me to look out occasionally upon these remote barriers to which I appeared to be tending; and it was yet greater to find myself on the banks of another cheerful stream which promised a strath ere long. By and by was heard the shepherd's dog barking—a sign of comfort in this thinly inhabited district; and after a time a light twinkled, but whether far or near was difficult to decide. The road crossed the stream by a bridge, but my left knee ached long and painfully before I reached my resting-place. A carriage in the inn-yard, and lights glancing backwards and forwards, seemed to speak a full house. Of several doors, I chose that which appeared the most dignified, but I chose wrong. It led me to the kitchen; a lofty apartment bounded only by the rafters, which were varnished with the soot of centuries. Figures male and female, old and young, were descried by the light of the fire, crouching round a collection of peat ashes spread upon the ground, whilst a strapping lass, the queen of the Pandemonium, was bustling to and fro. They raised their heads to look at the new guest; but Dalwhynnie is the head quarters of the greatest sporting country in Scotland; and the straw-hat and jacket of the "muir-fowl shooter" are sights familiar to the eye. With some difficulty I made my way to the more habitable quarter of the house, and met my landlady at the foot of the stairs, who ushered me into an apartment dim with the smoke that issued

from a smudging fire of peats. Through this cloud I espied a form, which seemed to be engaged in discussing a bottle of port, and my landlady's apology gave me to understand with more certainty that we were intruding upon premises already occupied. The figure turned its head, and then set a back upon us which said plainly as back could speak, you are not welcome here. However, by the time that I had placed myself conveniently by the fire—this was early in July you recollect—arranged my little comforts, to wit, tea, toast, black currant jelly, comfits, marmalade, and all the little niceties of a Scottish tea-table, which we know little or nothing of, the figure became more sociable, and entered amicably into conversation. For accent and dialect it might have been English, but a certain dogmatical tone betrayed the Scot. We chatted on this and that, till my eyelids began to close of their own accord, and I left him to the enjoyment of a glass of warm toddy, with which he had proceeded to correct the coldness and rawness of the port.

"The morn was up again—the dewy morn,—with breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom," &c.;—the very desert smiled under the influence of a bright sun; and the showers of the night had refreshed the parched heather, and called forth its fragrance, which was to me a most delicious perfume. The scene, I believe, was nothing more than a continuation of that which had inspired me with so much ennui on the preceding night; but it now seemed that even the wilderness had charms, and that a man might live in this country and yet hope to be reasonably happy. I walked for some time under the quickening influence of those feelings which pedestrians alone enjoy; till my raptures were somewhat abated by the recurrence of the pain in my left knee, and I began to fear that one cannot be even a walker without practice. The scene however visibly improved. Dwarf birches and alders began again to feather the sides of the hills, and edge the borders of the water. The hills receded and the valley expanded; the river grew broader and poured a more copious torrent of water, whilst a more refreshing green occasionally adorned its banks and patches of corn of all shapes and sizes undefended by any thing like hedge or ditch, more frequently chequered the moss and heather. I was in the midst of Strath-spey, on the banks of the Spey, with the high hills of Badenoch around me and in the distance the lofty peak of Cairngorum, whence come the beautiful stones of that name. I was now to look out for a white house, where a friend of mine had appointed to meet me, and where he had assured me I should find a hospitable welcome. I saw one, at a considerable distance on the other side of the river prettily seated near the bottom of the hill, with that abundance of green patches around it, which marks the favourite seat of the sheep farmer, and such was the *ci-de-vant* Captain M. As I drew nearer, I discerned two persons standing on the green before the house, one of them looking attentively through what seemed a perspective glass; and by the advantage of an intervening ascent, I surprised them in the act of reconnoitering the road, at the distance of about four miles, there being no hedge-row trees in these parts to impede the prospect, in quest of me. Mr. M——, an officer of foot in the Duke of York's memorable expedition to Holland and now a sheep-farmer, came forward to welcome me, with nothing of the air of a military man,

but with the cordiality and native politeness of a Highlander.—His house was a neat white-washed cottage of pretty considerable dimensions; in accommodations scarcely equal to a respectable villager's house in an ordinary village.

The dinner, which was soon announced, concluded with a novel dainty, of which I had never seen the like—a preparation of milk of the consistence of jelly, which is eaten with cream if such be the taste of the party. In the articles of milk, cream and butter, they surpass the choicest productions of English dairies; the reason of which was once given me by a Highlander, "O, it a' the heather flowers, and the *nāt'ral* grass." In the Highlands they sow no clover, and the spontaneous grass of the hill and vale is far sweeter than the comparatively rank crops that are obtained from English pastures. Added to this, they are not articles of sale among them, being made only for home consumption. Something also may be ascribed to the little black Highland cow, a much more delicate creature than the milky mothers of our own herds.—What with their delicate mutton, their sweet potatoes, their plentiful supplies of milk and cream, which are introduced in every shape, and are the invariable accompaniments of every kind of fruit and pastry, a Highland repast is to be preferred to a city feast. Dr. Johnson I think complains on one occasion of being able to procure nothing but whisky—"She sold nothing but whisky."—I have never been in a hovel so poor that did not afford a bowl of milk, which I should have pronounced to be cream, either for money or for love.

The milk and cheese gave place to the bottle of whisky, the Highlander's favourite beverage, of which, plain and diluted, he drinks what would seem to us immoderate potations. Yet intoxication is rare: I do not remember having seen an instance of it since I have been in the Highlands. The exercise they take and the rawness of their atmosphere enable them to consume a quantity of ardent spirit, that would quickly undermine the constitution of a southern toper. Legal or licensed whisky is I find in the Highlands only another name for whisky of an inferior quality; and as that which is smuggled may be had at a much cheaper rate, you may be sure it is universally preferred. Our potation, in which a bottle soon disappeared among three or four of us, was seasoned with a variety of stories about the 45 and Prince Charles with sundry Badenoch traditions. After having jointly imbibed thus much whisky made into toddy, we were invited forth to breathe the fresh air. In the portico, and most houses have an humble shed that serves for a portico, hung a variety of plaids which appeared to be used in common by the whole household, each member of it throwing one over his shoulders when he has occasion to step over the threshold. We were severally accommodated with such like Highland mantles, and took our way up one of the sequestered glens that are so common in this country.

A description, indeed, of any one of these might with certain modifications, serve for a general description of the glens and straths throughout Scotland. A stream of water issuing somewhere in the hills and losing its way for a while in moss and heather, at length escapes down a declivity. This hollow in the hills being sheltered from the winds and fertilized by the stream, shows generally some spots of delightfully green pasture, as well as a profusion of the natural wood, which

clothes the banks of the stream, and often climbs half-way up the mountain. The latter may be more or less abrupt and rocky, the stream broader or narrower, and the plain between have a smaller or larger expanse of cultivated lands; but such is the general character. The beauties as well as the natural wealth of the Highlands lie in these interstices of the mountains, which for the most part comprise also a loch, formed by the river or torrent flowing through the strath. The rest is all a wide extent of mountain ridges crossing one another in every direction, and clothed with moss or heather varied by rocks and patches of green; the hollows between them being for the most part peat bogs and verdant swamps. You are thus always enclosed, always secluded, and your prospect is at no time very extensive, unless when some giant of the Grampians lifts his head on high above his brethren and is seen from afar. The principal valley or strath will have smaller glens opening in it on either side, where torrents have forced their way down some hollow of the hills to join the principal stream. After long continued rains the mountain side is itself striped with running streams of water, that glitter like so many silver threads in the sunshine. In the summer these water courses are dry, and distinguished only by the sand and gravel which the streams have brought down along with them. These glens, appearing to admit you as it were into the heart of the mountain, present irresistible temptations to the pedestrian to deviate from the beaten path; but if you pursue them far, they never fail to conduct you to a wide and bleak expanse of moss and moor. The choicest scenes in the Highlands are found in these secluded places, and often therefore escape observation. To see any portion of the country properly, it is necessary to take up your quarters in some particular spot, from which, as from a centre, you may extend your investigations all around. Often have I passed a beautiful and sequestered loch or dell, from which I was separated but by a single intervening ridge, without dreaming that I was in the vicinity of any thing better than "barren rock and cold greystone."

The next day happened to be Sunday, or the Sabbath, as the Presbyterians more solemnly designate it. We went to dine at a neighbour's, but had to ride many miles for our dinner. Our route led us by the shores of Loch Laggan, the pride of that region, which the Badenoch and Lochaber people hold to be superior to Loch Katrine. Each mounted on a rough Highland poney forth we issued, upon a road that ran parallel to the one I had trod the preceding day, but on the opposite side of the Spey. It was nearly overhung on the right by a steep mountain, that occasionally was little else than a precipitous wall of rock; and on the left lay the strath, the stream and another dusky barrier beyond. The view in front presented a high mountain-ridge, which was continually changing shape, seldom assuming any very romantic outline but rising often to a great height, as was shown by the patches of snow which you espied in the crevices of the rocks. Bleak and desolate the scene could not well be called, though without the propitious influence of a bright sun, for the day was dull and louring. A wild and solitary region it was, that might possibly oppress a stranger with too deep a feeling of loneliness, but to which a native might be supposed to cling with the fondness mountaineers usually entertain for the natural ramparts of their country. Here and there

stood a Highland gentleman-farmer's abode, bare and naked on the hill side, and visible for many a mile around ; and here and there a cluster of black huts, the tenants of which rented in conjunction a farm, whose insufficiency for the maintenance of the sheep and cattle, with which it is stocked, they eke out by allowing them to trespass on the adjacent lands. Looking back, the view up the strath grew more engaging the higher we ascended ; and the screen of hills in the background shut in the valley behind us with a cluster of gigantic peaks, that presented every shade of colouring from dusky brown to purple and cerulean blue. The road itself wore a more animated look than ordinary ; parties of well-dressed Highlanders, with plaids, tartan jackets and chequered trews, but seldom with the bonnet ; and lasses with bare heads and bare feet, carrying their shoes and stockings and bibles in their hands ; were performing their hebdomadal pilgrimage to the distant kirk. One old gentleman I remarked with particular admiration, wearing a broad blue bonnet and plaid, and mounted on a powerful horse, riding in the van of his family ; whom a handsome girl, gay with a profusion of scarlet ribbons, was driving in something between a cart and a cabriolet, followed by two or three of the younger people on Highland ponies. These figures, seen from a distance moving among the heather, gave a peculiarly pleasing effect to the landscape.

A country like this can hardly be without its stock of legendary lore, and with the exception of Lochaber and Rob Roy's country, it is richer in tradition than any other district of the Highlands. It was originally the seat of the Comyns, black and red ; but on the accession of Robert Bruce, they lost lands, gear, life and all ; the clan was extirpated, and the very name extinguished. To them, with better fortunes, succeeded the Macphersons, Manabs, and other Macs, whose descendants possess it unto this day. The stories of mine host related chiefly to a much later period—the 45, a year still fresh in the memory or imagination of the natives of these Highlands ; for in this and the neighbouring district of Lochaber, Prince Charles was himself secreted for a considerable time. I was most amused by the adventures of old Macpherson of Cluny, chief of the clan, who headed the men of Badenoch, one of the finest clan regiments in the cavalier's army. He was the chief who in the skirmish at Clifton covered the rear of the Highlanders, and according to my host's account, performed the part of Fergus Mac Ivor on that occasion ; with this difference, that instead of falling into the enemy's hands, he prudently withdrew his men as soon as they had repulsed the cavalry. His orders to retire were heard and obeyed by all, save a deaf Macpherson, who either would not or could not hear the signal for retreat, and who still kept pressing on towards the main body of the Duke's cavalry, declaring it a shame to leave the ground whilst so many of the loons remained upon it. His deafness or obstinacy procured him a cloven skull, and he was the only person who fell in that affair. Cluny and his clan, owing to some mistake in the day on which they understood battle was to be given, were not present at the last conflict at Culloden. It has ever since been a joke against the Macphersons, that they were eating their "*brose*" within sound of the firing on the field of battle.

Our host here interrupted his discourse to draw our attention to the surrounding scene. We stood on a spot that commanded a view of more than usual interest. The Spey, whose banks fringed with natural wood had hitherto confined him within his proper limits, had now found an opportunity of expanding his waters into one or two small dark and deep lochs, the sides of which, from the deep blue verdure which they exhibited, the experienced eye might easily know to be a morass. Beyond this rose a pretty knoll closely covered with copse-wood, over which impended a black mountain-barrier, that effectually conceals the spot from such as travel the military road to Inverness. The road on the opposite bank of the river, along which we were now smoothly pacing, before the days of Marshal Wade, the great road-maker of the Highlands, was a peat bog, which a Highlander, nimble as the deer of his own hills, might with his light springing step have perhaps surmounted, but which would have been certain to sink under the weight of an armed *Sidier Roy*. And if he had hoped a passage by attempting the hill, he would have found his way barred by the precipice that in this place nearly overhangs the road. The Spey itself, over which no bridges were in those days, is for many a furlong unfordable, except in seasons of absolute drought.

After the final dispersion of the clans at Culloden, old Cluny is said to have remained in hiding among his own hills for ten long years; whether that he was unable to find means to leave the country, or that he was loath to abandon it, or, as my informer seemed to think, he still continued like Mr. Redgauntlet to foster hopes that the right side would yet turn uppermost. His favourite retreat, for he had many, was on the little wooded knoll I have mentioned, where two of his clansmen under the cover of night built him a hut half sunk in the ground and thatched above with rushes; the whole being so completely shrouded by the alders and birch-trees around, as to set the most inquisitive eye at defiance. It had the advantage too of being but a short distance from his own castle, whither he could occasionally venture down, and warm himself by his ain ingle nook. He continued to make this his principal abode, till it was accidentally discovered by one of his own clan, a prying, prating fellow, with whom no secret was safe. This Macpherson, if I recollect right, had scrambled down to the thicket to gather nuts, when happening unwittingly to tread on the roof of Cluny's hut, his foot went through it and disturbed the chief in his lonely meditations. The latter not knowing what to expect, instantly made his appearance before the eyes of his astonished clansman: "God bless me, Cluny, is that you?" exclaimed he, "I am glad to see you." "But I am not glad to see *you*, Donald," returned the chief. "Why so, Cluny; do you think I would betray you?" "No, I do not think you would betray me; but I know that before morning this story will be in every old wife's mouth in the strath." "I will be as silent as if I were in my grave." "And in your grave you would be, were I to deal with you as I ought, and as self-defence bids me." The chief understood his clansman's weakness too well to trust him. He took a start over the hill, and before day-break was twenty miles distant from the spot; and well for him he was so, for before morning dawned a party of red-coats had visited it, and laid bare the inclosure.

Cluny's story affords another proof of the unconquerable fidelity of the Highlanders to their chiefs. That he was somewhere concealed in the country, was a fact known to all the people of the district; and yet for ten years he contrived to elude the vigilance of persons on the alert to apprehend him. In particular, on one occasion they laid a trap for the old fox into which he had nearly fallen. Cluny latterly grew less cautious, and was oftener found seated by his own fire-side. They were aware of this, and four parties of soldiers were one night directed to march with all haste in four different directions to Cluny Castle, and seize the chief, who was known to be at that moment within doors. Their information was perfectly correct; for not only was Cluny in his own castle, but in no condition to help himself, being actually dead-drunk; for his troubles and privations seem latterly to have induced in him too great an affection for the kind creature and its consolations. The arrest of the chief was prevented by the merest accident. A clansman going to bed happened to hear a sound like the clash of arms, and listening, he plainly distinguished the suppressed tread of a party of men. He peeped out of the window, and to his dismay the moon-beams glanced upon three or four fire-locks. Instantly, naked as he was, he sprung out of a back-window, and ran with the speed of a Highlander towards Cluny Castle. His alarm and precipitation brought on a pain in his side, which disabled him from prosecuting his flight. In this emergency he called up another of the clansmen who lived hard by; and this man hastening on in the same manner arrived in time to give the alarm. Cluny, quite insensible, was swathed in the plaids of his companions, and so transported out of the castle. The party arrived at the ford, which was but a bow-shot from the castle, just as the soldiers were preparing to cross it; and having concealed themselves among the alders till the enemy had effected their passage, they made all haste in one direction, while the soldiers, secure of their prey, pressed forward in the other. Cluny, after many vicissitudes and hair-breadth escapes at length effected his retreat into France, where he died. His son, who, along with many other Highland gentlemen, recovered his paternal estate, was born whilst his father was in hiding, and is said to have borne among his clansmen a name, which being interpreted literally, means, "Duncan of the Kilns." I saw on my return the ladies of Cluny-house walking by the banks of the river. They were dressed in no antique fashion, but were precisely such figures as you see in the streets of Bath or Cheltenham; and yet it is not much more than "sixty years ago" since old Cluny, their grandfather, led his clan into the heart of England! Such, and so rapid, has been the change of manners in the Highlands!

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

[So little seems to be known of the proceedings of the Council of the London University, and of its future plans, concerning which we have heard repeated inquiries made, and not satisfactorily answered, that we think we shall be doing service both to the excellent design and the public, by reprinting the Prospectus which has been circulated among the subscribers.]

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

COUNCIL.

Hon. James Abercrombie, M.P.
 Right Hon. Lord Auckland.
 Alexander Baring, Esq. M.P.
 George Birkbeck, M.D.
 Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. F.R.S.
 Thomas Campbell, Esq.
 Right Hon. Viscount Dudley and Ward.
 Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, Esq.
 Olinthus G. Gregory, LL. D.
 George Grote, Jun. Esq.
 Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P. F.R.S.
 Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne,
 F.R.S.

Zachary Macauley, Esq. F.R.S.
 Sir James Mackintosh, M.P. F.R.S.
 James Hill, Esq.
 His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.
 Lord John Russell, M.P.
 Benjamin Shaw, Esq.
 John Smith, Esq. M.P.
 William Tooke, Esq. F.R.S.
 Henry Warburton, Esq. F.R.S.
 Henry Weymouth, Esq.
 John Wishaw, Esq. F.R.S.
 Thomas Wilson, Esq.

PROSPECTUS.

The Plan of the University of London is now so much matured, that the Council, chosen to superintend its affairs, deem themselves bound to lay an outline of it before the public, in order that the friends of public instruction may have a fuller opportunity of determining how far the Institution deserves the continuance of their support.

The number and names of the Subscribers sufficiently evince the strong conviction of its utility which prevails in the class for whom the Institution is peculiarly destined, and who consult their own interest, as well as that of the public, in contributing towards its establishment.

The City of London is nearly equal in population, and far superior in wealth, to each of the Kingdoms of Denmark, Saxony, Hanover, and Wirtemburgh, every one of which has at least one flourishing University. Supposing the annual rate of increase, in the last five years, to have been the same as in the preceding ten, the present population cannot be less than fourteen hundred thousand souls,* of whom there are about forty thousand males, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one; the usual period of academical education. Out of this number it appears to be probable from the Parliamentary returns of the Property Tax, in the latter years of its duration, that from four thousand to six thousand are the children of persons who can easily defray the very moderate expense of their attendance on Lectures in London. It may safely be affirmed, that there is no equal number of youths in any other place, of whom so large a portion feel the want of liberal education, are so well qualified for it, could so easily obtain all its advantages at home, and are so little able to go in quest of them elsewhere. No where else is knowledge more an object of desire, either as a source of gratification, a means of improvement, or an instrument of honest and useful ambition. The exclusion of so great a body of intelligent youth, designed for the most important occupations in society, from the higher means of liberal education, is a defect in our institutions, which, if it were not become familiar by its long prevalence, would offend every reasonable mind. In a word, London, which, for intelligence and wealth, as well as numbers, may fairly be deemed the first City in the civilized world, is at once the place which most needs an University, and the only great Capital which has none.

The Plan of the Institution will comprehend Public Lectures, with Examinations by the Professors; Mutual Instruction among the Pupils, and the aid of Tutors in those parts of knowledge which most require to be minutely and repeatedly impressed on the memory. It is intended, that the Professors shall derive their income at first

* By the returns of 1821, the numbers were 1,274,000.

principally, and, as soon as may be, entirely, from the fees paid by their pupils; they will hold their offices during good behaviour. Professors will doubtless be found of eminent ability, and of such established reputation, as to give authority and lustre to their instructions, so that the University will not be wanting in the means of exciting and guiding superior faculties in their ascent to excellence, as well as of speedily and easily imparting the needful measure of knowledge to all diligent students. The number of the professors, the allotment of particular branches to individuals, and the order in which the Lectures ought to be attended, are matters not yet finally settled, and some of them must partly depend, in the first instance, on the qualifications of candidates; others will permanently be regulated by the demand for different sorts of instruction. Some Professorships may hereafter be consolidated; more are likely in process of time to be subdivided; many entirely new will doubtless be rendered necessary by the progress of discovery, and by the enlarged desire of the community for knowledge. The Course of Instruction will at present consist of Languages, Mathematics, Physics, the Mental and the Moral Sciences, together with the Law of England, History, and Political Economy;—and the various branches of knowledge which are the objects of Medical Education. In the classification of these studies there is no intention to adhere strictly to a logical order, whether founded upon the subjects to which each relates, or on the faculties principally employed on it. Without entirely losing sight of these considerations, the main guide of the Council is the convenience of teaching, which for the present purpose is more important than a scientific arrangement; even if such an arrangement could be well made without a new nomenclature of the sciences, and a new distribution of their objects. A few preliminary observations will explain the grounds of the first choice of subjects for Lectures, and the reasons for assigning, in some instances, boundaries to the province of each Professor.

Some Languages will probably be studied only by those whose peculiar destination requires such attainments, and in this department generally, it will be fit to seek for every method of abridging the labour by which the majority are to attain that proficiency to which they must confine themselves. But the structure of human speech is itself one of the worthiest objects of meditation: the comparison of various languages, makes each of them better understood, and illustrates the affinity of nations, while it enlarges and strengthens the understanding; even the minute and seemingly unfruitful study of words is a school of discrimination and precision; and in the arts which employ language as their instrument, the contemplation of the original models, not only serves to form the taste of the youth of genius, but generally conduces to expand and elevate the human faculties.

The Mathematical Sciences are so justly valued as a discipline of the reasoning faculties, and as an unerring measure of human advancement, that the commendation of them might seem disrespectful to the public judgment, if they did not afford by far the most striking instance of the dependence of the most common and useful arts upon abstruse reasoning. The elementary propositions of Geometry were once merely speculative; but those to whom their subserviency to the speed and safety of voyages, is now familiar, will be slow to disparage any truth for the want of present and palpable usefulness.

It is a matter of considerable difficulty to ascertain the distribution of Physics, a vast science, or rather class of sciences, which consists in the knowledge of the most general facts observed by the senses in the things without us. Some of these appearances are the subject of calculation, and must, in teaching, be blended with the Mathematics; others are chiefly discovered and proved by experiment; one portion of physical observation relates to the movements of conspicuous masses, while another respects the reciprocal action of the imperceptible particles or agents which we know only by their results; a great part are founded on that uniformity of structure, and those important peculiarities of action, which characterize vegetable and animal life. The subjoined division of professorships in this province, though chiefly adapted to the practical purpose of instruction, is influenced by some regard to the above considerations.

As the Physical Sciences aim at ascertaining the most general facts observed by sense in the things which are the objects of thought, so the Mental Sciences seek to determine the most general facts relating to thought or feeling, which are made known to the being who thinks, by his own consciousness.

The sub-division of this part of knowledge, would be very desirable on account of its importance and intricacy; but the close connexion of all the facts with each other renders it peculiarly difficult.

A separate Professorship of Logic is proposed, not only because it supplies the rules

of argument, and the tests of sophistry, but still more for that mental regimen by which it slowly dispels prejudice and strengthens habits of right judgment.

Perhaps, also, Rhetoric may in time merit a separate Professorship, of which one main object would be to undeceive those rigid censurers, and misguided admirers, who consider eloquence as a gaudy pageant; and to imbue the minds of youth with the wholesome assurance that when guided by morality, and subjected to logic, it is the art of rendering truth popular, and virtue delightful; of adding persuasion to conviction; and of engaging the whole man, the feelings as well as the understanding, on the side of true wisdom.

The object common to the Moral Sciences, is the determination of the rules which ought to direct the voluntary actions of men; and they have generally been subdivided into Ethics and Jurisprudence; though the important distinction between these sciences has seldom been accurately traced, still less steadily observed. The direct object of Ethics is the knowledge of those habitual dispositions of mind which we approve as moral, or disapprove as immoral, and from which beneficial or mischievous actions ordinarily flow. In an ethical point of view, actions are estimated good in proportion to the excellence of the state of mind from which they arise. The science of Ethics is co-extensive with the whole character and conduct of man; it contemplates the nature of virtues and duties; of those dispositions which are praiseworthy, and of that course of action which is incumbent on a reasonable being, apart from the consideration of the injunctions of law, and of the authority of civil government.

The first object of Jurisprudence, (taking the term in an enlarged sense,) is the ascertainment of rights, or of those portions of power over persons or things which should be allotted to each individual for the general welfare. The second is to determine what violations of these rights are so injurious in their effects and consequences to society, as to require prevention by the fear of adequate punishment. It is the science which defines rights and crimes; it pre-supposes the authority of government, and is limited in its direct operation to the outward actions of men as they affect each other. Ethics, though it has a wider scope, contemplates its objects more simply and generally. Jurisprudence, within its more limited sphere, considers its objects in more points of view; prescribes more exact rules, and is therefore compelled to make minute and even subtle distinctions. The confusion of these two branches of Moral Science has contributed to disturb the theory of Ethics, and to corrupt the practice of legislation.

The study of the Law of England has for centuries been confined to the Capital, where alone is a constant opportunity of observing its administration in Courts of Justice, and of acquiring skill in peculiar branches under private instructors. These exclusive advantages of London for the Study of the Law will be enhanced by combination with Lectures and Examinations, while systematic instruction in Law, and in general knowledge, will be rendered accessible to those branches of the legal profession who are now shut out from them in common with the majority of the other youth of this Capital.

The maxims which ought to be observed by independent communities towards each other, and of which the fitness is generally acknowledged by civilized states, together with the usages by which they profess to regulate their intercourse, constitute what is metaphorically called the Law of Nations.

Political Philosophy, which considers what are the rights and duties of Rulers and Subjects in relation to each other, naturally belongs to the province of Ethics.

In an arrangement which does not affect a rigid method, History and Political Economy may be classed either as parts or appendages of Moral Science. A minute knowledge of History cannot be communicated by Lectures. But the outline of General History, directions to the Student for historical reading, the subsidiary sciences of Geography and Chronology, together with some information respecting Numismatics and Diplomatics,* and the rules of Historical Criticism, will furnish ample scope for one Professor.

The object of the science of Political Economy is to ascertain the laws which regulate the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth, or the outward things obtained by labour, and needed or desired by man. It is now too justly valued to require any other remark, than that the occasional difficulty of applying its principles, and the differences of opinion to which that difficulty has given rise, form new reasons for the diligent cultivation of a science which is so indispensable to the well-being of

* The ascertainment of the age and authenticity of ancient manuscripts, chiefly of public documents, by their written character and other outward marks. The adoption of this technical term from the continental nations seems to be justified by convenience.

communities, and of which, as it depends wholly on facts, all the perplexities must be finally removed by accurate observation and precise language.

For the studies which are necessary in all the branches of the Profession of Medicine, London possesses peculiar and inestimable advantages. It is in large towns only that Medical Schools can exist. The means of acquiring anatomical knowledge, medical experience, and surgical dexterity, must increase in exact proportion to the greatness of the town. At this moment the great majority of those who are called general practitioners, who take no degree, confine themselves to no single branch of the profession; but in whose hands the whole ordinary practice of England is placed, receive their systematic instruction from Lectures in London, during one or two years, while many of them are attending hospitals. The annual average of such students is about seven hundred. Many of the Lecturers have been, and are men of very eminent ability; and the practitioners thus educated are, generally, most respectable for information and skill. It is no reflexion on either body to affirm, that Medical Education would be improved if the teachers of most distinguished ability who are now scattered over London, were gradually attracted to one Institution, where they would be stimulated to the utmost exertion of their faculties, by closer rivalry, larger emolument, and wider reputation. To what cause but to the present dispersion of eminent teachers can it be ascribed, that the greatest city of the civilized world is not its first School of Medicine?

The young men who are intended for the scientific profession of a Civil Engineer, which has of late been raised so high by men of genius, and exercised with such signal advantage to the public, have almost as strong reasons as those who are destined for the practice of Medicine, for desiring that a system of academical education should be accessible to them where they can best be trained to skill and expertness under masters of the first eminence.

To these examples might be added, the obvious and striking case of commerce, which would be of itself sufficient to show the advantage of bringing literary and scientific instruction to the place where diligence and experience in liberal occupations are acquired. By the formation of an University in this metropolis, the useful intercourse of theory with active life will be facilitated; speculation will be instantly tried and corrected by practice, and the man of business will more readily find principles which will bestow simplicity and order on his experimental knowledge. No where can every part of information, even the most remote and recondite, be obtained so easily as in a city which contains cultivators of all branches of learning, followers of all opinions, and natives of every quarter of the globe.

The Council are rather encouraged than disheartened by the consideration that their undertaking rests on the voluntary contributions of individuals, to which, after a season of public difficulty, they now appeal with firmer assurance. They are satisfied, that experience of its advantages will, in due time, procure for it such legal privileges as may be found convenient for its administration; and they are not unwilling that the value of testimonials of proficiency and conduct, granted by the University, should, at least in the commencement, depend on the opinion entertained by the public, of the judgment, knowledge, vigilance, and integrity of the Professors. For the good effects expected in other seminaries from discipline, the Council put their trust in the power of home and the care of parents: to whom, in this institution, which is equally open to the youth of every religious persuasion, the important duty of religious education is necessarily, as well as naturally, entrusted. That care, always the best wherever it can be obtained, will assuredly be adequate to every purpose in the case of the residents in London, who must at first be the main foundation of the Establishment. When its reputation attracts many pupils from the country and the Colonies, those means of private instruction, and domestic superintendence, may be adopted, which have been found in other places to be excellent substitutes for parental care.

Finally. The Council trust, that they are now about to lay the foundation of an Institution well adapted to communicate liberal instruction to successive generations of those who are now excluded from it, and likely neither to retain the machinery of studies superseded by time, nor to neglect any new science brought into view by the progress of reason; of such magnitude as to combine the illustration and ornament which every part of knowledge derives from the neighbourhood of every other, with the advantage which accrues to all from the outward aids and instruments of libraries, museums, and apparatus; where there will be a sufficient prospect of fame and emolument to satisfy the ambition, and employ the whole active lives of the ablest Professors; where the most eminent places in Education may be restored to their natural rank among the ultimate and highest objects of pursuit; where the least

remission of diligence must give instant warning of danger, and an attempt to pervert its resources to personal purposes cannot fail to cut off the supply sought to be perverted; where the inseparable connexion of ample income, and splendid reputation, with the general belief of meritorious service, may prove at once a permanent security for the ability of the Teachers, an incentive to their constant activity, and a preservative of the Establishment from decay.

I. LANGUAGE.

1. Greek Language, Literature, and Antiquities.
2. Roman Language, Literature, and Antiquities.
3. English Literature and Composition.
4. Oriental Literature, subdivided into:
A. Languages from the Mediterranean to the Indus.—B. Languages from the Indus to the Burumpooter.
5. French Language and Literature.
6. Italian and Spanish Literature.
7. German and Northern Literature.

II. MATHEMATICS.

8. Elementary Mathematics.
9. Higher Mathematics.

III. PHYSICS.

10. Mathematical Physics.
11. Experimental Physics.
12. Chemistry.
13. Geology and Mineralogy.
14. Botany and Vegetable Physiology.
15. Zoology and Comparative Anatomy.
16. Application of Physical Sciences to the Arts.

(Signed, by Order of the Council)

7, Furnival's Inn, May 8, 1826.

It is due to the Promoters of this Institution, to state the privileges and advantages to which they will be entitled in respect of their contributions, whether by subscription or donation to its funds.

The deed of settlement fully provides for the protection of the proprietors from all liability beyond the amount of the sums respectively subscribed by them. While it confers large powers on the Council, it also interposes every proper check on any irregularity in the exercise of those powers, by the appointment of Auditors, and by general and special meetings of proprietors for the revision of the proceedings of the council, and the adoption of such new by-laws and regulations as in the progress of the Establishment may from time to time be required.

The rights and privileges of the Proprietors under such deed may thus shortly be recapitulated:—

1. Absolute right of presentation of one Student, in respect of each Share, at such reduced rate of annual payment, and subject to such rules and restrictions as may be prescribed by the Council.
2. Interest on Shares not exceeding 4l. per cent. out of surplus income.
3. Privilege of Transfer and Bequest of Shares.
4. In cases of Ballot, a Proprietor of one Share is entitled to one vote; of five Shares, to two votes; and of ten Shares or upwards, to three votes, with privilege of voting by proxy at Elections.

Donors of 50l. and upwards are entitled to all the privileges and advantages of Proprietors, except the transfer and devolution of their interest, and have no more than one vote on any occasion.

In addition, Proprietors and Donors will have the right of personal admission to the Library, and the various Collections of the University.

It is difficult at present to form any precise idea of the annual expense at which the

IV. MENTAL SCIENCE.

17. Philosophy of the Human Mind.
18. Logic.

V. MORAL SCIENCES.

19. Moral and Political Philosophy.
20. Jurisprudence, including International Law.
21. English Law, with (perhaps) separate Lectures on the Constitution.
22. Roman Law.

VI. HISTORY.

23. History.

VII. POLITICAL ECONOMY.

24. Political Economy.

VIII. MEDICAL SCIENCES.

25. Anatomy.
26. Physiology.
27. Surgery.
28. Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children.
29. Materia Medica and Pharmacy.
30. Nature and Treatment of Diseases.
31. Medical Jurisprudence; together with
32. Clinical Lectures, as soon as an Hospital can be connected with this Establishment.

{ F. A. Cox, LL. D. *Hon. Sec. to Council.*
{ THOMAS COATES, *Clerk to the Council.*

proposed system of education can be afforded; but a confident belief is entertained that it will not be more than 30*l.* per annum, for a Student admitted on the nomination of a Proprietor. In the early period of the Establishment, it is probable that no other Students than those presented by Proprietors can be admitted; and whenever the extended scale of the Institution will allow of a general admission of Students, their annual payments must necessarily be much higher than those required by the Nominees of Proprietors.

A piece of freehold ground has been purchased, at the end of Gower-street, for the erection of the proposed building, and the Council have adopted a design of Mr. Wilkins; a lithographic sketch of which may be had by the Proprietors, at the Office of the University. The estimate for completing the whole building, faced in stone, is 87,000*l.*; but the Council hope to be able to finish so much as will be sufficient for the first objects of the Institution, for 30,000*l.*; and if the first stone be laid in July or August, they trust that the classes will be opened by the end of the next year.

TABLE TALK.

ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—An elderly woman,—her understanding childish through age, and who was deaf withal,—was put in accusation with her son. “*Tu as pleuré la mort du roi,*” said the judges to the mother, charging her also with having put on mourning on the occasion. “*O, yes,*” said the old woman, “*I was sorry for the king, poor, dear, good man; and I put on a black silk apron and a black ribbon round my cap.*” The judges, seeing the people inclined by this simplicity to a sentiment of compassion, advanced to something more serious. “*Tu as conspiré contre l’état.*” Here the son put himself forward: “*Messieurs, do what you will with me; but my mother—you see her imbecility; she is deaf: how can she have conspired against the state?*” “*Elle est sourde?*” said the judge: “*écris, greffier, qu’elle a conspiré sourdement contre l’état.*” This pun is not to be forgiven. Arrived at the place of execution, the mother, seeing the assembled crowd, asked her son the meaning of it; whether it was a fair, or some *fête*. He obtained as a favour from the executioner, that his mother might be the first to suffer death.—*Four Years in France.*

JACOBITISM IN 1745.—When my mother was about twelve years old, the horses and arms of the family were provisionally taken from them, as being suspected papists; a precaution not unreasonable if their wishes were considered; for the children, as my mother told me, ran about the house, singing Jacobite songs, among which the following may vie, in poetical merit, though not in political effect, with the memorable *Lilleburlero*:—

As I was a walking through James’s Park,
I met an old man in a turnip cart;
I took up a turnip, and knocked him down,
And bid him surrender King James’s crown.

It is eighty years since: twenty years since the publication of *Waverley*. The cultivation of turnips, by which our agriculture has been so much improved, was introduced from Hanover.—*Four Years in France.*

THE BISHOP OF OZMA AND CERTAIN HERETICS.—In a dispute between the Bishop of Ozma and some heretics of Verfeuil, he asked them how they should understand the name *Son of Man*, which Jesus always gives himself in St. John, and in particular this passage of St. John, iii. 13: “*Also no one hath ascended up into heaven, but he who descended from heaven, that is, the Son of Man who is in heaven.*” They answered, that Jesus acknowledged himself as the son of a man who was in heaven. “*But,*” rejoined the bishop, “*the Lord has said in Isaiah, ‘the heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool.’ The legs of that man who is in heaven must then be as long as the distance which separates the heaven from the earth.*” “*Without doubt,*” they replied: “*The good God curse you,*” said the holy bishop, “*stupid heretics as you are, I thought you had more subtilty than that.*”—*Simondi’s History of the Crusades, against the Albigenes.*

THE GALLEGOS, OR THE WATER-CARRIERS OF LISBON.—A gallego was sent for by a *fidalgo*, who, aware of his fidelity, unburthened his mind to him by saying that a certain individual was obnoxious to him. The good-natured gallego understood the hint; the price agreed upon was a *moidore*; and *Senhor Mendez* declared that his excellency's enemy should not witness the setting of the sun. The *fidalgo* rose from his seat, embraced his Gallician friend with rapture, and insisted on his partaking of some "*vacca con arros*," on which he was dining. Mendez recoiled with horror at the proposition, and exclaimed, "your excellency little knows my principles, if he conceives me capable of eating beef on a Friday."

I was walking one day through the *Largo de Corpo Santo*, and observed a multitude of people stopping their noses with their handkerchiefs, and looking towards a corner house, under the windows of which the police had placed a line of burning pitch-barrels, with a view of purifying the air, which was strongly impregnated with the miasma arising from the carcase of an unfortunate foreign charlatan, the soi-disant *Baron de R*—. It appeared that his faithful gallego, together with a soldier of the — regiment, had been employed to murder him for the moderate price of about a pound sterling each. They were soon detected, and as soon liberated, by the interest of a female relation of the latter, who was a kept mistress of the confessor to the — family.

A few years previous to the organisation of the police cavalry and infantry by the Count de Novion, (an officer of great merit, and who is at this moment living in a corner of Brittany, neglected by those of whom he deserves a better recompense,) the number of atrocities committed at all hours of the day elicited an order of government, prohibiting the carrying about any species of arms, and empowering the civil patrols to stop and consider as murderers any who should be found to infringe this law. An unfortunate man of good family, returning home from playing a rubber of *Caçino*, had, owing to the loneliness of his road, provided himself with a rapier, which he took care to hide under his capote. He had proceeded about half way, when he was attacked by one of those pests of the Lisbon streets, a large dog. He naturally drew his sword, in self defence, and sheathed it in his enemy's entrails. At that unlucky moment, the patrol appeared at the corner of the street; and the gentleman apprehending the consequences of being found with arms upon him, hastened to conceal himself. The guardians of the night, observing one who had the appearance of wishing to avoid them, followed him quickly; upon which he slunk into a corridor, groped about in the dark, and ascended the stair-case, to the first-floor where he found a door upon the jar, which gave way upon his touch. Extreme fear prompted him to enter the room and conceal himself in a corner of it. In the mean time the patrol had provided themselves with a lanthorn, and followed his footsteps to his hiding place, where, to their mutual horror, and to his utter consternation, a murdered woman was discovered in bed in a corner of the room. Presumptive evidence was so strong against him, being found there with a bloody sword under his cloak, that notwithstanding every effort was made by his friends to save him, he (having no female relation on footings of intimacy with any confessor,) was executed. A few years afterwards, a gallego, on the point of death in the hospital of St. Jose, acknowledged being the real murderer, and that he had been hired for the purpose, at the usual price.—*Sketches of Portuguese Life.*

FISHING IN SIBERIA.—We went several times to the winter races, which the Russians of all classes are passionately fond of, and to the fishing that takes place on the lakes when the ice is at the strongest, and the fish in a state of the most complete numbness. This fishery sometimes produces several hundred quintals of fish, and is always a grand holiday, to which the people from the surrounding country come in their sledges: they drive over the ice, and furrow it in every direction, while a little lower down, under the horses' feet, the net is introduced by a hole in the ice, and by means of a succession of holes, through which long poles are put, it is pushed to the other end of the lake, and then dragged back with a shoal of fish, which are hauled out upon the shore. The fish are motionless in the water, but become animated by the effect of the air, and struggle violently. The different kinds and sizes are picked out and left exposed to the air, and next day, when they become completely solid from the frost, they are packed up. Salmon, pikes, and tench, are sent in this state to the centre of Asia, to Petersburg, and all parts of Russia. After remaining frozen for three or four months, they are exposed to a proper temperature, and are restored to a similar state to that which they were in an hour before being taken.—*Adventures of a French Serjeant.*

RUSSIAN ROADS.—We left the banks of the Kliasma, and entered upon a detestable road that leads to Kasimof on the Oka. When I say a detestable road, no idea can be formed in France of the sort of road in question. The highways in Russia, in proportion as one enters into the interior, are not formed, as in the rest of Europe, of beaten, solid earth, either paved or raised into a causeway. The people have neither had the time, the means, nor the materials necessary for accomplishing such a work, in a country which is almost under water; and in making their roads, they have made use of the forests of firs that cover the country, and through which indeed the greater part of them have been made by the aid of fire. Wooden piles are driven into the earth at each side of the intended highway. On these piles are thrown beams of wood, across which is placed a floor of trees rolled close together, and with their bark still on.—*Adventures of a French Serjeant.*

REDUCTION OF THE CASTLE OF MINERVA BY SIMON DE MONTFORT.—At the beginning of June 1210, the army of the Crusaders, under the command of Simon de Montfort, appeared before the Castle of Minerva, regarded as the strongest place in the Gauls. The inhabitants defended themselves with great valour for seven weeks; but when, on account of the heat of summer, the water began to fail in their cisterns, they demanded a capitulation. Guiraud of Minerva, who was their commander, and one of the bravest knights of the province, came himself to the camp of the crusaders, one day when the legate was absent, and agreed with Simon de Montfort on conditions for the surrender of the place. But, as they were proceeding to execute them, the Abbot Arnold returned to the camp, and Montfort immediately declared, that nothing which they had agreed upon could be considered as binding, till the legate had given his assent. "At these words," says Peter de Vaux-Cernay, "the abbot was greatly afflicted. In fact, he desired that all the enemies of Christ should be put to death, but he could not take upon himself to condemn them, on account of his quality of monk and priest." He thought, however, that he might stir up some quarrel between the negotiation, profit by it to break the capitulation, and cause all the inhabitants to be put to the sword. For this purpose he required the count on one part, and Guiraud of Minerva on the other, to put into writing, without communicating with each other, the conditions on which they had agreed. As Arnold had flattered himself, he found some difference in the statements, and Montfort immediately availed himself of it, to declare, in the name of the legate, that the negotiation was broken off: but the Lord of Minerva instantly replied, that though he thought himself sure of his memory, yet he accepted the capitulation, as Simon de Montfort had drawn it up. One of the articles of this capitulation provided, that the heretics themselves, if they were converted, might quit the castle, and have their lives saved. When the capitulation was read in the council of war, "Robert of Mauvoisin," says the monk of Vaux-Cernay, "a nobleman, and entirely devoted to the Catholic faith, cried that the pilgrims would never consent to that; that it was not to show mercy to the heretics, but to put them to death—they had taken the cross: but the Abbot Arnold replied, fear not, for I believe there will be very few converted." The legate was not deceived in this bloody hope. The crusaders took possession of the Castle of Minerva the 22d of July, 1210; they entered singing *te deum*, and preceded by the cross and the tadders of Montfort; the heretics were in the mean time assembled, the men in one house, the women in another, and there on their knees, resigned to their fate, they prepared themselves by prayer for the punishment which awaited them. The abbot, Guy de Vaux-Cernay, to fulfil the capitulation, came, and began to preach to them the Catholic faith; but his auditors interrupted him with an unanimous cry—"We will have none of your faith," said they; "we have renounced the church of Rome: your labour is in vain; for neither death nor life will make us renounce the opinions we have embraced." The abbot of Vaux-Cernay then passed to the assembly of the women, but he found them as resolute, and more enthusiastic still in their declarations. The Count of Montfort, in his turn, visited both; already he had piled up an enormous mass of dry wood: "Be converted to the Catholic faith," said he to the assembled Albigenes, "or ascend this pile." None were shaken. They set fire to the pile, which covered the whole square with a tremendous conflagration, and the heretics were then conducted to the place: but violence was not necessary to compel them to enter the flames; they voluntarily precipitated themselves into them, to the number of more than one hundred and forty, after having commended their souls to that God, in whose cause they suffered martyrdom.—*Simondi's History of the Crusades against the Albigenes.*

CHARACTER OF ROGER NORTH'S LIFE OF HIS BROTHER.—Its charm does not consist in any marvellous incidents of Lord Guildford's life, or any peculiar interest attaching to his character, but in the unequalled naiveté of the writer—in the singular felicity with which he has thrown himself into his subject—and in his vivid delineations of all the great lawyers of his time. He was a younger brother of the Lord Keeper, to whose affection he was largely indebted, and from whom he appears to have been scarcely ever divided. His work, in nice minuteness of detail, and living picture of motives, almost equals the auto-biographies of Beevenutio Cellini, Rousseau, and Cibber. He seems to be almost as intensely conscious of all his brother's actions and the movements of his mind, as he was of his own. All his ideas of human greatness and excellence appear taken from the man whom he celebrates. There never was a more liberal or gentle penetration of the spirit. He was evidently the most humane, the most kindly, and the most single-hearted of flatterers. There is a beauty in his very cringing, beyond the independence of many. It is the most gentleman-like submission, the most graceful resignation of self, of which we have ever read. Hence there is nothing of the vanity of authorship—no attempt to display his own powers—throughout the work. He never comes forward in the first person, except as a witness. Indeed he usually speaks of himself as of another, as though he had half lost his personal consciousness in the contemplation of his idol's virtues.—*Retrospective Review.*

ARCHITECTURE OF STE. GENEVIEVE AT PARIS.—Ste. Geneviève, sometime the Pantheon, although the inscription, "aux grands hommes la patrie reconnoissante,"* was still legible in 1818, is now restored to the use for which it was built. The portico is so extremely beautiful, that the architect was blamed by a pun, not transferable into English, for having turned all his architecture out of doors,—"*mis à la porte toute son architecture.*"—*Four Years in France.*

RISE, PERSON, AND CHARACTER OF LORD CHIEF JUSTICE SAUNDERS.—The Lord Chief Justice Saunders succeeded in the room of Pemberton. His character, and his beginning, were equally strange. He was at first no better than a poor beggar-boy, if not a parish foundling, without known parents or relations. He had found a way to live by obsequiousness (in Clement's-inn, as I remember) and courting the attorney's clerks for scraps. The extraordinary observance and diligence of the boy, made the society willing to do him good. He appeared very ambitious to learn to write; and one of the attorneys got a board knocked up at a window on the top of a staircase, and that was his desk, where he sat and wrote after copies of court and other hands the clerks gave him. He made himself so expert a writer that he took in business, and earned some pence by hackney-writing. And thus, by degrees, he pushed his faculties, and fell to forms; and, by books that were lent him, became an exquisite entering clerk; and, by the same course of improvement of himself, an able counsel, first in special pleading, then at large. And, after he was called to the bar, had practice in the King's Bench Court, equal with any there. As to his person, he was very corpulent and beastly; a mere lump of morbid flesh. He used to say, "by his troggs," (such a humorous way of talking he affected) "none could say he wanted issue of his body, for he had nine in his back." He was a fetid mass, that offended his neighbours at the bar in the sharpest degree. Those, whose ill fortune it was to stand near him, were confessors, and, in summer-time, almost martyrs. This hateful decay of his carcase came upon him by continual sottishness; for, to say nothing of brandy, he was seldom without a pot of ale at his nose, or near him. That exercise was all he used; the rest of his life was sitting at his desk, or piping at home; and that home was a taylor's house in Butcher-row, called his lodging, and the man's wife was his nurse, or worse; but, by virtue of his money, of which he made little account, though he got a great deal, he soon became master of the family, and, being no changeling, he never removed, but was true to his friends, and they to him, to the last hour of his life.

So much for his person and education. As for his parts, none had them more lively than he. Wit and repartee, in an affected rusticity, were natural to him. He was ever ready, and never at a loss; and none came so near as he to be a match for Serjeant Maynard. His great dexterity was in the art of special pleading, and he would lay snares that often caught his superiors, who were not aware of his traps. And he was so fond of success for his clients, that, rather than fail, he would set the court hard with a trick; for which he met sometimes with a reprimand, which he would wittily

* To great men their grateful country.

ward off, so that no one was much offended with him. But Hales could not bear his irregularity of life; and for that, and suspicion of his tricks, used to bear hard upon him in the court. But no ill usage from the bench was too hard for his hold of business, being such as scarce any could do but himself. With all this, he had a goodness of nature and disposition in so great a degree, that he may be deservedly styled a philanthrope. He was a very Silenus to the boys, as, in this place, I may term the students of the law, to make them merry whenever they had a mind to it. He had nothing of the rigid or austere in him. If any near him at the bar grumbled at his stench, he ever converted the complaint into content and laughing with the abundance of his wit. As to his ordinary dealing, he was as honest as the driven snow was white; and why not, having no regard for money, or desire to be rich? And, for good nature and condescension, there was not his fellow. I have seen him, for hours and half-hours together, before the court sat, stand at the bar, with an audience of students over against him, putting of cases, and debating so as suited their capacities, and encouraged their industry. And so in the Temple, he seldom moved without a parcel of youths hanging about him, and he merry and jesting with them.

It will be readily conceived that this man was never cut out to be a presbyter, or any thing that is severe and crabbed. In no time did he lean to faction, but did his business without offence to any. He put off officious talk of government or politics with jests, and so made his wit a catholicon, or shield, to cover all his weak places and infirmities. When the court fell into a steady course of using the law against all kinds of offenders, this man was taken into the king's business; and had the part of drawing and perusal of almost all indictments and informations that were then to be prosecuted, with the pleading thereon, if any were special; and he had the settling of the large pleadings in the *quo warranto* against London. His lordship had no sort of conversation with him, but in the way of business and at the bar; but once, after he was in the king's business, he dined with his lordship, and no more. And there he showed another qualification he had acquired, and that was to play jigs upon an harpsichord; having taught himself with the opportunity of an old virginal of his landlady's; but in such a manner, not for defect but figure, as to see him were a jest. The king, observing him to be of a free disposition, loyal, friendly, and without greediness or guile, thought of him to be the chief justice of the King's Bench at that nice time. And the ministry could not but approve of it. So great a weight was then at stake as could not be trusted to men of doubtful principles, or such as any thing might tempt to desert them. While he sat in the Court of King's Bench, he gave the rule to the general satisfaction of the lawyers. But his course of life was so different from what it had been, his business incessant, and, withal, crabbed; and his diet and exercise changed, that the constitution of his body, or head rather, could not sustain it, and he fell into an apoplexy and palsy, which numbed his parts; and he never recovered the strength of them. He outlived the judgment in the *quo warranto*; but was not present otherwise than by sending his opinion, by one of the judges, to be for the king, who, at the pronouncing of the judgment, declared it to the court accordingly, which is frequently done in like cases.—*R. North's Life of Lord Keeper Guildford.*

TREASON.—In the moat, surrounding the castle, the Duc d'Enghien was put to death. Every one must lament the early fate of this prince, and the extinction of an illustrious house. The duke perished for having done or attempted to do what he thought to be his duty, and Buonaparte, in causing him to suffer death, regarded himself as acting according to his own. He is said to have declared at St. Helena that, were the deed to be done again, he would do it. The "greenest usurpation," to use a phrase of Burke's, has never scrupled to inflict capital punishment on those who endeavoured its overthrow. In the beginning of the reign of William III. a man was guilty of intending the death of the king; and having nothing to plead in his defence except the defect, according to his reasoning, of the king's title, and that "murderare" was bad Latin,—both which pleas were considered as equally valid by the court,—received the sentence of a traitor. But sometime must elapse ere the conduct of Buonaparte be judged by principles applied to that of other men.—*Four Years in France.*

MRS. BARRY'S OPINION OF THE KEMBLE SCHOOL.—About two years after the appearance of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Crawford (formerly Mrs. Barry), dining with us in the Adelphi, and hearing all the junior part of the family lauding the new Melpomene, vexed and disconcerted, told us we knew nothing of the matter.

"The Garrick school," she cried, "was all *rapidity* and *passion*, while the Kemble school was so full of *paw* and *pause*, that, at first, the performers, thinking their new competitors had either lost their cues, or forgotten their parts, used frequently to prompt them."—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

SKILL IN ARCHERY.—Miracha, who was the cause of the death of Tamerlane, his father, succeeded him in the empire of India. All the Rajas were not equally submissive to the son of their vanquisher. The king of Cascar took arms against Miracha, and the evil genius which constantly persecuted the son of Tamerlane, delivered him into the hands of the Indian king. He was made prisoner in a combat; but the conqueror made a generous use of his victory. He restored his captive to liberty on the sole condition of the kingdom of Cascar being for the future exempt from tribute. Miracha, who had as often as seven times experienced fortune adverse to his arms in his wars with the prince, was at last so fortunate as to defeat and take him prisoner in his turn. The Tartar proved that he had less humanity and generosity than the Indian. . . . He kept him prisoner, and put out his eyes. Ingratitude of so deep a dye was punished by the very individual who had been the subject of it. He made use of the following artifice:—The Tartars have always had the reputation of being superior in archery, and in darting the javelin, to all other nations. The Tartar soldiery were daily accustomed to the exercise of shooting at a mark. Miracha himself excelled in this kind of diversion, and as he fancied himself unrivalled, he was astonished to learn that the Raja of Cascar, blind as he was, could hit a mark with the greatest precision, provided he heard a sound to proceed from the spot at which it was necessary to take aim. The story of this surprising skill of the Raja appeared to the king quite fabulous. He therefore commanded that his prisoner should be brought into his presence, being surrounded at the time by all the officers of his court. A bow and arrow were placed in his hands, and he was ordered to suspend drawing the bow till the word commanding him to do so should be given. The Raja assuming in his misfortunes an air of haughtiness which became him: "I shall not obey," he said, "in this place, any one but my conqueror; no other person has a right to command me. As soon as I hear the king's voice commanding me to let fly the arrow, I shall obey his mandate." Having thus spoken, he placed himself in an attitude to obey the prince, as soon as he should give the word. Miracha then raising his voice, ordered him to let fly the arrow at the spot whence his voice proceeded. At these words the Raja obeyed; the bow was drawn, and the arrow entered the body of Miracha. He was carried off expiring, and the Raja was hewn in pieces by Miracha's guards. . . . Miracha died in the year 1451, after a reign of forty-six years. *Catrou's History of the Mogul Dynasty, of which a translation has just appeared.*

DESTRUCTION OF THE TOWN OF BEZIERS, BY THE ABBOT OF CITEAUX.—The citizens of Beziers, though astonished, were not discouraged. Whilst their enemies were still occupied in tracing their camp, they made a sally, and attacked them at unawares. But the crusaders were still more terrible, compared with the inhabitants of the south, by their fanaticism and boldness, than by their numbers. The infantry alone sufficed to repulse the citizens with great loss. At this instant, all the battalions of the besiegers, precipitating themselves upon them at the same time, pursued them so eagerly that they entered the gates with them, and found themselves masters of the city before they had even formed their plan of attack. The knights learning that they had triumphed without fighting, inquired of the legate, Arnold Amalric, abbot of Citeaux, how they should distinguish the Catholics from the heretics, who made them this much celebrated reply: "*Kill them all; the Lord will know well those who are his.*" The fixed population of Beziers did not perhaps exceed fifteen thousand persons, but all the inhabitants of the country, of the open villages, and of the castles which had not been judged capable of defence, had taken refuge in this city, which was regarded as exceedingly strong; and even those who had remained to guard the strong castles, had, for the most part, sent their wives and children to Beziers. This whole multitude, at the moment when the crusaders became masters of the gates, took refuge in the churches; the great cathedral of Saint Hilaire contained the greater number; the canons, clothed with their choral habits, surrounded the altar, and sounded the bells, as if to express their prayers to the furious assailants; but these supplications of brass were as little heard as those of the human voice. The bells ceased not to sound till, of that immense multitude, which had taken refuge in the church, the last had been massacred. Neither were those spared who had sought an asylum in the other churches; seven thousand dead bodies were counted in that of the Magdalen alone. When the crusaders had massacred the last living creature in Beziers, and had pillaged the houses of all that they thought worth carrying off, they set fire to the city in every part at once, and reduced it to a vast funeral pile. Not a house remained standing, not one human being alive. Historians differ as to the number of victims. The abbot of Citeaux, feeling some shame for the butchery which he had ordered, in his letter to Innocent III, reduces it to fifteen thousand; others make it amount to sixty. —*Sismondi's History of the Crusades against the Albigenses.*

ATHEISM MORE VENIAL THAN HETERODOXY, IN THE EYES OF ORTHODOXY.

"My wound is great, because it is so small."—*Dryden*.

"Then had it been greater, 'twould be none at all."—*D. of Buckingham*.

It has been often remarked, that the animosity of religious sects towards each other, increase in virulence the nearer they approach to unanimity of opinion. To the confirmed Jesuit, the heresy of Calvin was less odious than Jansenism, and absolute infidelity more tolerable than either. The Gallican church, in the reign of Louis XIV. was divided into two parties, that hated each other with a religious hatred, because they differed on a metaphysical point, which no process of reasoning has yet been able to decide. The feeling was, of course, not mitigated by the long duration of the conflict; and Louis, who was bigotted in proportion to his ignorance, at length solved the problem in favour of the Jesuits, by levelling the monastery of Port-Royal, the head-quarters of Jansenism, with the ground, and actually causing the plough to pass over the spot whereon it had stood. The following anecdotes supply the nonsense of Dryden with a meaning, which the poet dreamt not of, and show, that the inference deduced from it by the witty peer was not, what the latter imagined it, a *reductio ad absurdum*:—When the Duke of Orleans was going into Spain, to put himself at the head of the army, Louis asked him whom he meant to take along with him? The Duke said, Fontpertuis. Louis objected, that the mother of Fontpertuis was a Jansenist. "I do not know," answered the Duke, "what the mother was; but for the son, he is so far from a Jansenist, that I do not think he believes in a God." "Indeed!" returned Louis; "are you quite sure of that? In that case you may take him." Our James II. had it in his mind, at one time, to appoint Catholic bishops in England; Louis wrote to him to beware how he admitted Jansenists among them, or he would introduce a heresy as mischievous as that which he wished to eradicate.—*See Memoirs of Europe*.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN SENATORS AND GREAT MEN.—A traveller, soon after the restoration, having visited the tombs below the pavement of this church, and seen the torch, typical of philosophy, issuing from that of Voltaire,—observed a monument which seemed to him a new one; he inquired whose it was, and was told by the attendant, "that of a member of the ancient Senate."—"But," said the traveller, "I thought this edifice was the place of interment for great men."—"C'est vrai; mais, en attendant, ou y enterre des sénateurs."* It is not certain whether this was said in simplicity or in *persiflage*.—*Four Years in France*.

RELIGION IN FASHION AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.—Louis, in his latter years, became very devout. He married Madame Maintenon from religious motives; for though he made no boast of his marriage in this world, not choosing to forfeit his reputation as a man of gallantry, he no doubt looked that it should avail him as a plea in mitigation in the next. She also was very devout; and under their united influence the court was converted into a convent, of which Madame was the lady abbess, and Louis the father confessor. The exterior of piety was assumed by all; by some for the furtherance of their views at court; by others, merely to be in the fashion. The churches were crowded with courtiers and women of fashion; and contempt of the world and its pleasures became the fashionable cant. "Ladies," said Madame Maintenon, with holy exultation, "that were formerly never seen at church, are now never out of it." The nature of their devotion one instance will be sufficient to indicate. One day, when the king's chapel was crowded to excess, (as was usually the case long before his Majesty appeared,) Brissac, the major of the guard, entered, and marched out his men, saying, loud enough to be heard, "the King does not come to day." Instantly the chapel was deserted. In a few minutes the officer of the guard marched back his men; it appeared there had been a mistake; and Louis entered. Expressing his surprise at the thinness of the audience, the officer told him what had occasioned it. [*See Memoirs of the "Affairs of Europe," 190.*]—Maintenon herself, when tyrannized over by her predecessor, Madame de Montespan, had often expressed a desire to quit the court, and to become a nun. But after she had gained the victory over Montespan, the pious widow no longer saw any difficulty in working out her salvation in a place of so great iniquity, and found it as easy to serve God at court as in the convent. She writes of her own person, that she is now "too old to change her condition;" and that she "must have explained herself ill, if she had understood it to be her intention to become a *religieuse*. In the world," she adds, "one's intervals of leisure are devoted to God; in the convent, they are given to the world."—*See Memoirs of Europe*.

*That is true; but, in the mean time, they bury senators there.

PLURALITIES INDEFENSIBLE.—Some time before, a book had been recommended to me, which I found great difficulty in procuring; at last I found it in the very centre of the fashionable world. I went into Faulder's shop, in Bond-street. "Have you *Pluralities Indefensible*, by Dr. Newton, founder of Hertford College?"—"It is a book I always take care to have by me, for the best of all possible reasons,—I am always sure of selling it."—"I should not have supposed that. Who buy it? Any clergymen?"—"Ye."—"What use do they make of it?" Mr. Faulder understood my question. I have forgotten his answer, but it was discreet.—*Four Years in France.*

SIR WILLIAM SCROGGS, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE KING'S BENCH.—Once, dining with Mr. Hugh May, in Scotland-yard, Sir Henry Capel, who was of his lordship's relation, and long acquaintance, made one. Among other discourse, Sir Henry Capel was urged much to say, why they, meaning the country party, urged a matter so violently in the House of Commons; and yet there was no tolerable reason, in all the debate, given for it. At last, he answered "that they did not use to give the true reasons that swayed them in debates, to the house." His lordship thought it a strange account. But, I believe, if it was so then, it hath been much more so since.

— This Sir William Scroggs was made lord chief justice of the King's Bench while his lordship sat in the Common Pleas. He was of a mean extract, having been a butcher's son, but wrought himself into business in the law, was made a serjeant, and practised under his lordship. His person was large, visage comely, and speech witty and bold. He was a great voluptuary, and companion of the high court rakes, as Ken, Guy, &c. whose merits, for aught I know, might prefer him. His debaucheries were egregious, and his life loose; which made the Lord Chief Justice Hale detest him. He kept himself very poor, and when he was arrested by King's Bench process, Hale would not allow him the privilege of a serjeant. — He had a true libertine principle. He was preferred for professing loyalty: but Oates coming forward with a swinging popularity, he (as chief justice) took in and ranted on that side most impetuously. It fell out that when the Earl of Shaftesbury had sat some short time in the council, and seemed to rule the roast, yet Scroggs had some qualms in his politic conscience; and, coming from Windsor in the Lord Chief Justice North's coach, he took the opportunity, and desired his lordship to tell him seriously, if my Lord Shaftesbury had really so great power with the king as he was thought to have. His lordship answered quick, "No, my lord, no more than your footman bath with you." Upon that, the other hung his head, and, considering the matter, said nothing for a good while, and then passed to other discourse. After that time, he turned as fierce against Oates and his plot as ever, before, he had ranted for it; and, thereby, gave so great offence to their evidence-ships, the plot witnesses, that Oates and Bedloe accused him to the king, and preferred formal articles of divers extravagancies and immoralities against him. The king appointed a hearing of the business in council, where Scroggs ran down his accusers with much severity and wit; and the evidence fell short; so that, for want of proof, the petition and articles were dismissed. But, for some jobs in the King's Bench, as discharging a grand jury, &c. he had the honour to be impeached in parliament, of which nothing advanced. At last he died in Essex-street of a polypus in the heart. During his preferment, he lived well, and feathered his nest; for he purchased the manor of Burntwood in Essex. It was observed of him, that every day, in his house, was holiday.—*Life of Lord Keeper Guildford, just republished.*

SPEAKING TERMS.—Met also a free-and-easy actor, who told me, he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of ———— without any invitation; convinced (as proved to be the case) that my Lord and my Lady, not being on speaking terms, each would suppose the other had asked him.—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

BIRTH OF TAMERLANE.—The mother of Tamerlane, before her marriage, appeared suddenly pregnant. The father of the young princess took an alarm; he broke out into invectives against his daughter, and was on the point of avenging the dishonour done to his family, by shedding the blood of his guilty child, when the young princess, throwing herself at the feet of her father, discovered to him the origin of an event, which had caused even her own astonishment. A sun-beam pierced through a cleft which had been left in one of the windows of her apartment, and winding itself around her, seemed to clothe her as it were with a garment of light, and affectionately to caress her. "Such," said the princess to her father, "is the origin alone of that event which has so justly exasperated you." The father was convinced, upon inspection, of the truth of so extraordinary a circumstance, and conjectured that a son who was indebted to the earth's great luminary for his birth, would surpass all his ancestors in glory.—*Catrou's History of the Mogul Dynasty.*

MARRIED CLERGY.—So accustomed are we to a married clergy, that we are not at all surprised to see them, during life, with their wives and children; and in death it is perfectly decent that the husband and wife should repose together. All this is natural and in order, to those who are used to it. But the feelings of the Catholics on that subject are very different. The story of the poor seminarist of Douay, in the seventeenth century, is an instance: he went to England on a visit his friends; on his return to the seminary, he was asked "Quid vidisti?" He mentioned what had most excited his astonishment: "Vidi episcopos, et episcopas, et episcopatulos." A French emigrant priest entered my house one day, bursting with laughter: "Why do you laugh, M. l'Abbé?" said I.—"I have just met the Rev. Mr. — with the first volume of his theological works in his arms."—"What is there to laugh at in that?"—"He was carrying the eldest of his children."—"La coutume fait tout," said I: "you see the Rev. Mr. — is not ashamed." Marriage is allowed to the priests, though not to the bishops of the Greek church. I think the Catholic discipline is the best. The merriment of M. l'Abbé was excited, I am inclined to believe, not so much by a sense of the incongruous and ridiculous in the very natural scene he had just before witnessed, as by his own joke—"Le premier tome de ses œuvres théologiques."—*Four Years in France, and Preface containing Author's Conversion to the Roman Catholic Faith.*

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, GAS, AND GAS LIGHTS.—I have been consulted on several occasions for pains in the head, nausea, and distressing languor, which evidently had been produced by the persons inhaling the unburnt gas in our theatres. In order to afford additional support to the objections which I have urged upon this occasion, I shall quote an account of the effects produced upon Sir Humphry Davy by the inspiration of carburetted hydrogen gas. He introduced into a silk bag four quarts of this gas nearly pure, which had been carefully produced from the decomposition of water by charcoal, an hour before the experiment, and which had a very strong and disagreeable smell. "After a forced exhaustion of my lungs," says he, "the nose being accurately closed, I made three inspirations and expirations of the gas. The first inspiration produced a sort of numbness and loss of feeling in the chest and about the pectoral muscles. After the second inspiration, I lost all power of perceiving external things, and had no distinct sensation, except a terrible oppression on the chest. During the third inspiration this feeling disappeared, I seemed sinking into annihilation, and had just power enough to drop the mouth-piece from my unclosed lips. A short interval must have elapsed, during which I respired common air, before the objects about me were distinguishable. On recollecting myself, I faintly articulated, '*I do not think I shall die.*' Putting my finger on the wrist I found my pulse thread-like, and beating with excessive quickness. In less than a minute I was able to walk; and the painful oppression on the chest directed me to open air. After making a few steps, which carried me to the garden, my head became giddy, my knees trembled, and I had just sufficient voluntary power to throw myself on the grass. Here the painful feeling of the chest increased with such violence as to threaten suffocation. At this moment, I asked for some nitrous oxide. Mr. Dwyer brought me a mixture of oxygen and nitrous oxide, which I breathed for a minute, and believed myself relieved. In five minutes, the painful feelings began gradually to diminish. In an hour they had nearly disappeared, and I felt only excessive weakness and a slight swimming of the head. My voice was very feeble and indistinct: this was at two o'clock in the afternoon. I afterwards walked slowly for about half an hour; and on my return was so much stronger and better, as to believe that the effects of the gas had disappeared, though my pulse was 120, and very feeble. I continued without pain for nearly three quarters of an hour, when the giddiness returned with such violence as to oblige me to lie on the bed; it was accompanied with nausea, loss of memory, and deficient sensation. In about an hour and half the giddiness went off, and was succeeded by an excruciating pain in the forehead, and between the eyes, with transient pains in the chest and extremities. Towards night these affections gradually diminished; at ten, no disagreeable feeling except weakness remained. I slept sound, and awoke in the morning very feeble and very hungry. I have," adds Sir H. Davy, "been minute in the account of this experiment; because it proves, that carburetted hydrogen acts as a *sedative*, i. e. that it produces diminution of vital action, and debility without previously exciting. There is every reason to believe, that if I had taken four or five inspirations, instead of three, they would have destroyed life immediately, without producing any painful sensation." After this proof of the poisonous nature of carburetted hydrogen,—after the cases of sickness and headache which have occurred, in consequence of its inhalation at the theatre, am I not borne out in my opinion, that its introduction into our apartments is fraught with danger?—*Dr. Paris on Diet.*

GIBBON AT COLLEGE.—Gibbon, who was a gentleman-commoner of Magdalen College, a few years before my time, declared himself a catholic before his twentieth year. He was still remembered in college as a young man who seldom or never associated with other young men, who always dressed in black, and always came into the hall or refectory too late at dinner time. He found catholics to help him in the work of his conversion. His father put him *en pension* with a Calvinist minister, to be re-made a protestant, no matter of what sort. He saw, and throughout his great work shows that he continued to see, that the truth of the Christian religion rests on the authority of the catholic church.—*Four Years in France.*

CHARLES II'S OPINION OF LORD C. J. NORTH, AND REGARD FOR HIM.—Once, at a couchee, a courtier was pleased to say that his lordship was no lawyer. The king, over-hearing him, looked sourly over his shoulder, and said that, "whoever said so did not know the Lord Chief Justice North." And although, at court, there are always a sort of underminers, who would, if they durst, have been nibbling at him, they never could, in that king's reign, gain the least glimpse of encouragement that way. I might have mentioned, in a more proper place, a passage which must not be forgot, which happened sitting the Westminster parliament; when his lordship was, at that time, said to be impeached for the proclamation against the petitioners. Whilst he was sitting upon the woollack (as the king thought) pensive, his majesty came and clapped himself down close by him, and, "My lord," said he, "be of good comfort; I will never forsake my friends as my father did;" and rose up, and went away, without saying a word more. * * * * *

If there was any incident, upon which his lordship thought fit to take the king's pleasure from his own mouth, or if he had any thing to acquaint his majesty with, that required privacy, his lordship's way was to go to court express, and choose the fittest times, when he thought the king would be least engaged, that he might have more ample discourse. And commonly, he went directly to the bed-chamber, and there sat him down. There was always, in that part of the court, attendants who straight found where the king was, and told him my lord keeper was there, and the king, knowing he had somewhat to say to him, never failed to come to him, and that without any delay. Which I have heard his lordship speak of as a very gracious respect towards him; enough to have obliged him, if possible, more to his service. King Charles was one that passed much of his time in discoursing, and used to do it freely with his lordship when alone together; by which his lordship picked up some fragments of history, many of which are inserted in the Examen; and somewhat of King James's too, but not so much.—*Life of Lord Keeper North.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MANNERS.—An English family of moderate fortune lives very much in the dining-room: a French family would as soon think of sitting in the kitchen as in the *salle-à-manger* at any other than eating hours. The English think it marvellous that a French lady should receive visits in her bed-room; but to this bed-room is annexed a cabinet, which conceals all objects that ought to be put out of sight: the bed is either hidden by the drapery, or covered by a handsome counterpane, with a *traversin* or bolster at each end, which, as it is placed lengthways against the wall, the two ends resembling each other in the wood-work also, gives it, during the day-time, the appearance of a couch.—*Four Years in France.*

PORTER.—This is made from high-dried malt, and differs from other malt liquors in the proportions of its ingredients, and from the peculiar manner in which it is manufactured. Much has been said upon the fraudulent adulteration of this article: but I am inclined to believe that these statements have been exaggerated. It is, at all events, certain, that such adulterations are not carried on in the caldrons of the brewer, but in the barrels of the publican. The origin of beer called *entire* is to be thus explained:—Before the year 1730, the malt liquors in general use in London were ale, beer, and two-penny; and it was customary to call for a pint, or tankard, of half-and-half, i. e. half of ale and half of beer, half of ale and half of two-penny. In course of time it also became the practice to call for a pint or tankard of *three-threads*, meaning a third of ale, beer, and two-penny; and thus the publican had the trouble to go to three casks, and turn three cocks, for a pint of liquor. To avoid this inconvenience and waste, a brewer, of the name of Harwood, conceived the idea of making a liquor which should partake of the same united flavours of ale, beer, and two-penny. He did so, and succeeded, calling it *entire*, or *entire butt*, meaning that it was drawn entirely from one cask or butt; and, as it was a very hearty and nourishing liquor, and supposed to be very suitable for porters and other working people, it obtained the name of "Porter."—*Dr. Paris on Diet.*

PALEY'S OPINION OF THE IRISH ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—When I lived at Lincoln, after the death of my mother, the celebrated William Paley was sub-dean of the cathedral: I was in the habit of daily and familiar intercourse with him. One day, before one of those dinners which are given to the residentiary in a course as regular as that of the dinners of the cabinet-ministers, the company was standing in a circle round the fire: I stood next to Paley. He, almost pushing me out of the circle by a certain turn of his shoulder, to signify that what he was about to say would not be said out of complaisance to me as a catholic, while, at the same time he looked over his other shoulder to assure himself that I was listening,—Paley, I say, began to assert the justice, the expediency, and the utility of establishing by law in Ireland the catholic worship, defending the measure by the arguments, and almost in the words set down by me; ending, by declaring himself persuaded that the catholic clergy of Ireland would be well contented when they were well paid, and the catholic population would, in that supposed case, be as good subjects as they are every where else under the same circumstances.—*Four Years in France.*

ALE.—The liquor called ale was originally made of barley, malt, and yeast alone. We are told by one of the oldest English writers on medical subjects, (Andrew Boorde,) that those who put in any other ingredient "sophisticated the labour." "It is," he says, "the natural drink of an Englishman; but beer, on the other hand, which is made of malt, hops, and water, is the natural drink of a Dutchman, and of late is much used in England, to the great detriment of many Englishmen." There existed, for a long time, a strong prejudice against hops, which were considered as "pernicious weeds;" but it is now generally admitted, that they constitute the most valuable ingredient in malt liquors. Independent of the flavour and tonic virtues which they communicate, they precipitate, by means of their astringent principle, the vegetable mucilage, and thus remove from the beer the active principle of its fermentation: without hops, therefore, we must either drink our malt liquors new and rosy, or old and sour. There are several varieties of ale, distinguishable by their colour: when the malt is slenderly dried, the ale is *pale*; or *brown* when the malt is more roasted, or high-dried.—*Dr. Paris on Diet.*

SIMILARITY OF ROMAN AND ANGLICAN FORMS OF WORSHIP.—My father's house, in which I was born, was so near the cathedral, that my grandmother, good woman! when confined to her chamber by illness, was wont, with her Anglican translation of the Bible, and Book of Common Prayer on the table before her, to go through the service along with the choir, by the help of the chant and of the organ, which she heard very plainly. From my earliest years, my mother took me regularly every Sunday to the cathedral service, in which there is some degree of pomp and solemnity. The table at the east end of the church is covered with a cloth of red velvet: on it are placed two large candlesticks, the candles in which are lighted at *even-song* from Martinmas to Candlemas, and the choir is illumined by a sufficient number of wax tapers. The litanies are not said by the minister in his desk, but chanted in the middle of the choir, from what I have since learned to call a *prie-Dieu*. The prebendary in residence walks from his seat, preceded by beadles, and followed by a vicar or minor canon, and proceeds to the altar; the choir, during this sort of processional march, chanting the *Sanctus*. This being finished, and the prebendary arrived at the altar, he reads the first part of the Communion Service, including the Ten Commandments, with the humble responses of the choir; he then intones the Nicene Creed, during the music of which he returns to his seat with the same state as before. Here are *disiecta membra ecclesie*: no wonder that the puritans of Charles the First's time called for a "godly, thorough reformation." At *even-song*, instead of the Antiphon to the Blessed Virgin, which is, of course, rejected, though the Magnificat is retained with its astonishingly-fulfilled prophecy of the carpenter's wife, "all generations shall call me blessed;" at vespers was sung an anthem, generally of the composition of Purcell, Aldrich, Arne, or of some of the composers of the best school of English music.

Removed afterwards to St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford, I found, in a smaller space, the same ceremonial; nay, the president even bowed to the altar on leaving the chapel, without any dread lest the picture of Christ bearing the Cross, by Ludovico Caracci, should convict him of idolatry. Here we all turned towards the altar during the recital of the Creed; at Lincoln this point of etiquette was rather disputed among the congregation: my mother always insisted on my complying with it; I learned to have a great respect for the altar.—*Four Years in France and Author's Conversion.*

THE SIBERIAN CABBAGE HARVEST.—He brought the colonel (to whom I had told all Wassili's story,) and me, to a family festival that takes place at the gathering of the cabbage, and to which women only are usually admitted; it is in fact their vintage season. On the day that a family is to gather in their cabbage, which they salt and lay up for the winter season, the women invite their female friends and neighbours to come and assist them. On the evening before, they cut the cabbages from the stem, and pull off the outside leaves and earth that may be adhering to them. On the grand day, at the house where the cabbages are collected, the women assemble, dressed in their most brilliant manner, and armed with a sort of cleaver, with a handle in the centre, more or less ornamented, according to the person's rank. They place themselves round a kind of trough containing the cabbages. The old women give the signal for action; two of the youngest girls take their places in the middle of the room, and begin to dance a kind of allemande, while the rest of the women sing national songs, and keep time in driving their knives into the trough. When the girls are tired with dancing two more take their places, always eager to surpass the former by the grace with which they make their voluptuous movements. The songs continue without intermission, and the cabbages are thus cut up in the middle of a ball, which lasts from morning till night. Meanwhile the married women carry on the work, salt the cabbages, and carefully pack them in barrels. In the evening the whole party sit down to supper, after which only the men are admitted, but even then they remain apart from the women. Glasses of wine and punch go round; dancing begins in a more general manner, and they withdraw at a late hour to begin the same amusement at another neighbour's till all the harvest is finished.—*Adventures of a French Serjeant.*

LEAVING LODGINGS IN FRANCE.—The apartment was furnished with an abundance of mirrors, some handsome pieces of mahogany, a rare wood in France; sofas, and fauteuils, and a most plentiful lack of almost every necessary article. My cook had hardly wherewithal to prepare our meals, and was obliged to sleep in the kitchen: a chamber had been promised; but the key of this chamber was not to be found when the lodging was taken, and the door was never opened afterwards. Kitchen utensils had been promised, and, during the first fortnight, frequently demanded: at last the silence of despair succeeded to hopeless importunity, as a fine writer might perhaps express himself. But, to the inventory.

The grand articles were quickly dispatched: luckily my children had broken no looking-glasses, though surrounded by them. But when we came to the china and the crockery,—ay, then was the question: after the bona fide broken had been disposed of, about which there could be no dispute, except that some were broken only because they were already cracked,—then was the question whether such or such articles were damaged by us, or before we came to the house. An ornamental china vase had been supplied, and its fellow promised: this fellow jar was now found to have but one ear, whereas its mate had two. The edges of the fracture were rounded by use, and dirt was seen in the interstices. But I paid what was required, for the carriage was at the door.

I have heard of a travelling Englishman, of whom was demanded, on his leaving his apartment, the price of a cracked pane of glass: his conscience acquitted him of the deed: after having for some time fruitlessly pleaded his innocence, he quietly raised his cane, and broke in pieces the cause of the altercation. "This pane shall be paid for no more," said he, patriotically mindful of the interests of his successors.—*Four Years in France.*

REVOLUTIONARY INCIVILITY.—Great wealth was a crime as well as royalism or nobility in the Revolution. Two persons, in authority at Avignon during the reign of terror, were making out a list of emigrants: a third was present, who, having nothing else to do, was holding the candle to the two municipal revolutionists. "Shall we set him down in the list," meaning the third, the candle-holder.—"Ce seroit un peu trop fort, puisqu'il est présent."—"Qu'importe? il n'osera pas réclamer, et il est riche." Danton, who, by the by, was minister of justice, said, "La révolution est une mine qu'il faut exploiter."—*Ib.*

* That would be a little too bad, since he is here present.

† What does it signify? he will not dare to appeal, and he is rich.

‡ The revolution is a mine that must be worked.

MIGRATORY ENGLISH.—The French calculated, with some degree of satisfaction, that, during the occupation of their frontier by the army of observation, the English spent as much money at Paris as was contributed by themselves to the support of that army. At Florence, towards the end of the year 1822, I was informed, by good authority, that there were twelve thousand foreigners in the city, of whom seven thousand were English.

By a migration, very much resembling the birds of passage, they usually leave their country in the spring, and after a few weeks at Paris, set off to pass the summer in Switzerland, arrive in Italy in the autumn, cross the Apennines before the winter, the beginning of which season they spend at Florence: they go to Rome for the Carnival, to Naples for a month or five weeks of Lent, return to Rome for the holy week, and then, much edified and instructed, they find their way home, during the ensuing summer, through France and Germany. I asked Lady A. at Rome, when she went to Naples: "I don't know;—when the others go;" so much is this route recognised as a matter of course.

The route is in truth admirably well traced, and eighteen months might thus be passed to great advantage by a well-prepared and impartial traveller. Rarely however are these English sufficiently acquainted with the languages of the countries through which they pass, to be able to sustain a conversation; they carry with them their insular prejudices, their pride of wealth, their unpliant manners, their attachment to their own customs, amusements, and cookery: though treated with indulgence and even civil attentions by the governments of the continent, they are suffered, rather than received by the inhabitants. For their choice of the objects of curiosity they visit, and the opinion to be formed upon them, they are at the mercy of guides and ciceroni: for society, they are guided by instinct, and reduced by necessity, to herd together. An Italian lady at Florence opened her saloon for the reception of a mixed company of Florentines and English; the English occupied, first one corner, and then a whole side, of the saloon, their numbers increasing, but the chasm between them and the natives still remaining. The lady, fatigued with doing the honours of her house to two separate companies on the same evenings, and disgusted with these appearances of distrust and resiliency, invented some decent pretext for receiving no more.—*Four Years in France.*

DANGEROUS CORRESPONDENCE.—My aunt Biddy was a very strict old maid, who never forgave *laches* of virtue in any female. It was not that she wanted charity, for in truth her list was full of poor pensioners. A soldier's wife and children had long been on the first page of her red book, and with good reason too, for the poor creature was near her down-lying of a fourth child, when the following unlucky conversation took place:—"Poor Judy, you see now the mischief of marrying any of those nasty men, that get their wives with child, and then leave them with a parcel of brats to starve." "Oh your Ladyship! don't speak ill of my dear husband; he was obliged to join his regiment, and leave me." "True, true, poor fellow; how long ago is it?" "Just one year, last Easter, please your ladyship." "One year," rejoined my aunt, who though unmarried knew the laws of gestation better than that. "One year! you do not say so: in your condition, you must have seen him some one time within the last twelve months." "Never, madam," answered Judy, sobbing at the idea of this long absence, "but then—I have received several very tender letters from him since." "Out upon you, hussy, with your tender letters," exclaimed my aunt in a passion, "tender letters forsooth: begone, never let me see your face again, you guilty baggage! tender letters indeed!" * * * * *

FRENCH CHURCHES.—We entered the church; the parish is called St. Vic: I was surprised to see the exact resemblance of this church to those edifices, the remains of former times, which, in our villages, are opened once a week for divine worship: the altar and images excepted, it was the same sort of interior: there was indeed the holy water-pot, but of that the trace at least is to be found in almost all our old churches: but the images; ay, there was St. Denis, with his head, not under his arm, but held between his hands. On this I shall only remark, that he who, on account of the legend of St. Denis, believes the catholic religion to be false, may deceive himself in a matter of the greatest moment; whereas he who believes the legend to be true, may be deceived, but in a matter of no moment at all.—*Four Years in France.*

LIST OF PROJECTED BOOKS.

Death's Doings; a Pic-nic. Volume next month.

Dr. Forbes is preparing a Translation of the new and improved Edition of Laennec's Treatise on Diseases of the Chest; with Notes by the Translator.

Messrs. G. and C. Carvill, of New York, have issued a Prospectus of an American Annual Register, to be published in every August, in an octavo volume, containing about eight hundred Pages.

A new Political View of the Life of Napoleon, by Al. Doin, is announced.

A Memoir of the renowned Dr. Mesmer, and on his Discoveries, promises much curious matter.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

A Short Account of the System pursued in the Pestalozzian Academy, South Lambeth, with some Remarks on the subject of Education. 2s.

Northern Antiquities. M. Siöborg, of Stockholm, a Member of several learned Societies, has published a very interesting quarto volume, with Plates on Swedish and Norwegian Antiquities.

A Collection of Addresses, Squibs, Songs, &c. together with the Political Mountebank, (showing the changeable opinions of Mr. Cobbett,) published during the late contested Election for the Borough of Preston. 2s. 6d.

Historical and Topographical Notices of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, and its Environs. By H. Druery. 8vo. 12s.

Betham's Irish Antiquarian Researches. 8vo. 15s.

Horatii Flacci Carmina, G. J. Aisabie. 12mo. 6s.

Hofland's Reflection, a Tale. 12mo. 6s.

Hunt's Little World of Knowledge. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Four Years in France. 8vo. 14s.

Castle's Lexicon Pharmacopæium. Royal 18mo. 8s.

Walter's Rule in Shelley's Case. Demy 8vo. 6s.

Benson's Plans of Sermons. Part V. 8vo. 5s.

Sir John Chiverton. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

L'Homend's French Grammar; illustrated with Wood-cuts, translated by Ruttan Morris. 2s.

Spirit and Manners of the Age. 8vo. 7s.

Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred. By H. Rogers. Foolscap, 5s.

Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland. 12mo. 5s.

Sismondi's History of the Crusaders. 8vo. 8s.

Dennant's Soul Prosperity. 12mo. 4s.

Edward and Alfred's Tour in France, &c. 2 vols. 5s.

Phillips's Euclid. Part I. 6s.

Drummond's Origines. Vol. 3rd. 12s.

Carpenter's Old English Proverbs. 1s. 6d.

More Odd Moments. 8s.

Napoleon, or the Hundred Days. 2 vols. 16s.

Life and Character of Dr. Bateman. 7s. 6d.

Watson's Memoirs and Sermons. 10s. 6d.

Shute's Medical Science. Vol. II. 18s.

Wickliffe's Life. 5s. 6d.

Disney's Outline of a Penal Code. 7s.

Belsham's Discourses. 10s. 6d.

Benson's Lectures. Third Edition, 12s.

Common-Place Book of Anecdote. 4s.

Charles and Eugenia. 12mo. 4s.

Familiar Geography. By the Abbé Gaultier. 16mo. 3s.

Autobiography.—Vol. I. Life of Colley Cibber by Himself. 3s. with a Portrait.—

Vol. II. Lives of David Hume, Lilly, and Voltaire; with three Portraits. 3s.

Bayle's Dictionary, abridged. Vol. I. price 8s.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From June 24, to July 24, 1826.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.....	200	198	198½
3 per Cent. Consols	78½	76½	77
3 per Cent. Reduced	79	77½	77½
3½ per Cent. Reduced	85½	83½	84½
New 4 per Cents.	93½	92½	92½
Long Annuities, expire 1860	19½	18½	19
India Stock, 10½ per Cent.	229½	226½	227
India Bonds, 4 per Cent.	22s. pm.	8s. pm.	22s. pm.
Exchequer Bills, 2d. per day	14s. pm.	6s. pm.	14s. pm.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	87½	85½	87
Brazil ditto, ditto	55½	50	53½
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. ..	56	48	49
Chilian ditto, ditto	37	30	34
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto	36	23	31
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	37	24½	32
Danish ditto, 3 per Cent.	55½	52½	55
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.	99½	97½	99½
Ditto ditto, 3 per Cents.	66	65	66
Greek Bonds, 5 per Cent.	12½	10½	12½
Mexican ditto	43	31½	40
Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent.	54½	38½	46½
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	28	23	26
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent	69	66½	68
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	91½	89½	91½
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	90	88	90
Russian ditto, ditto	80½	78½	80½
Spanish ditto, ditto	8	7½	7½

ROBERT W. MOORE, Broker,
20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

TO

VOL. V. NEW SERIES.

- AEROSTATICAL** Speculations over London in a Balloon, constructed under the Scientific Directions of Signor Asmodeus of Madrid, 351—Horse-guards, 352—Lambeth, 353—St. James's, 354—Opera-house, 355—Diorama, 356—Mayoralty-house and Guildhall, 356.
- Africa**, the Ladies of, 217—Major Denham's menagerie at Kouka, 218—His character, 218—A Fesrany lady of Zeghren, 218—The ladies of Sockna, 221—The most remarkable particulars of an Arab wedding, 221—The Alowang Shouars in the neighbourhood of Kabsary, 221—Tauricks, 222—The Tibboos, 223—The women of Bornou, 226—The people of Mandava, 227—Anecdote of two ladies of Maffatai, 229—The ladies of Loggun, 230.
- Angel Hunting**, 289.
- Angeloni on Political Force**, reviewed, 231.
- Berney**, Execution of Mr., at Norwich, in 1684, 94—Particulars of the murder for which he was imprisoned, 95—His sentence, 96—Ineffectual petitions from the people to King Charles II. 96—His death, 96.
- Blarney and Hypocrisy**; a sketch, 536.
- Boccaccio**, 145—His description of the plague of Florence, 146—Italian tale, written more than a century before the time of Boccaccio, 148—Adventures of his Decameron, 150—The celebrated edition of Gianti, in 1527, 151—Cosmo I. Grand Duke of Tuscany, 152—Petrarch, 154—Anecdote of the abbey of Monte Cassino, 155—The Jesuits and the Decameron, 155—Remorse of conscience of Boccaccio, 156—Comfort afforded to him by Petrarch, 157—His death, 157.
- Bonaparte**, Captain Maitland's Narrative of the Surrender of, reviewed, 268.
- Cephalostatics**, 453—Dr. Bäum buzler, 453—Cicero's head, 457—Menelaus, 458.
- Collegians**, the, a poem, 60.
- Diary for the month of April**, 1—For the month of May, 243—For the month of June, 391—For the month of July, 529.
- Dimorphosis, or Fashionable Movements**, 373—Vivian Grey, 376—Granby, 373—Tremaine, 373—Mrs. Million, 375—Miss Toadey, 375—Lord Alhambra's, 377—The Opera, 378—Scuffle in a gambling club, 379—Gregarious assemblage in the west end, 381—Sir Charles Grandison, 382—Denouement, 384.
- Dying Game**; a poem, 385.
- Electioneering**, 362—The cost and value of a seat in Parliament, 362—The best method of procuring a seat in Parliament, 364—Means of turning a seat in Parliament to the best account, 366.
- Encaustic Ancient Painting of Cleopatra**, with an Engraving, 65—Importance of its discovery, 65—Its condition, 65—Inquiries on its authenticity, 66—Praises of the painting, 67—It is attributed to Timomachus, 68—An imputation of Luigi Bossi against Raphael, 69—The ancient paintings in fresco still visible at Rome, 70.
- Fraser's Travels and Adventures in the Persian Provinces**, on the Shores of the Caspian Sea, 258—The official personages at Amol, 259—Avidity of the princes at Saree, 259—Ramsaun Beg, 262—Picture of a young prince of Gheelan, 263—Specimen of high life in Persia, 264—Is invited into the harom

- to prescribe, as a physician, for the sister of the prince, 264—The aspect of the country, 265.
- French Serjeant, *Adventures of a*, reviewed, 500.
- Funds, *Prices of the English and Foreign*, 144—288—432—574.
- Greece, *Adventures of a Foreigner in*, No. I. 462—Sails from Leghorn with one hundred and fifty Greeks from Wallachia and Moldavia, 463—Occurrences on board, 464—He lands on the coast of Calamata, 465—The appearance of the peasantry, 467—Reaches Calamata, 467—Foreign officers and their condition, 467—The commandant Paraschiva, 467—He visits the Agà, 468—Contest between French and Italian officers, 469—Greek captains opposed to Prince Ypsilanti, 469—*He sets out for Tripolitza*, 471—Is attacked by the Greeks, 472—Arrives in Tripolitza, 472—Condition of this town, 473—Intrigues of the chiefs, 474—Rapacity of Colocotroni, and other chiefs, at the taking of Tripolitza, 476—He starts for Argos with the Prince Ypsilanti's aid-de-camp, 478—A Turkish woman with an infant murdered by the Greeks, 479—He pays a visit to Prince Ypsilanti, 479.
- Highlands, *a Three Day's Walk in the*, in a Letter from a Citizen to a Citizen, 542—The Firth of Tay, 543—Killiecrankie, 545—Highland cottages, 546—Dalwhynnie, 547—Strath Spey, 548—Old Macpherson of Cluny, 551.
- Hunter, Mr. John Dunn, the hero of Hunter's captivity among the Indians, 317.
- Indies, *Six Months in the West*, reviewed, 18.
- Irish Faction, *Smiles and Tears of*, 367—the Marquis Wellesley, 368—Mrs. Paterson, 370—The Bible in Ireland, 372.
- Irish Writers on Ireland, 519—the established church party, 519—The Presbyterian clergy, 520—The Catholic clergy, 520—The newspaper writers, 521—Their chief object, 523—The writings of professional and literary men, 523—The peasantry of Ireland, 526.
- Lives of the Forty*, reviewed, 408—*Origin of the French Academy*, 408—
- The literary club, called the Atheneum, 402—Anecdote of M. Auger and a Russian nobleman, 411.
- London University, its Prospectus, 554.
- Magazines, the Three, 90—Extract from the *Révue Encyclopédique*, 91—Unhappy love of arrangement of the French writers, 93.
- Mathias's Italian Translation of Spenser, reviewed, 344.
- Matrimonial Gratitude, a poem, 205.
- Novel, the last American,—the Last of the Mohicans, by Mr. Cooper, reviewed, 27.
- Paris on Diet*, reviewed, 481—*Sympathies of the Stomach*, 482—Necessity of exercise during sanguification, 482—On the quantity of food, 483—Dr. Temple's specious aphorism, 484—Modern meals, 484—The importance of bread to rich soups, and sauces, 485—M. Majendie's experiments, 485—Fish, 485—Drinking, 487.
- Portrait, history of a, 104.
- Puffs of the Month, 31—Colburn on Granby, 31—Colburn on Reynolds, 31—Colburn on his Last Man, 32—Colburn on Sheridaniana, 32—Colburn on the Naval Sketch Book, 32—Colburn on Vivian Grey, 32.
- Quarterly Review, the last Number of, 116—Mr. Pepys, 116—Mr. Mercier, 117—The law courts of Athens, 118—Aristophanes, 119—West Indian Slavery, 124—Fashionable novels, 125.
- Quotations, Dictionary of, 358—Bad arrangement of Macdonnell's work, 358—Usefulness of Quotations, 359—Anecdote, 360.
- Reynolds, the Life and Times of Frederick, reviewed, 412—Mrs. Barry, 413—*Adventures with a Lady*, 414—Jack and the Highwayman, 415—Olivia Garcias, 416—Specimens of Irish character, 419—The Hon. Thomas Erskine, 420—Excursions on the continent, 420—Mr. Billington and the trumpeter, an anecdote, 421—John Kemble, 421.

Shades, an appeal from the, 527.

Shares, Prices of, in the principal Canals, Docks, Waterworks, Mines, &c. 141—285—431—572.

Sheridaniana, reviewed, 97—Sheridan and Lord Thurlow, 97—Sheridan and the boots, 97—Sheridan's ready resources, 98—Sheridan and the playwright, 98—Sheridan and Dowton, 100—A story of Kemble, 100—Sheridan's pun on Polesden, 101—Sheridan and Richardson, 104.

Songs, two, the music by Mr. J. B. Arnett, the nonsense by Mr. T. Campbell, 58.

Sporting excursion, 490—Churchill, 491—Lough Erne, 491—An Irish parson, 491—Falls of Beleck, 491—Ross castle, 493—Rossinoy abbey, 498.

Subjects, the Duties of, towards their Monarch, for the Instruction, and Exercise in reading, of the second Class of Elementary Schools of Lombardy, reviewed, 195.

Suicide, the, 302.

Table Talk, 126—273—422—559.

Traveller on the Continent, Journal of a, No. III. 33—Arrives at Aix-la-Chapelle, 33—A confessor, 33—A flaming dandy, 34—Reliques of great antiquity, 34—The historiographer of the Grand Duke of Baden, 35—Prussian Diligences, 35—Teutonic turnpikes, 36—Cologne, 37—The tomb of the magi, 37—German advocates, 38—Duns Scotus, 39—Kreutzberg, 40—A Saxon student, 41—Reaches Coblenz, 44—Female chat, 45—Mayence, 48—Frankfort, 51—Heidelberg, 53—The tun, 53—Professor Kreutzer, 55—Carlsruhe, 56—The museum of anatomy in Strasburg, 58—No. IV. 158—Anecdote with a barber, 158—Freyburg, 159—Laufen, falls of the Rhine, 161—Description of the country, 162—The Righi, 163—Lucerne, 166—The Devil's bridge, 168—St. Gotthard, 169—Chorus of girls at Hospital, 170—A wooden house of a priest, 171—Meyringen, 173—No. V. 289—He reaches Geneva, 292—The lamb-vulture, 293—Difficulty of the transport

of baggage, 294—Fears of the oppressors of Italy, 295—Allevé, 298—His mule at Martigny, 300—No. VI. 433—A Polish gentleman, 434—The sources of the Arveron, 434—The Mer de Glace, 435—The Brevent, 435—View of Montblanc from the bridge of St. Martin, 436—The Genevese women, 438—Ferne, 440—Swiss Protestants, 441—An instance of the self-conceit of the Genevese, 442—The monument of Mrs. Stratford Canning, 443—Ouchy, 444—The town of Vevay, 446—Murder of Mr. Lisle, 447—The Pays de Vaud, 449—The Simplon, 451—The titles of the king of Sardinia, 453.

Viterbi, the Diary of Luc' Antonio, kept by him during the Time he was starving himself to Death in the Prisons of Corsica, in the year 1821, 108.

Vivian Grey, reviewed, 207.

Ways and Means, a poem, 125.

Woodstock, or the Cavalier, reviewed, 173.

Works just published, 143—286—432—573.

Works, list of projected, 142—286—431—573.

Yankee Notions, No. II. 71—An Irish-woman, 81—Sea-sickness, 83—A calm, 83—A Preface to Brother Jonathan, 84—Raymond's Political Economy, 87—Windmills, 88—Custom-house officer at Liverpool, 89—No. III. 181—Sketch-book, 181—Draught horses, 182—Nelson's monument, 183—Exchange, 184—Market, 184—Portrait of a race-horse, 185—Spring, the champion, 186—Lions, one shilling for gentlemen, six-pence for others, 187—Clumsy English boots, 188—Blind Asylum, 190—Botanical Garden, 193—Painting, Roscoe's collection, 194—conclusion, 197.

